THE SWAMI

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Ashish

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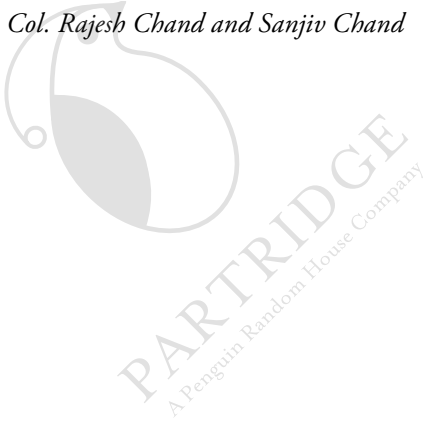
This work is dedicated to my family...

....to my brothers

Col. Rajesh Chand and Sanjiv Chand



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Part - I

Ever Yearning Gardenia...

- Continuity is the sole way

...Every Source must give way to the next one

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Chapter 01

Swami Sad' Chidananda

.....Life alongside Bliss

Debaria (an unknown village in eastern UP - India), January 1983

"We have to find that ever existing media in which even a simple pilgrim discovers his definition of Truth." Varunacharya's one thousand years old wish and Chidananda's articulation of the same was to materialise now. "The classical eastern mind was destined to embrace the classical western mind in about next five decades." Swami's happiness had no endings attached to it…

Dharini was arriving...

Sonam came running in, 'Aastha is coming.' She announced jubilantly. Sonam was brimming sensuous ...beautiful as ever. She realized her naivety immediately - "As if Shivani and Shruti did not know". She smiled at her own self. She saw that tens of Sadhus were erecting palatial cottages ...Shruti's kitchen was already in place. Shivani clasped Sonam's hands in understanding, 'Dharini and the revered 200 are coming too. We are going to be busy.' Their happiness was from beyond.

Swami Sad' Chidananda acknowledged the approaching sanctity. This acknowledgement was Swami's steadfast belief in

ways of God… It was his trust into the eternality of Indian cultural heritage… It was his faith in the infinitude of the blessed human existence… Academically, it was Swami's unwavering faith in universality of all that is existential... "These lands constituting India were destined to emerge victorious - It appeared to take some time as the ways were immersed in deepest humanitarian values ...and the means were solemnly civilized..."

The acknowledgement was neither self-information nor personal knowledge. It was the 'Purity of the Beyond'. It was 'Purity par-consciousness'. It was 'Purity par-awareness'. It was the experience of 'The Experience of the Beyond'. Beyond was ...neither brilliant ...nor dark …was ...neither magical ...nor mesmerizing.

Dharini's arrival was destined... It was known to Swami. She had promised him. "The lifecycle of civilization moves in a drastic manner ...in a boisterous manner ...in a rapid transitional manner - It takes centuries to sediment in its next stable pattern." India being a long continuing civilisation, it took more than one thousand years to reach its next stable zone. Swami had to wait for this time. Swami was the witness to the travel of Indian civilisation into the beginning of these …modern times.

Swami was also one rare being who was a witness to his accumulated ego losing to 'The Supreme Ego' - He realized that now he was to be on his journey unto Soundless Sounds ...into the Skies of 'The Absolute' - He witnessed his movement into his next un-manifested ...into the next unknown ...into the next undiscovered ...and into the effulgence on that side of the mystic: Into the Beyond… It was instantaneously growing richer ...infinite times.

Swami had seen the transcendence of his attributes on various occasions... He had understood the patterns and flavours of his crystallization... He had witnessed the crystallization of his potential... Today, he knew that this was the invitation into crystallization of his being. The invitation was from the world millions times larger than his presently manifested existence. His waiting had been long ...and his silence had been long … more

than seven hundred and fifty years. The waiting had been both exorbitant and magnificent.

India was to witness the most important change in last one thousand years of its recent history. Swami's understanding was thorough - The change was just waiting to happen. The entirety of India was once again on the verge of crystallization. One simple phase of disturbance was to get settled now... "The people of these lands, the Dravidians, Aryans and Mohammedans, in their continuation, were to understand now once for all 'The positive interface of Deceit' and 'The positive interface of Carelessness' in lives of human beings… India's period of indignity and suffering of her people was to be overthrown now. She was, now, to emerge breaking the shackles asunder…

Swami Sad' Chidananda smiled ...the rarest, the faintest smile ever. It was an emphatic smile that beamed after centuries of waiting. The smile was to stay now on ...never to fade.

"Civilisation that is based on thousands of years of cultural evolution ...civilisation that is outcome of millions of concentrated minds firmly established into its Dharma develops its own self-correction mechanism. Whatsoever attempts to destabilize it ...its base only gets stronger ...the reach only stretches farther ...and its people only become brighter."

'Purity does not have any form ...so does the Bliss.'
'It is a principle.'
'It is a mere Infinity.'

.....

Sad' Chidananda rose...

The clarity of vision across the surrounding was mesmerizing. It was ...witnessing the entire space through and through ...miles of neat, sunlit, glittering flora. It was ...witnessing varied vibrant colours of wilderness ...brilliant and exact. It was ...listening to the music of swaying leaves ...of chirping birds ...of flowing breeze ...of dancing dust particles - harmonious and catching. It was Swami's luminous ...and glowing arena. His abode hitherto had found the destined home.

Chidananda looked up in communion... He had won the incessant war between the 'Heart and Intelligence' a long time ago. The heart had been lost to the cosmos and the intelligence was diffused to serve living at large. He had been waiting then on. Waiting is the only tool bestowed upon man to reach his destiny…

The work never stopped - it could not have stopped - it continued incessantly. The period of agonizing change whence men in India breathed freely on stolen wealth was acknowledged by this faculty. Whence men in India started feeling internally satisfied even on recognizing the untruthfulness of their being was distinctly recorded in their echelons. The forthcoming time destined to Indian plight, under the pathetic, characterless and short-sighted rule under leadership of 'after-Gandhi-clan' was evident to this guild. The heartless and cunning power of written paper dictates, formed at some foreign soil, devastating the Indian people in their physiology and marring them in their psyche was exactly deciphered by this society. Surely the modernizing India was to be economically driven ...the economy was of paper - it was on paper and when paper law took over what was lost by this nation ...was vividly evident to this elite faculty.

Solution always existed in waiting. "Waiting has always been the most authentic tool available to mankind to achieve its destiny." The waiting of this elite body had been conscious, alert and in complete awareness; the waiting had been clearly understood and agreed. "The unceasing Effort …The soul drenched Prayer …and the awakened Wait" - had been the method.

The system has its own life and its own cycle and its own breath... The entirety had to grow into one complete harmonious whole. Hued words rang inside Swami - "Even if the cocoon was the negativity of nation's psyche ...even if the concept was of gross negativity …The system has to be wholesome ...a unity of complete harmonious entity ...ripe for the fruit to leave its tree."

Today, suddenly, the clarity was evident... The wait was over.... Approaching clarity was the finality... "Unison-with-Truth" - The Bliss was of Ultimate Freedom - "Selfishness …

natural affiliation with Supreme Self." Evident cost had been paid for the mere principle to be absolved - Seven Hundred and Thirty Six Years of Nameless Silent Existence.

This day he rose from his meditation. "Serenity of the place was to be abandoned… Activity was to prevail… Absolute silence of singleton solitude and personal concentration was to be given way…" First ray of sunrise had brought the long awaited message for him.

The wait was over.

Contemplation of his 'Truth' was met.

Destined time for his escape was agreed.

"Natural phenomenon appears drastic and sudden when it occurs - though the process of its development is as gradual and as slow as evolution… Conformance to physical laws is always unquestioned… Laws of nature are met in orthodox manner…"

The Transfer of Continuity was 'Thorough and Total'

- - X - -

"One who is the cause of Brahma's, Vishnu's and Shankar's birth for Universe's Birth, Sustenance and Dissolution respectively ...God ...in supreme meaning ...is most pure knowledge. And this Pure Knowledge is Omnipresent."

Swami Chidananda had long realized this Truth. "Only The Truth Prevails meant what prevails ultimately is - The Truth"

Chidananda was clear that the prevailing Truth at any point of time is the Truth pertaining to that moment. And as the Time in itself is in perennial change - the state of 'The Truth' is in constant change too …and that, the rate of such change of state varies all the time. However there are times when the rate of change of the thence established truth is much slower and the state remains nearly unvaried for a substantially long period. 'The Truth' is said to be established thence.

.....

Sad' Chidananda

People did not know about his origin.

People around always knew him as ever existing. The old villagers recited stories to the young ones that their elders had also been told by their elders that the old soul has always been here.

Some called him Swami... They had never talked to him. He was not physically approachable to them ...it was a way of their lives without any substantial logic... These people just did not walk over to him …they just looked in the direction of his being whenever the time occurred... "Looking towards his spot was a sort of being on a visual pilgrimage for them." Whenever there was an elderly guest in the house ...bowing in direction of his being was the acclaimed ritual.

Some called him Baba... Baba was not to be talked with ...he was to be talked about. He was not to be discussed ...he was to be prayed. He was not to be understood ...he was to be revered. To the villagers, Baba was a symbol of some eternal faith ...undisputed ...and ever existing.

In recent times, the locale had developed into a kind of a pilgrimage centre. Sometimes the affluent guests from towns and cities came with cameras and snapped photographs in his direction. Capturing Swami's images was bad manners but India had grown ill-mannered. "Ill-mannerism was a sign of superiority now." His photographs represented different forms to different people. These pictures depicted Chidananda not only in human forms, but also in forms of natural wilderness around. In some pictures, he appeared to be the wild bush ...in some the great banyan tree... in some pictures he was seen as the stones around and yet in some others he appeared to be the segment of the river that flowed in the back yard...

To the residents, many villages around, like most Indians, Swami Sad' Chidananda was just another saint. To them India

was full of many such revered souls …for them Swami belonged to simple flock. How were they to know that their, this simpleton Swami, was the greatest living symbol of divinity in India? He was the source of inspiration and guidance for all Spiritual Forums in India.

Swami was always there - he was seen there on each day to the devotees of numerous gods. Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, Buddhists, Jainas, Sikhs and many from foreign soil - all saw him alike. He represented one Universal religion. People gathered in flocks looking in direction of his tree-top cottage and offered him fruits and eateries from distance. They would return in firm belief that their prayers have been communicated and their offerings have been accepted. Many people did not see him but dared not say so. Many people saw him as a freak little moving human body that came down the tree top ...walked to the river ...took a holy dip ...looked in their direction ...and went back. Many saw him in form of the tree on which he lived - trunk, branches, leaves in form and shape. To them Swami was that great pious soul in form of human tree ...moving ...and living.

He was always seen at all important religious gatherings ...Was it so? His was the most revered presence at the *Kumbh Melas* - he was most sought soul in such conglomerations. 'The Acclaimed and The Nameless Sadhus' - those enlightened souls which were the solid anchors to eternal powers of many an 'Acknowledged Strong Base Roots of Our Society' and those from all over Globe, just wept at the sight of Swami. The tears welled out from their eyes ...wetting their cheeks, their lips, their chins and down to their necks and chests. Their communication with him was of silence - of meditative dialogues - of affirmation of their individual piousness - of their Self Certification in Rightness and Righteousness of their individual pilgrimage. This wordless experience with him was necessary for them for their further sublime purification. His' such sight was the subtle force that transgressed into thousands of these Nameless Seers... The bathing thus in their own swelling and overflowing tears was much important before the sacred *Ganga Snana'*. The

qualitative outcome of this personal bathing was carried by these Sadhus as internal certification of their austerity... It was their self acclamation on purification level achieved in their individual pilgrimage till date... The results noted thus were to drive these pious souls into redirecting their respective ventures with renewed vigour and further sublime ferocity...

"Not that what the acclaimed claim is to be disregarded even if it sounds proud. The ordained do have a body of the gross. Their pride, their ego must be reflected upon. The symbolic sounds from such minds need to be heard with fierce intent. This modulation enhances one's own vitality... This orientation benefits one's own self only... Then alone the deeper meaning is clearer... Then alone the distant rhythm is evident... Then only the cosmic music is revered and the eternal dance enjoyed..."

"India is a religious country... The dogmas and the beliefs of people here are firm... The continuity of these faiths in manner of living is ritualistic... Whether understood or not, the customs are established... The living is already stated... None can change it... Lives are already woven..."

India has its own understanding on its phenomenon of change - The widespread excruciating pain …the pseudo beauty …the unfathomable loss …the now seeming infinite devastation …and the pitiful stage in which fast track paper rule oriented modernisation puts India into. India runs its very own religious government... This one, and thus acknowledged Truth, does not believe in any modern thought or outcome thereof ...especially if that modern thought tends to distrust India's this religious world …and also, if it is blind to their logic to life that is "Nothing is born out of nothing... For any new aspect to be born, only the old is to be modified... The new one can only evolve..."

The modernised world has no means of knowing either the length and breadth or the depth of this ever existing and continually growing establishment in India. It is also to be known that –

All 'Political Leaders' know about it and they support it.

All 'Elite Social Dignitaries' respect it and they abide by it.

All 'Entrepreneurs' back it up and they have firm belief in it.

All 'Religions inclusive of all their factions' trust it, respect it and have the fear of it.

India Lives by it... None knows it... It is so openly etched on Indian psyche - "A pure eastern phenomenon." All Indians have it very strong in them. The urge is uncompromising. The living is by its mere acknowledgement. Swami Sad' Chidananda ...is at the very root of it.

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CHAPTER 02

Deshbandhu

.....A Life in search

National Security Analysis Wing (PMO - New Delhi) - January 1983

Life drives cunningly ...truthfully...

Deshbandhu mused as he walked briskly from his office to his home, 'this winter is cold.' He felt the chill heavy on his chest. "...Was it pain?" He knew his head was weak ...prone to cold. He wore the woollen cap all winter. "Now the chest..." His normal gait was brisk ...he slowed it down ...trying forcing meaning into his nature. Slowing his pace brought him instant relief.

Deshbandhu was trusted in his circles. He was sincere and truthful. Speed of thought, speed of action and speed of finishing his tasks had earned him awful respect. He commanded undisputed reputation and ...as a reward …a permanent chair in the Prime Minister's Office. He was the founder member of the National Security Analysis Wing.

Deshbandhu was the acclaimed patriot. He had spearheaded leadership of many causes of national importance - managing the famines, breathing across the floods, implementing the green-revolution, micro planning for the industrial revolution

and fighting many socio economic catastrophes… Being beloved disciple of Mahatma Gandhi and having led innumerable crisis solving drives during the early post independence, his insight into finding solutions to problems of divergent nature was respected not only by his colleagues but also awed by the entire polity…

Deshbandhu was an ardent believer of catching the bull from its horns. He attacked the problems head-on. Solution visible or not visible, he started implementing his plans with utmost sincerity. His forceful drive and his novice approach was much need of the nation... When in early years of independent India, everything was berserk and was being faced by the political guardians in good faith alone …Deshbandhu was a great support…

Deshbandhu was a committed and powerful communicator. He was a man of few words but he struck to communicating his side of the facts. He respected the system and demanded respect from the people in system. He had earned the coveted and unwritten privilege to approach the Prime Minister of India at any informal time …and this had continued for almost four decades now. The red telephone in his office was a direct line into PM's office and home.

"Is this winter going to be cold for him? Am I beginning to breathe heavily?" He paused... "I am fifty two plus now - Ageing." He mused "...Ageing ...such a beautiful phenomenon ... Paradoxical...?" There was that thin smile on his lips. He was irritated at the thought of slowing down. Yet at a running after-thought, he told himself, today onwards he must spend some time on himself. He had not known the word stamina ...he did not know what was being tired. He knew only fighting ...simple, just, consistent, un-abrupt and systematic fighting.

"Should he share this heaviness in his chest with Geetanjali?" He considered and decided against it. "This little problem was solely because of his busy and tensed up schedule. It was certainly because of his not caring for his health. He would start with regular Praanaayaam and exercises... He would rather start monitoring his appetite." Since last some time he had attempted

requesting Geetanjali that they regulated their rich food diet. He had failed. "Home functioned on altogether different platform…"

"...What was this?"

Geetanjali was a holy woman ...so totally concerned with self. She was pious ...and utterly God fearing. She was such a conformist to Hindu rituals and so completely religiously copybook in her psyche. She had taken over the complete charge of their two houses in an absolute subtle manner. And she was instrumental in transforming the two into one single home - Their parental home at Kundli, where Deshbandhu visited only once a week and this one their official residence at New Delhi. Geetanjali was constantly shunting. She was available at both homes. As Deshbandhu grew in official stature, Geetanjali grew in her domestic piety. She kept both homes in traditional style. She was the soul of the two residential complexes. Number of guests visiting them and number of needy frequenting their home was ever on the increase. Geetanjali met them all; she spent time with each one and sorted out their problems. She never wished anything in return ...not even a nod of appreciation. Deshbandhu was absolutely free of the home chorus and always enjoyed a sense of pride in Geetanjali. She depicted the typical story-kind life companion, who in a way was impossible ...she was assuming, humble and helping but was not open to discussion. She was rigid in her sincerity. Whatever she did was best and none could stop her from doing her best. "Deshbandhu's directing Geetanjali would not serve any purpose. She would not change her ways. Deshbandhu must care of his health and diet on his own."

"...What was this?" ...This was a non-issue. There were other pressing compulsions in his mind. The day had been long. Deshbandhu already felt exhausted.

Deshbandhu had perused the 250 page findings on India by Dr. Frank Harnaus, the appointed expert on Indian emerging affairs and culture. Colonel Jai Chand had kept him well informed about the institutionalised working methodology of Dr. Frank. Deshbandhu was aptly informed about Frank's team mates' making studies in various cities and towns throughout

India. Colonel had been emphatic in pointing out that Frank was studying only developing townships in India. Frank's studies had not covered north-eastern, central and Himalayan regions. Today they needed to list down to-do points from the report. Colonel had summarised each chapter of the report. Deshbandhu read with concern. Dr. Frank had detailed the Indian challenging scenario in ten chapters

Devastating failures of the administrative machinery
Yawning gaps between the rich and the poor
Stagnancy and deterioration in cultural values
Disgusting problems in Bureaucracy
Notoriety in Health and Education
Trash and Filth - India a wasteland
Dangerous Air and Water pollution
Lawlessness in Law enforcement
Life in absence of infrastructure
Callousness in Indian politicians and entrepreneurs

Only difference between Frank's present findings and Colonel's ongoing reports was that these findings had cost India a huge sum and Colonel's reports were considered mere routine studies. Deshbandhu read Jai's summary points devotedly. He concentrated hard to digest the pointers. It was an important research paper. Indian National Party had placed much value on it. This management approach was envisaged to give the country much awaited facelift. It was just a beginning of the long road to nation's qualified development. It was the sincere effort to enter into professional way of doing things in order to achieve sustained growth.

Colonel sat just watching Deshbandhu patiently. The two were adept in communicating between themselves without uttering a word; they understood each others' maneuvers and even the lack of them. Jai had been advised to keep full tab on Harnaus. Jai had accompanied Harnaus whenever possible …and on other occasions Jai stayed with him on hot wire. Harnaus was an expert on observing and cataloguing.

"Certainly the foreign eye captured what we missed as obvious ...as so naturally ours ...so ever-happening." Much in the report was true, however in essence India was portrayed against the canvas of a developed country. In spite of all the revealed truths, to Deshbandhu and to Jai, the solution to India's inexhaustible apathy laid in quashing India's hallucinating poverty. This was the common Indian political dictate and the duo tended to believe it. India's maddening poverty was in all fields - in India's population explosion, in India's unconcerned madness in its social intellect, in India's extreme lack of education, in India's intense caste rigidity, in India's immense malnutrition ...and in its continual piling up. India's problems were because of India's unparalleled individuality and uncalled for exhibition of the same. India's pitiable situation was because of its treachery to its women and its children ...and all that was feminine ...in India's closed staunchness in its innumerable ritualistic attitudes and host of other such factors. Harnaus' report was tertiary. It divulged more hiding nothing ...but it was not comprehensive of India's plight.

Such findings and consistent down-sliding of India's status quo were always personal and professional hammer-blows on Deshbandhu and Jai Chand. Their job was to fight this menace at the core. However, their work was to deliver detailed reports to the concerned departments. Deshbandhu was internally perturbed by getting hints of the upcoming reality - "Jai's exhaustive study reports had now started to become mere papers and files in the higher polity. The concerned authorities did not even read them... Considering them or referring to them was not applicable anymore."

Proxy Report on 'Back-Fall of Television Stride' in the country did not show any healthy trend even in its tenth year. Nation-wide losses were recorded. It was not the financial loss that was annoying - "Exchequer loss in the initial phase was easily afforded." The annoying factor was the newly reported negative impact that the Television Stride impinged on social fabric. Projections were that masses now were starting to believe

that it was one move of the people in power to channelize funds of the country back to its own kitty. Its own people produced the national programmes, its own people aired these programmes and its own people paid for the programmes. The report explored the sentiment of the nation further - "The entire communication network was managed by the modern socialites of ill-tempered, untrained and unethical offspring of the effluent people from government and their allies. Nation was paying for the losses incurred by India..."

However, Indian masses were not reported to be talking about the huge financial implications of the capital cost invested in the drive... Deshbandhu became silent. He was quiet ...lost in other world ...in the world of hunches ...of unexplained truths which were floating, *"...India was to be attacked by the new monetary demon - Demon of kick backs..."* Masses were totally unaware yet. ...Deshbandhu came back. ...Some elite were reported to be showing interest in upcoming possibilities of business.

Last couple of annual reports on Television Stride in India had highlighted on bankruptcy of creative ideas of these young producers. The tiny think tank of their combined intellectuality was now, not only empty but also getting rotten. The new wave pundits of communication media were stealing footages from cinema and from foreign entertainment world. The gap in supply and demand was so great that any crap was sold time and again. This development, on one hand was pulling the small time uneducated rich into the world of Tele-Vision and on other hand the psyche of the already poor people of country was shattering to deeper depravity levels. The products of stolen show business had entered the country's drawing rooms. This was changing the socializing patterns of the nation. The ill conceived extravaganzas had crawled into bedrooms of Indian masses causing havoc in psyches of one and all. Deshbandhu had called for this interim Proxy Report...

This costly endeavour was Deshbandhu's baby. Dharini had mentioned it. 'It is a mega communication medium of tomorrow. If India is planning for real development, she must invest in it.'

Deshbandhu had discussed his daughter's suggestion with Mr. Dinesh, his official politician guru. Dinesh had immediately taken up the project. Dharini had been straightforward in mentioning, 'We must invest more energy in planning its execution than its finances or technology. All in all, there is no escape. Any nation, if it wished to look up, its people needed to be on air all the time - howsoever risky it might be.' Ten years down her words were coming true... We had lost on planning the execution of Television Drive in India. Did this weigh on him...?

Deshbandhu shirked all approaching variables off. He had told himself that he must spend some time on himself. The passing thought brought a small respite on his lips - "Jumping from one - seriousness into another."

The Flash-off meeting with Colonel Jai Chand on 'Nation Wide Emerging Faces of Internal Unrest' revealed the situation as turning out-and-out clumsy. Dinesh, Secretary home affairs, was seriously concerned about this. Internal Unrest in Southern Indian States was emerging out to be persona oriented while in Northern part of India it was the typical case of individualistic economic hunger. The discerning factor in all cases was the active usage of religion by every socio political organisation. Regional Political Parties were getting evolved ...and these new generation parties tried to be at helm of affairs by creating turbulence. In a large percentage of cases religion was made an accomplice thereof. More than ten year had passed when Deshbandhu had been able to dissuade the nationwide socio religious disturbances by requesting Swami Sad' Chidananda's personal intervention. Present India refused any coherence. "What his country was going into...?" Deshbandhu was perturbed.

"Religion and Politics were kept separated since time unknown. History of our lands bears open testimony to this. Most Hindu Kings and also most Mogul Emperors understood this and adhered to this magnanimous dictate. It was quite a passage - simple and ironic ...and it bore enriching fruits. ...And now this sanctified dictum was slipping off. It was a serious and a risky affair..." Deshbandhu debated with himself, "...Thirty six

years of independent India was on track of maturing or she was beginning to tread on roads to depravities unknown till now...'

Unrests earlier to second Indo-Pak war way back in 1972 were specific in their root content - "Political Hiatus after Independence of India", "Social Stigmas of Independent India", "The Raj and the aftermath", "Political Unrests based on Regional Causes", "Recurrence of Famines in India", "Castes and Feuds" ...and such. These were understandable. These always were breathing clusters of crisis; their beginning could be seen and their logic could be deciphered - so their end could be envisaged. Their extinguishing could be planned. These unrests had life ...these were of people of India. So lively were these that these had a life norm ...their impact could be fathomed and controlled.

India's struggling economy was shattered by the war. *India had pledged no-war to itself* - Deshbandhu was the forerunner of this drive. It was a true Indian thought - none other could vow thus – "Pledging no-war to itself." Deshbandhu contemplated ...deeply ...seriously. He sat motionless ...pensive, "Young maturing India was to be on the track. Was it a wish or a declaration from outcome of some distant logic?"

The term 'Internal Unrest' was coined way-back in 1973 - 1974 when most reports on effects of national crisis were clear and yet the causes were mostly abstruse. "We lacked the management machinery. Our acumen was short of understanding the mass psychology and our strength in developing our internal management infrastructure was almost missing." Dinesh had been a devoted support. Since then it had been a long passage. Deshbandhu had smelled serious national security issue in the reports even then. Colonel Jai Chand, a trained psychologist at Advanced Training School - Indian Army, had been specially pulled out of ranks for this cause in 1978.

Jai's chapters and the summary reports were exhaustive. When last in India, the politics and religion were in unison? … What compelled the times thus? ...Was it the necessity of that period or was it a natural evolution then? …Should religion drive politics - or should it not - or vice versa? ...Are these two necessary

compulsions of human society to mushroom separately? ...How the boundaries are to be defined?"

…Distant questions rang bells into Deshbandhu. Colonel's job profile was not designed to reach this angle. Country was not merely politics and religion. It was also sociology and economics. Deshbandhu saw through it. The businessman knows the human beings in a particular way ...his endeavour is money. For this, he develops the man factor ...he trains, imparts skills, endows responsibility, bestows authority and exploits the man. But the businessman also takes care of him. The businessman does not know the humanity but knows his man. He nurtures man and keeps him healthy and going. He takes care of that particular cell of the humanity. Like the political or the religious propagator. ...The distant bell that rang in Deshbandhu's mind was - *"If unrests erupted when the politician joined the religion. What turbulence will erupt when …and if businessman will join the politics or when …religion will turn businesslike?"* These possibilities were coming palpably... Deshbandhu was shuddered by distant tremors...

Colonel's explanations had the well-understood Military Intent. Deshbandhu had blind faith in Colonel's moves and methods but something always stopped him from responding instantaneously. "Was the colonel's role to be further fine-tuned or was it he himself who was mixed up?"

Somewhat unwillingly, Deshbandhu had called off the meeting almost abruptly, 'Well friend, I should read into your exhaustive reports.' Deshbandhu had sounded brusque however he hastened to add, 'And Colonel, I have marked my observations on your submission, "India's Threat Cosmology". Please redo and update it. We need intense discussions to finalize the draft well in time before the next Quarterly Review Meeting. Also, please gather details on gruelling religionists quarrelling not for religion, not for spirituality, not for education but for regional politics.'

Jai Chand was a friend. The words came out with clear discomfort. The effort on part of Deshbandhu was deliberately made visible to Jai Chand. Their individual position and

individual role made the commonality of their thoughts look so divergent. Colonel looked up to take leave.

Deshbandhu picked up his personal notebook and looked up at Colonel rather brightly, 'Colonel tighten your belt and wear your boots. Dharini is returning.' They shook hands - a warm exchange - Deshbandhu handed over the cartridge record on Dharini to the trusted colonel. As Jai Chand rose to leave, Deshbandhu chuckled again, 'Dharini is returning - Keep the noting.' The faint stillness in Colonel's look was sufficient to give clear answer to both. Deshbandhu need not mix up Dharini's security with these internal unrests and Jai Chand scolded his self. He clearly read what went through his friend's mind.

To Deshbandhu, today's evidences in Colonel's reports were once again obviously true but the trouble was that doubts and thoughts die hard. Not that the businessmen did not influence the governance of India today, but in a subtle way, their intents were still patriotic... "Did he read well…? Was it really so…? What measure is available to scale the inputs of these entrepreneurs vis-a-vis their contribution to factual Development of India…? Also in what ratio their individual wealth had grown vis-a-vis the ratio of National Economic Growth…?"

"Patriotism in India has dwindled to a personal principle now. It was a national persona a few decades ago …however today it was a national acridity… Where were the roots to this downtrend…? What had caused this change…? Time only means change. ...How the patriotism of newly aspiring entrepreneur, whether from the family of today's established personality or the new entrants - was to be envisaged…? If religionists joined hands with politicians, the country's social fabric will be worn... If businesspersons started running the politics of the country, nation's psychic color will be torn..."

Today, to Deshbandhu time appeared to be slipping. It also seemed to be ripe. Deshbandhu involuntarily dialed the buttons from the red phone directly seeking the appointment from the Prime Minister. The bell had ringed and rang... There was no response. Deshbandhu had almost known it. He knew it. Only

he had not told himself so. ...Questions floated. "Dinesh had quieted himself quite some time back..." …To his surprise today, Deshbandhu did not know any other means of communicating his finding. Next opportunity would only be his formal invitation to the quarterly review meeting at the office of the Secretary to the Ministry of Defense, which will be joined by ten other different portfolio members. That was to be held next month. It was a serious matter …a soundless blow…

The country had grown. Deshbandhu was aware of some administrative changes having been undertaken in the Indian Parliamentary Support Offices - this was being managed by the Home Ministry under strict guidance from foreign consultants. Like Dr. Frank Harnaus was the expert on cultures and emerging affairs for developing nations and was supporting Deshbandhu. There were thirty other international experts appointed for revamping the Indian Development. The more managerially matured departments had shown great appreciation for the suggestions made. These departments had impulsively started taking the corrective measures as per their respective consultants by implementing their suggestions. These departments were being labeled as more pro-country departments. The less pro-country departments had been lagging in agreeing to their results and/or the implementations there-of…

The day had been hectic …as usual. All his exhaustion evaporated as Geetanjali greeted him in profound courtesy. She was, as usual, in her pious form …today, she was jubilant too, Dharini was coming. ...Subtle exuberance filled their home. While Geetanjali wept tears of elated mother and made excited plans of visiting all Goddess Temples of *Dhauladhar* ranges in Himachal Pradesh and going to her relatives with Dharini, Deshbandhu hided varied concerns that swung up in his heart - Party had forceful plans to induct Dharini in the front-face political stream. The Indian National Party wanted to launch her in a big way. In a strange way, India was still led by means of heart driven theoreticians and Indians wished to be led by sweet faces and sweet talks. The party felt Dharini could be that face. And

Deshbandhu knew that Dharini would sweep away everything in her own unorthodox way. He was happy and thoughtful... Both emotions hit him simultaneously.

Post dinner, while Geetanjali retired for her night prayers, Deshbandhu was seated in his study. She would sleep. He had some work to be completed ...some thinking to be done...

"…What was it growing from a strong persona to a tired elder?" Deshbandhu now nurtured the feeling that his stature had fallen from an accomplished patron to a burdensome office bearer. "…What had gone astray? …Where he had faltered? … When he had not delivered? …When he had not trained his co-staff?" It was a pain of a non-physical kind. Deshbandhu could not tab it. "Neither mind nor brain works in matters which were personal and close to heart..."

Deshbandhu had to explore his realization …he had to pierce his inertia. It took him a few minutes of concentrating into abeyance and he realized that the governance of his country had undergone a drastic change from his days of unprofessional managements, which were mainly concerned-drives, to the present taking over of governance by the international professionals. He and others of his kind were unduly uncompromising in their conduct and were staunch adherents to specific principles howsoever vanishing those might have been. "Was his realization truthful...? Now he was not a vibrant executive of a fighting force but an old navigator of a depleted ship which was probably to be abandoned..." Deshbandhu felt that he belonged to some out of date technological stuff which was not being shown the door only because of some far dwelling courtesy…

He felt tired …so utterly tired ...as if his strength was demolished. Things were never simple ...they had never been simple. He had fought internal wars all his life …he had been a worker who moved instantaneously even when nothing was visible. To him, thoughts and ideas could come later, the motion result-wards was more important. But today's occurrence was different …ghastly different. Today, there was no intent to fight it back. Today it was all copy rules and management postulates

- papers piling over papers. He was merely a part of the machinery. He was only a bit. He was to fight with the machinery for the common cause - He was not to fight with the machinery itself. He could not do it. He would better not do it.

Deshbandhu rose to his bedroom. He would better take the well required nap. "No time remains the same. Tomorrow will be different than this day." He sat on his bed in silent prayer. Thanking God for the healthy day. He lay down …he was healthy ...there was no heaviness in the chest. He reminded himself of starting the morning with exercises and ...Praanaayaam…

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PARTRIDGE
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Chapter 03

Colonel Jai Chand

..... A Life on the Edge

Life is stunningly truthful...

Colonel Jai Chand was a raw theoretician …that always put him in testing times. He, almost uncontrollably, put himself into stretching positions. On many occasions, colonel even desired to place his being in such demanding situations where he would explode. This ever challenging hunger kept him on the psychological anvil where the existence hammered on him the truth. His being was not prepared to look at existential facts. This irony of life wherein his being was continually hungry … and was consistently demanding for more …and was not yet conditioned enough to receive or to look through, always put him in Testing Times.

"You are young and healthy, you are educated and well placed, you are ethical and into nation building, you are psychologically so complete a person and that makes you into such a personality that you keep on repeating same mistake again and again - you keep on reminding yourself and keep on forgetting again and again. That is life… Consistency of your desire to look for exactness is life… The consistency remains in desire… In consistently looking you are so near to the existential - The Truth. The unregistered beauty of the irony is - When you will register the flicker….?"

Jai was in good mood …even excited. Everything about everything was excellent today. His reports to Deshbandhu had been immaculate. He had carried the message loud and clear. He was confident that Deshbandhu would make required propositions to the authorities. He was sure that soon he would need to work more elaborately ...making the execution plans … working at micro level. Country was looking up with foreign administrations. His military inputs were most important submissions in all aspects.

Today he was reaching home in time. "Vandana will be happy." There existed this deep desire to make his wife happy. He reached his home in high esteem.

'Is Dharini returning?' Vandana attacked the moment he entered.

'Yes! So What …?' Jai's entire chemistry changed - In a flash he was reminded he was in his home - His being started leaving him and re-entering him at a high frequency. His response was more out of reflexes. He just looked at Vandana, blood rushed in his body. He was already trying to keep himself composed. In that flash he learnt that news of Dharini returning was out. And this was another unsolvable problem which needed to be solved urgently. The blood kept rushing "…A truly unsolvable problem…"

'Why is she coming back?' Vandana was only short of yelling.

'Please stop all that crap now.' …How was he to answer that?

Moments back he was happy….happy to be back home in time ….happy to make Vandana pleased.

'Does she not remember that she was thrown out? Has she forgotten that she is not a desirable commodity in India?'

Exasperated Jai looked into his wife's eyes, almost helpless, '...Listen …' he tried to reason.

'You listen to me' She yelled back, 'You will not spend time with her. I am warning you.'

Jai could not lie….. Words stuck up in his mouth.

'Enough is enough and if I found you loitering around along with her you will see the worst of me'. Her color was red in rage.

'You do not know what I will do if I found out you flirting with her'.

Jai was quiet. Even in her rage Vandana did not use any abusive language for Dharini. …Was she keeping her limits? 'You are impossible.' Jai said in withdrawn voice.

Vandana turned violently, took long, harsh steps to her room and banged the door shut.

His marriage had been a total fiasco …he was reminded yet one more time. Both Vandana and Jai had suffered losses of strained relationship. Only thing that bound them was that they belonged to civilized world where-in they could live separate lives without being termed coward socialites. Jai had not been able to learn the art of being super logical man "…remaining henpecked" and Vandana had not been able to learn the art of adjusting "... being cultured."

Jai stood watching into the blank …helpless. His head fell. He slowly moved into his home-office and closed the doors. Vandana could not enter his officialdom. No one was allowed entry into his' this national pride. He owed it to his nation…

Ten years back Jai was married to Vandana. Vandana was an architect. She belonged to an accomplished business family from Ghaziabad, a satellite town in outskirts of New Delhi. Hers' was a large family running a joint business of trading iron and steels. Vandana was attractive; she knew how to act glamorous …she was a typically pampered child. Initially Jai was not able to gauge into the complexity of Vandana's high-headedness. To him, though cautionary, Vandana was only girlish. Education taught Jai to respect women - Service taught Jai to authorize women - Culture taught Jai to care of women. Only she was on a different platform altogether and Jai had not trained himself to register this fact. Now it was left only to existence to hammer on him this truth again and again.

Within one year of marriage, Vandana had started commenting on Jai's poor sense of dressing up. She ordered him to go back to room and change his shirt in front of his friends during a picnic trip. Jai was, as if bitten by poisoned dart. He

gulped the moment without a blink. In times to follow Vandana was not available for any official parties… 'I do not like your shit friends …and your shitty officers.' In some more time Vandana was open in showing her dislike for Jai's family… They were not welcome in his home. Even Jai's parents were treated almost disrespectfully and commented upon sarcastically. The ageing couple would keep quiet. There were occasions when Jai's friends would be in house in sit-out and Jai would be pleading Vandana to be formal with them in the kitchen. 'At least serve them a cup of tea …I have not invited them …I do not …I avoid …but now they have come …Please.' If someone praised her, Vandana would be suspicious '…Why he was doing so? What he meant?' If someone did not notice her, she would be vehement, '…Your friends avoid me. You disrespect me and so are your friends.' Vandana turned out to be an impossible kind of little woman. …And then she was on family way …and there were family functions …and there were jubilations …and Vandana got the child aborted. She was to look for her career… She was to look for her true love… Jai's bond was a bothersome compulsion - One which she detested to the bottom of her heart and the one she would never leave.

Colonel Jai Chand was always in Testing Times. The pain would not let him go off - it clung to him like a friend. He wished he could cope up with Vandana's psyche but failure always assailed him. Jai had a lot of work to complete before he could call it a day. But the relation 'wife' mattered deeply …he felt lost…

…Like taking good care of any equipment ensured long running life to it - Good care in personal living gave long running life to the individual. Colonel Jai Chand lived his life in total principled manner. He believed in books and lived a copybook life. To him, nothing that happened could be out of context. Each phenomenon was related to each other one. Lives ran thus - Societies ran thus - Countries ran thus. He was a theoretician par excellence. It was his, this particular theoretically cemented nature that took him off the ranks to head the 'Internal security Cell of National Security Analysis Wing - Government of India'.

"In case of any dealing - one aspect is its qualitative-handling and other aspect is its quantitative-handling. …Qualitative handling is executed by virtue of one's experience. Quantitative handling is methodology of the expert. For quantitative output, the nation needs to develop its own technologies. Nation needs experts. And experts must get respected, for they give solutions… Transform your being into an expert."

Jai followed his personal dictate. "Your problems and your apprehensions of this date are problems of your friends and your people. Trust your mind to do well. Your methods of tackling these problems and apprehensions may be of use to your people. May be some of your people are confronting newer problems or are being transgressed with newer apprehensions."

"Have you to be peaceful in order to do your job…?" Vandana was important to him. Jai's peace was eternally destabilized. He was always in Testing Times.

Jai focused hard for getting ready to start work. "…Kingship came to Indians easily. It is, as if, built-in …in their moorings. Kings did not live an ordinary life ...so did the Indians." … Colonel Jai Chand tried hard… He could not stop the flights into oblivion… To Jai his motherland was a great country. For him this universal statement was true in the literal sense. To his heartfelt perception - India was a great country …not was a great country ...is a great country. It had been great... It was a great country. '…was…' ...but its greatness was a chapter of past now and it needed to grow… India needed to emerge so desperately. "India surely had lost much of its luster in last few centuries… The British taught Indian people newer chapters in sociology … in governance ...in dictating and termed it Social Science… As if, India had not known to live socially. The British proclaimed to make India civilized… As if, Indians did not build up any civilization…"

"India must not remain in a lagging position ...India was unified now …unification meant strength. It meant greater possibilities of growth. India could not remain undeveloped anymore. India was surely driving hard but now, in India's post

independence period, the face of world was changing and it was changing fast... The new power was economics ….was finance ….was technology… Something amiss had developed in his country …something that he was not able to gauge... It could be termed only a sort of lagging. Lagging was sure there... India was lagging... It could not remain in such a lagging position. Its people deserved the very best of the world… Its people deserved to earn the best of the world and deliver the best to the world…" Colonel Jai Chand was on the edge. His work kept him estranged in the emphatic cell.

Dharini, even as a little girl of thirteen years, was irresistible in a way. She was beyond her age in her thoughts …in her psyche ….in her mind …and in her body. She was exceedingly charming. She was stunningly attractive. How proudly Jai enjoyed escorting Dharini even when she was just a child… Was there guilt in his feelings…? Was his attachment in any derogative shade…? In that distant way Jai had felt relieved when he heard that Dharini was to leave for abroad. Why was it so…? Had he ...sort of escaped…? And how tangible was his tinge of irritation then…? ...Was he caught by her father Deshbandhu? All his training in Indian Military and his exposure of the 1972 war with Pakistan had failed him in being able to hide his inside to both the father and the daughter. One thing was sure - Jai could not intend to hide his inside to people he called his own. He was twenty six years of age when he first saw her. She was thirteen years then ...a freshening beauty …a flower booming to blossom in the morning dew… What had immensely impressed him then, was his coming to know that neither Deshbandhu nor Dharini concealed their having seen through his taciturnity and openly communicating that they did not mind it …that they took it as a very natural phenomenon …and a phenomenon of little relevance ...though of much importance …because then on, he was brought in to abide by side of Deshbandhu. He was almost an informal escort to Dharini and he was the first one to be informed about Dharini having to leave India. And when she was gone, he was inducted into the Deshbandhu's office and he formulated the

Internal Security Cell attached to National Security analysis wing. Deshbandhu made provisions for him.

During her stay abroad Dharini was in constant communication with Jai. She, in a way, had grown up knowing him and keeping him informed of her education. He had been silent regarding his personal family affairs. He never mentioned a word about his strained relations with Vandana ...he could not… Post marriage, he had turned into a man of few words; he was the one who always wished to receive. Dharini seemed to know about his wedded relations …though she never mentioned ...she never asked about Vandana.

Dharini was returning now …

Jai gazed at her video document on his official computer. Deshbandhu had handed over the cartridge record on Dharini's latest dream venture to him this morning. Dharini looked stunningly attractive, formal, straight and office-like. Without any initiating and without any formality she addressed Deshbandhu and Colonel Jai Chand, 'I have lived away from my country for too long. I need to come back now. I hope you understand.' Jai's eyes were riveted on the ravishing beauty that captivated even the screen. Her image …her posture was one that opened up your pores. It touched the distant divinity in you …it put you on some kind of an accelerator …leaping you fast forward. She was not urging …she was not requesting …she was not demanding …she was making a statement. 'My urge to be physically present in my country is unstoppable now. I do not know what I am doing here. And I strongly believe that you two most important men in my life will grant me the necessary permission to be back with you all and to be free at last. You know I will not come back without you two inviting me. And without your nod I am getting wasted in a foreign land.'

Deshbandhu was already through the decision, Dharini could come back, she was matured enough to live her life now. Colonel was only too happy. India needed fresh breeze that was fragrant with Indian essence. Dharini had named her come-back mission Project - 'Save India'.

Testing Times were re-arriving.

Jai now felt internally propelled as unparalleled charm of a young child who believed that a certain good was approaching his way. Jai was spontaneous …he forgot that a few moments ago, his truthfulness was confronted by his own wife …and there was no solution to his associated problems.

He had works at hand…

i. Dharini's arrival - Indian Politburo planned to jump at it. She was awaited in that animal's cool way. Dharini was to be made the peoples' dream achiever …she was to be the divine messenger who would bestow them with furnishings that will fulfill their all desires …she was to be their voice. Dharini was the precious stone which was sent to the world's best diamond polishers and now the jewel was ready in all its glitter - gleaming to deliver radiance and prosperity. She had become a touch-stone now. She was an investment in a safe deposit and now the country needed the investment to be realized. This investment was to be de-invested now …and if need be …sacrificed.

Dharini was yet to come but her project 'Save India' was already here …ahead of her. He and Deshbandhu had their collective understanding and common aspirations. Jai's all workings were recorded - though his reports were also seen by Secretariat - it was a mere formality. Jai Chand could never understand the meaning of parallel reporting. Deshbandhu was more bound by the governmental officialdom than he. Since he was reporting to Deshbandhu, he had to be of direct use to their common aspirations. "He must find a direct escort for Dharini. He was busy with his projects and Dharini was one whole time project." He made it a point to inform his friends at the AHQ.

ii. Implementation of Dr. Harnaus' Results - Jai spread the pages of the report in front of him and concentrated for some

time recollecting the important and relevant pointers that he had registered during his working with Dr. Harnaus.

One thing is clear that these foreigners worked under complete surveillance of their parent institutions. Every evening …come what may …even when he had worked till past midnight, Harnaus made a report of his day's findings and faxed it to his principals. And the principals were equally prompt in replying him the next very morning. Every morning he had the letter of guidelines for the day before he set for his errands.

Second clear finding was that these consultants were very well connected. Harnaus carried unbelievable amount of formatted literature in his field of work. Harnaus was indeed a committed sociologist and a pioneer in converting social studies from a subject of arts into a subject of science. He radicalized all events all stories clearly into social statistics and social dynamics.

Third important mental noting was that these foreigners were very well equipped with advanced gadgetry for their job. Portable computers, variety of data storing devices and variety of loaded soft-wares made their working somewhat magical.

Fourth important finding was that these foreigners worked for money in a pure business format. They worked for their countries in absolute trust that their country took care of their interests. Harnaus had been reported to make subtle inquiries, in garb of socializing to extract information on possibilities of future business for his institution associates especially from people of non-ruling and regional political parties. It had also been reported that in reality Harnaus was learning a lot from the Indian sentiment. He had nothing to contribute towards culture so he was focusing on emerging trends. Yet he spent far less time on studying emerging trends than on knowing connotations of our culture and report back to his principals. It was rumored that he was instructed by his prime institution to gather more data on Indian culture ...and that the information was of unimaginable amount of value in the international market. There were tacit reports that Harnaus' work had strong connections with some

foreign mafias who had international interests and also that India was their lead future market.

Another noting was that the formal report submitted to Deshbandhu was very succinct. It was a mere formality …it was in fact, a more of fact hiding report. This was done in complete deliberation. Why-of-this was annoying to Colonel - The report was not a finding on Indian platform but a business proposition. Harnaus' report was more directing of future consultations to be envisaged by India than of suggesting solutions to the envisaged problems. There were neither any mentions of any local participation nor any suggestions to the real development.

And also, Harnaus had made one observation which Jai had found quite amazing. He had made a noting that almost all Indians on the streets could be divided into two major groups. One group, though of a small size, strongly believed in rampant stealing, this they considered as their right and continued with it on all fronts and the other group of the remaining people believed that their existed a God who would fulfill all their needs and that this God took some form to appear in order to fulfill their wishes. What was amazing to Jai was Harnaus' noting that for this group of people anybody and everybody who was unknown could be that God especially if he was a foreigner… foreigner in anyway ...in language, in color, in mannerism, in etiquettes, in behavior or in psyche. Harnaus did not refer any mention of this in his formal report. It was not human psyche ...it was Indian in context and spirit. What had Harnaus to do with this finding…?

All these realizations of Jai were informed to Deshbandhu as and when they had sprouted. That is why he sat silent when Deshbandhu read the papers. "Was there a tint of annoyance…?" What irked Jai was the hint of registration …that a far-away ray of light missed him …that both he and Deshbandhu were lost to these glimpses …and that these little rays of light were lost to both of them. …Was he dreaming? …Never? …Why …?

Now Colonel Jai was with Harnaus the personality and his papers. He hurriedly, jotted down his jobs.

Jai has to ensure involvement of administrative officials in Tourism, in Education, in Municipal Departments, in Labor Sections, in Health services, in Insurance and gather support of major NGOs. He has to seek a separate committee to justify the follow up and for necessary affectivity. He must keep Harnaus posted on the proceedings. Harnaus must be made a party to ensure smooth unfolding of his plans and advise required modifications that were to crop up during its implementation phase.

Jai must seek Deshbandhu's help in taking out information on India's short term plans on building up the infrastructure. He must seek advice and instructions from Deshbandhu to inform Harnaus about the Indian system of administrative working so that he could meet the related people in these areas and help them in their plans of conceiving the developmental priorities.

Jai must freeze with Harnaus for creating the work plan matrix and the measurability in it.

Jai must discuss with Deshbandhu regarding apprising Harnaus on Indian religious movements and their deep roots in Indian cultural diversity. It was too impractical to think of development in India without answering to the religious angle. Also it may make it impossible for Harnaus to deliver in that case. Deshbandhu had to give clear dictates. The discussion schedule with Deshbandhu had to be elaborate.

Jai contemplated …on time frame ...on financial issues … on quantum of energy that was required to be invested. "Only it should not be abandoned in the middle." He must also gather details on what was the outcome of workings of other consultants.

iii. India's Threat Cosmology - India's last war with Pakistan and India's subsequent self-pledge of no war furnished some dividends.

The nation-wide religious unrests were subdued by one single gesture of Swami Sad' Chidananda. Deshbandhu had invited the godly saint.

The political unrests kept creeping in …the country seemed to be falling short of leaders of national political will …India

seemed to be run by people of little courage and very little wit. The social unrests followed and were on fire. India, instead of looking forward appears to be withdrawing back…

"Deshbandhu had requested Jai make a study on this. Deshbandhu was of firm opinion that these unrests were motivated by foreign interests. 'Our national character could not fall so steep in such short period.' Jai was thrilled to work on such a subject. It suited his theoretical approach." India's Threat Cosmology was his first compilation. Deshbandhu had taken much interest in its development. It existed with them without real purpose for about a decade now …and now it was called by the Government of India to be tabled. Colonel still was proud of his maiden work.

China -

Plus Points -

- *Ancient Friend and Contemporary Ally; China was the only country to help India with food and other necessary supplies when India witnessed firsts of its great famines after independence.*
- *Both Ancient civilizations with strong historical and cultural links; both India and China have witnessed exchange of cultural educationists since thousands of years. While the world depended on mutual wars these two countries furthered relations on terms of civilization.*
- *Both bound with anti colonial and anti western discourse.*
- *Both have witnessed the western humiliation for long.*

Minus Points -

- *Unpredictable adversary and dangerous rival; The compulsions of India China war were not deciphered yet.*
- *Beijing's support to Pakistan's Nuclear Program.*

- *China's cold and unwilling response to India's much warmer solution finding drives to common bilateral irritants, Sikkim and North Eastern borders of Arunachal Pradesh.*
- *Presence of thousands of Tibetan refugees.*

Effect of India -

India's middle class radicals and communist generations and prevalent activists of naxalite movements use same jargon as the China. These elements take China as their role model - a near ideal communist country. China's emergence as significant economic and military power and its ability to reform its economy without compromising its security are to be seen with awe and admiration.

Submissions -

- *Physical Map of India indicating influx of Chinese influence in last ten years.*
- *Chinese Defense Strategies for external and internal warfare.*
- *China's investing in huge way to train its generations in foreign languages of the world.*
- *Chinese Societies and their internal norms.*
- *Regional issues in Chinese provinces.*
- *Modernization in communication and surveillance.*
- *World War taught the world to look practically towards stabilization - to be defensive . . .neither subversive nor offensive.*
- *India has a history of being in internal wars since the invasion of Alexander.*

Solutions -

i. Increase co-operation with China.
ii. Increase trade with China.
iii. Support China on Human Rights Issues.
iv. Focus on - multi polar world is essential for global peace.

Nepal -

i. *Maoists insurgency*
ii. *Pakistan's intelligence using Nepal Route to infiltrate militants into India*

Bangladesh -

i. *Keeping anti-India Stance and harboring terrorists*
ii. *Helping Pakistani inter-services intelligence in its operations against India*

It was well past 2.00 AM. Jai felt heavy and drowsy. He rose… He took to a cold shower… "He felt safe …he was in hands of silent forces like Deshbandhu who was so well connected in Indian polity …Great personas like Dinesh Aggarwal were his personal friends." Jai stretched …and extended into his couch for a good sleep.

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PARTRIDGE
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Chapter 04

Sonu

Crowded market place in Old Delhi - January 1983

A Life of Missing Consciousness...

It had taken Sonu almost a month to reconcile from the impact of the understanding that he was initially inflicted with from the two-point observation from the head quarters.

Tyson alone extracted the meaning of the report for Sonu. It was only for Tyson, otherwise, Sonu had read that he was an utter failure and this meaning had made Sonu lifeless. It was Tyson alone, who pumped life back into him; otherwise Sonu had lost faith in his own prowess.

1. India as on 24th December 1982, after thirty five years of its present independence, after three years of Mr. Sonu's active operations, is still an emerging and a self-reliant nation.
2. "India will not rank on our list of streamlined nations" is story of past now. There are definite shades of India emerging as an unfathomable mushrooming market.

You are invited to headquarters.

That was all… One single paper… The plain paper said nothing else, it only conveyed lot …and this lot was hurting a lot. It was first experience of Sonu to getting hurt.

Sunila had handed him the envelope containing this one page. Tyson had delivered it to her. 'He will be back by evening', he had said.

Sonu read the simple two-point letter. '…That was all…?'

Sonu frantically looked in for something more ...anything more.

Sonu was furious …the plain set of statements left him desperate …it did not carry any meaning to him. To him, the projected plight had no base, no standing and no conceivable background. It left him jittering almost uncontrollably. That was not in-line with his nature …he was not used to such shivering. He trembled inside…

"This was not true." He was not accustomed to such scenarios. In his faithful journey he had not trained himself to gulp such information. He was an achiever - a pusher. He believed in delivering not in receiving.

"What was it that brought this anticlimax…?" He believed in results. He made his own processes. His success rate had been almost one hundred percent. But the observation from Head Quarters did not reflect so.

Suffused and irritated, his personality interrogated him. "… What made the result of entire process so utterly meaningless? Was his process ...in itself ...faulty? Was he such ...ill-informed …illiterate fool? Was he …factually a superfluous phenomenon ...and an idiot?" He could not believe so… His logic failed him to believe thus.

The irony of what was informed in the letter assailed his inside out. The words - "India is still an emerging and a self-reliant nation" - was a slap on his face. His system seemed to lose physiological controls …he wanted to take deep breaths to recoup but could not. Sonu found himself failing…

Yet! He was Sonu …he reminded himself. "Frustration mars logical thinking." He pressed his jaws …clenched his teeth and

sat tight ...head lowered ...sunk ...in tremendous effort to bring himself up.

It was not simple. It could not be so. It was a-little complicated. "…But then the process is already proven." Sonu tried to reason with himself. "…It is watertight. It has delivered results over half the globe." Tyson could not be wrong. The little respite that his' this thought brought was unreal… It did not bring any solace to Sonu …not even any temporary relief…

The dejection pierced inside his being - "There was no any favorable marking in the report on his un-ceasing efforts." He had been relentlessly delivering in last three years. Sonu failed to accept it even as a distant thought. "Why after so much energy spent, after so much money drained, so much action injected - the results just did not even sprout…?"

In his work, there were no papers to be submitted, no reports to be compiled, no materials to be transformed and no value additions to be made. He was neither in a production job or in a service oriented work. He was the engineer of his operative field. And in this outcome …it was his intelligence alone …that was at stake. It frustrated Sonu.

It infuriated Sonu to note the observation that no one else was to read. The statement was the summary on his and his personal organization's net result of their working till date. The candidness of the statement was more hurting. "What was the meaning of India still emerging as a self-reliant nation?" What Tyson had to say about it?

The report was the sole document on Indian operations from his head quarters somewhere in mid sea. Sonu read and re-read the report. He went through the written words to himself aloud. It irritated him to note that he must have gone through the two-point observation over and again a hundred times. He wished to make the contents his bone and marrow. "Reading it again and again will subdue his turmoil. Then alone he will be able to work in consistent manner."

Sonu knew his budget …his sanctions, his spending were among the highest in the Asian sub-continent. Expenditure per

every one hundred square kilometers per annum had been huge 25K USD.

First part of the statement confounded Sonu. He was in a severe shock …the words hit him hard. "How can that be?" The failure was too blatant to comprehend. "Was it a mockery?"

…….

Sonu could not reach the second part of the report.

…….

Sonu had inducted lacs of superfluous literates into important job positions throughout Indian major ventures. He had, in utmost sincerity, not charged a single penny from any of these unassuming idiots. Sonu had been the pioneer in narcotic drive throughout India. He had done all this without looking for any financial gains for himself. Sonu had spearheaded the pornography seeds in India. He had done all this without any economic benefits for himself. He was the key driver in converting Indian masses' loathing for foreign gadgetry. He was the original force behind forging Indian women into the world of dark passions …then gambling …then lotteries… Sonu had developed himself into the only mediating agency for fostering licensing in India. Man-count and collective intents of poor masses of India were largely in Sonu's control …he was the chosen one to perpetrate the black-eye in India. He had performed all these and allied activities for no salary or commission. He had done these activities under full support of his mentors in all good faith.

Sonu had had never looked at any personal benefit from any of mega-million-rupee drives that he launched and established in India. He never planned for any personal financial gains or personal luxuries from these extravaganzas. He always remained rooted in the earth …he preferred a life of low profile and abeyance. Of' course he made a lot of contacts …the subject that he liked… This was unavoidable, he had to develop people and be of constant support to them. He used his contacts only to

support causes of his friends …never for his personal gains. He was unique and outcome of his uniqueness caused him pain now.

……..

…… Reason settles slowly.

Tyson was that reason. Tyson was the cause behind Sonu's relief. It was important that Tyson became the root of Sonu's extraction from his self-understood world of utter helplessness.

Tyson came after two weeks …he appeared late in the evening. Tyson was out …touring India. He always had important jobs to do. Sonu sat dejected in front of him …inebriated …and blabbered his venting at length. Sonu was totally unaware of this method of ruling from remote. A few words on paper made more sound than the spoken ones at length. Sonu had no training to comprehend this method of controlling.

Tyson allowed Sonu to take out his steam, 'All this is true and so is the report.' Tyson showed him the reason. Tyson was logical and methodical. He was always truthful and his' this particular trait had made a strong bonding in Sonu.

'The first part of the report is our understanding on India's status-quo in response to our work. It is natural that we like what we have done …we remain engrossed in our work …and in our world. It is normal that we measure our success from the results as per our own limited resources. In fact, we do not make any measurements - We only feel about it. Once we are in process of delivering …and once we feel that we have delivered …we feel tired. And this tired-self makes us feel happy that we have been successful… In fact, to most of us, the amount of happiness that we draw from our work is directly proportional to the amount of tiredness that we feel we are in. We are right in our own way.'

Sonu listened …intently.

Tyson continued, 'But India is a vast country with a strong religion and a fierce cultural background. India's continuing civilization and its long heritage gives it a very strong backbone. We had an uphill task ahead of us …it was like climbing a vertical wall without any supporting equipment - Breaking the inertia of

Indian peoples' righteousness was not a small achievement. I tried it for ten years and there were others who invested lives in finding cracks in India's shell. India's crust was strong. You must register that India continues to be what it has been since thousands of years. You have done your bit and it has been an enormous success. Much has started. Much has been achieved. Yet! We are off the intended records. India is not a small nation, it is a huge country; many empires can get lost into it. We are not qualified to fathom what India can offer. All it should communicate to you that India is an immense market. India is continuing …and that is the gist of first part of the report.'

'Remember, India has not replied to you …India has not shown any resistance to you, forget any reaction …in such a case, you would have failed. That is your only success-story till-date. You must keep a note of it every moment. You have to register India's reply with a spirit of challenge. That's what you have to answer now. You need to burst-out that now. And for this you need to be trained into being an expert of using distant contacts. You have to be a painter of a much bigger canvas now. Do not take the meaning of the report in an emotionally sensitive manner. On personal front, you are a victor. You do not know what you have delivered. That is why you have been invited to the Head quarters. There is so much in store for you.'

The recognition made Sonu sober …somewhat settled. He showed some tendency towards normalcy ...now ...breathing …and as if living. Sonu felt the tiny flickers of dynamism in him now. He felt relieved and somewhat satisfied …somewhat happier.

'And, second part of the report is our head quarter's remark on India.' Tyson knew that as per internal calculations at the halk eye, India was beginning to emerge on their market map. 'The achievement is the result to your hard work. Only a few years back India did not emerge on the charts. Rulers here were made of unknown material. Their methods of thought were unchallengeable. We have been able to find chinks in this super ethnicity.'

Tyson paused …and watched Sonu. Tyson scavenged through his conditioned mind. All signals were OK. 'Each individual has to be demanding …each person has to be uncaring.' Tyson added carefully, 'There are some other individual players too. It took me thirteen years to weave one carpet out of these others …and up to this time, I was waiting for the right leader for them …I found you. You have to lead this forum now. You have to make India number one. India had been whatever ...India was whatever … India has to be number one. You have to put all the thrust into the root cause of India's sustenance nerve centre.'

Tyson made sure that Sonu was registering his words in the right spirit. He concluded, 'You have been invited to the Head Quarters.'

There was a tremendous sense of blankness in Sonu. Sonu was immensely relieved. His inside pulsated ...his inside was jumping to dance ...to deliver. The smile in his eyes broadened. He was now in for a big game. The idea of operating at all India level sent thrilling waves into him. He was vibrant and lively.

Tyson left to his hotel room. They will meet tomorrow. Sunila was waiting. Sonu was exhausted …but happy, tired ...but hungry. Sunila was his silent partner. She was always a helping figure to him. She was always the understanding subordinate to him. She was always compromising support to him in the day ...and she was always fantastic consort to him at night in bed. Sonu dozed off into the hustle of his dark worlds.

Tyson spent next few days with Sonu. Sonu was his find. He could not afford that Sonu succumbed to unreal failures. It had taken Tyson more than a decade to discover the force named Sonu and he had built-up this genuine power tenderly. He had channelized this energy delicately. Tyson had spent a lifetime on Sonu. Rarely materials like Sonu are made - these are super materials made accidently - discovered accidently from accidents. Tyson could not let this go off. Sonu was a genuine enigma. Tyson was proud of his find. India's wealth was in its magnanimous heritage, which even Indians never understood. India's pride was in its wonderful people, which Indians exploited themselves to

no end. India's strength was in its tremendous diversity, which Indian political guardians never wove into a strong fabric. Tyson had studied the study that said that India was huge market - "India was capable of feeding the world for next one thousand years."

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Part - II

Soundless Deliverances...

Deciphering ... India

- Continuity in Constancy

...*Blessed Seed alone flowers to its Full Potential*

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CHAPTER 05

The Banyan Tree

India ... Then

There are innumerable chapters on Indian thought. No earthly life is qualified of even hinting at the infinite forms of eternal truth as has been elaborated by Indian sages. Vedas were brought to light, narrated and expressed thousands of years ago and ever-since they are being deciphered and explained by innumerable seers who have wandered these lands.

It is rightly said that so much detailing has been done on these sacred outcomes that the revealed truth in the Vedas has become lost. What one avails now is only the covered truth ...hidden …and even distorted. In absence of faith, austerity and integrity ...these innumerable forms of truth mostly serve the purpose of keeping the individual in wrong direction as he easily finds plenty of examples in favour of his conditioned thoughts.

In any case, in this scriptural treatise, the spirituality is well defined, the divinity is well dictated, the ultimate is well gauged and the subtlest of Sublime is well envisaged... The process to attainment is well laid down... The possible variances, the probabilities are all wholesomely dictated ...and the studies have been exhaustively made ...and the research has been elaborately documented.

In the past the recipients and seekers of the eternal truth were many. Today the followers of the Eternal Truth are many.

In India if someone is to enlist the various established religions ...the recognized schools of thoughts ...the various

doctrines and methodologies to Godhood ...and then enlist their respective Chiefs ...Priests ...and Gurus of these Chief Priests ...and Chief Pundits at each of their main offices. If someone is to enlist the Principal Aachaaryas at each of their head offices, regional offices, sub offices and so on ....and enlist the senior devotees at each of these places of worship ...of prayer ...of meditation ...and then the make a list of all Lead Teachers ...and Lead Disciples at each of these doctrine schools - The numbers of these elite knowledgeable religionists in India may lead to figures well above tens of millions. And then, add to these figures those numerous people who are associated with these schools - The professionals, the politicians and businessmen who are wholeheartedly devoted to the studies into these established religions ...and to the Indian thought in a serious manner. The total number of people, who seemingly follow the dictates to understanding the eternal truth the Indian way ...will be hundreds of millions. Swami Chidananda was respected by all acclaimed priests and was recognised as sole authority on practicality of this Indian religion.

All chief pundits know at length the Indian religious scriptures. They have not only studied, learnt by-heart, taught and experienced the substrate underlying the eternal truth therein but also have subjected themselves to the individual feeling ...to the respective believes ...and to that universal faith.

Swami Chidananda had lived the Truth. Only to his own self and to a few others Swami was not eternal - to rest of the world he was. He knew that he had a purpose to continue. He was seven hundred and thirty six years of age now.

It is one thing to keep experiencing glimpses of God all life - to keep registering these glimpses and to keep forgetting them. It is one thing to have sinusoidal intent in spirituality - to keep having it and to keep losing it. It is other thing to start being in vicinity to literature of religion. It is still other thing to start reading this literature - getting into *Swa'dhyaaya'*. It is another thing to start understanding the natural cause of affiliation to religion - dharma - Ad'dhyaatm. It is another thing to start

venturing God-ward. It is still other thing to start experiencing the God-ward.

Once the experiencing begins - it is yet other thing that the intent and literature and the cognizance are woven into one. Once this stance is achieved and enough continuity is pumped by the individual to foster furtherance into it - experimenting, debating and meditating - Shades of divinity and unification begin to surface. At this stage some automation is propelled by the divine. If destined, the senses are tamed - the desires are curbed - the requirements are diminished - the wining begins.

If lucky, the necessities melt down - the ego starts getting sublimated.

If ordained, the sense of wining is crushed - the ego is exonerated - the icon is evolved.

Certain lives are exuberantly lived.

Swami Chidananda was an iconic personality thus evolved.

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Swami Chidananda's childhood name was Chin'na.

Chin'na - meaning small, was born frail. Who was to know that this tiny, clumsy, physical body encapsulated one of the very few just about to liberate souls of our times?

Chinna's father, the devoted resident and the unflinching *sevak* at Varunacharya Gurukul, was called Swami by everyone. He was Swami of all that he did. And he did a lot ...and did with lots of fervour. His day began at 3.00 AM whence he fore-arranged each detailing and all requisites of the day-to-be for his masters. Right from retrieving, laying, displaying and positioning to cleaning after usage and storing back in place - he carried out this task of personal and official service with unrelenting devotion and in an unflinching sense of service to his gods. He kept himself ahead of his masters by about an hour. His day would

end late in the night, as the winding up of this day's activities and planning for the following day took much time. His masters' lives were consistently dynamic, constantly referential and always on the move. Swami was always there - always available - always present - always performing efficiently - always engrossed and always meditatively devoted.

Few gauged the resplendence in Swami's being and the purposefulness of his work. Varunacharya and Aanandi held him in deep admiration. Chin'na, his son, was another little and silent observer of this routine day after day. The constancy of this ritualistic routine kept striking a mark in Chin'na. Chin'na was generally awake when his father would return and was generally asleep just after exchanging one little smile with his iconic guru.

Varunacharya and Aanandi recognized the affectivity of presence of Swami...

In his subtle sensitivity, Varunacharya had raised Swami for some dominion of utmost importance... "Varunacharya knew that Swami was the one ordained to deliver to India the iconic soul enabling his country to claim its righteous position in the forthcoming tumultuous world."

It was in the humid summer of 1221 AD, at Nasik, at Chinmayananda Ashram, during conglomeration of Naked Sadhus from all over India, which was held every tenth year that Varunacharya attended as a special invitee - to carry the Naga findings of the decade to Indian schools, that Varunacharya met Swami.

Swami's father …a pure naga by lineage had been instructed into begetting the household life. The holy sage simply abided. His psychological life was not his own ...it was gifted to his masters. He was married to a worthy ...healthy girl from prevalent holy tribe of Central India. It was said that the girl was an austere *yogini* and that she chose her husband ...and that the tribe respected the decision of the young maid. Chin'na was their offspring in the very first year ...and the couple lived a completely normal routine life. However, the fall from naga-hood to household was not acceptable to the once Naga... Real

agony in him was the eruption of this constant intent now ...his life was reduced to eating and sex... His hunger for revisiting the sex was insatiable… His mind was always wavering - whatever were his powers, his glimpses and his bustling witnessing were all marred. His psychological health was too diluted. It was not a simple house holder's living; it was deterioration of his inside. He could never gauge the sacredness into why he was chosen for this. He lived real life only because his faith in his instructors was undeterred.

One finding of Nagas was that number of Nagas walking the lands of India was on the decline... Some of them had gone into oblivion... Some of them had grouped and stopped their austerities ...and some of them had fallen down in the evolutionary cycle. And now, not many turned Nagas anymore. There seemed to be something utterly wrong in our airs... Something entirely new... Something that was absolutely foreign to our lands. This trend of reduction in population of Nagas was a consistent observation in last few decades. The reason for this downfall had mostly remained unknown and undefined initially… Only slowly the reason had taken some shape.

Both the Hindu religious forums and Naga forums were of the common understanding on this. Since last 600 years or so India had survived practically without any powerful kingship. After Harsh Vardhana, the last important ruler who ruled from Thaneshwar during around 629 AD, during whose rule the second Chinese Traveller Huien Tsang visited India there had been no other influential ruler in India. There were a few petty dynasties like The Maukharies and The Vakatakas but these were of not much avail. Then South India presented some dynasties like The Chalukyas and The Pallavas. But these were in constant battle for respective supremacy and that too only for a small time. Also Rajputs had emerged on the Indian scene from nowhere and also another dynasty The Rashtrkutas had re-emerged and had seen sudden upsurge in individual power. The Chola Dynasty of south India which had its strong presence from 830 AD, only one king, The Rajendra Chola - I, really influenced the Indian

political scene from South India till the Planes of Ganges and up to West Bengal. It was under the rein of this king that India flourished in all aspects including art and literature. However the Chola Kingdom also began to disintegrate and it declined soon after his death in 1041 AD.

The Absence of any unified kingship in India for this long period was understood to be the main cause for India's present plight. Though Indian people did not need a ruler as they lived by rule of Dharma, still in absence of a ruler for long periods, its people tended to lose political integrity. This caused social scene to change in inappropriate shades. The irksome changes in Indian life flair were more palpable in the light of more number of foreigners settling in India. Hitherto foreigners had only come to India as voyagers …as explorers …as looters …as plunderers …and they went back. Settling of a large number of foreigners was the new phenomenon.

The main reason why these elite forums placed their inclination on presence of this foreign thought was because of the advent of The Slave Dynasty which was said to be ruling in India since AD 1206. This was the first Muslim dynasty to rule India. Muhammad Ghori did not have a natural heir to the throne. And he was in habit of treating his slaves like his own children. He left Qutub-Ud-Din Aibak who was a slave from Turkistan to take charge of Indian affairs. The essence of thought of these ruling kings was not pertaining what prevailed in Indian soil ...it could not have been. Indian psyche was born out of thousands of years of prayers and meditations and then hundreds of years of fearless living in abundance and in carelessness. Number of Nagas walking our lands getting on decline was a concern.

...Swami was the Naga gift to India.

Another radical change getting firmly established in psyche of this Indian intelligentsia that the esteemed conglomerate had discovered in continual strides was the phenomenon - 'Suicide'. It was unheard till thence. Earlier to this, Indians considered suicide a sin. Life was God's gift to man ...man had no right to remove it. Now, as per the changed times suicide was becoming

a communication of one's total disagreement to his ongoing present. This new change in Indian mentality was also linked to rampant influx of foreigners from the west and north.

A new Indian psyche was in the making. "It happened every around 2500 years. The period did overlap by around 600 years. The constancy of the civilization does not stop, only the newness keeps on shading it in newer patterns. On an average, a period of plus minus 500 years is summarized when the crystallization starts affecting the public life. An era had begun on our earth when Christianity emerged. What it meant to Indian lands? To our regions, much earlier to that periodic era, it was beginning of the 'Kali Yuga'; and much earlier that periodic era it was the ending of 'Dwapar Yuga'. Some summarised it as stabilizing of Aryans. Still earlier it was the 'Treta Yuga', understood as advent of Aryans. And still earlier it was the 'Sat Yuga', the truest of Indian civilization. The studies gathered on 'Living in Indian lands' were internal assets of these eternal sacred bodies."

Varunacharya, the special invitee, had responded in full academic stance. 'Suicide is a very modern phenomenon. We must recognize its existence in our lives now. We must respect the psyches which choose this process of communication. It is only the real intelligent who can think of suicide ...who can decide upon suicide. The unintelligent are not capable of it. India has always been nourished by the sacrifices of the intelligent ones. Only the real intelligent ones can amass the necessary strength to get fully drained; only very few of them, the super intelligent ones, can reach into believing the futility of life. For this super intelligent category of people "Nothing has happened" is not for them ... "Nothing is happening" is not for them ... "And it doesn't appear that anything will happen in future" too is not for them. They cannot go on just living in all misunderstood dynamism of positivity.'

'Though India provides a much superior alternate to such recluses "....San'nyaas..." San'nyaas is also dying but dying at a much higher evolved plane; it is dying at mental plane. San'nyaas is the first preparation for the no return. It is journeying for

meeting the culmination. But then this communication has not got through in our time. We are responsible for this. Such a fine way to life is getting lost. It was so prevalent once that it was the game of the people of India. It was a part of our culture. Most people stretched to acquire the seeking of the other end, for getting into the medium of self surrender and for gaining total knowledge that "Mind only deceives". India hosted hundreds of places enabling its people to reach the state of No-Mind and be utterly positive. It was the important aim of life. Since this communication is lost now, the present day simpleton and the intelligent easily go on playing this game of suicide.'

'Added to that, India was such a luxurious land that nobody ever bothered about means of living ...even for the means of game and play ...not only young men, even women and children and old ones and birds and animals and trees and rivers and stones and rocks were all taken care of by the norms of living. In such circumstances, even if one evaporated ...his concern of responsibility towards his family at large was not the concern in reality.'

Varunacharya's opinion was widely acclaimed with cheers and applauses. Various schools carried the gist to their institutions. The Achaarya fraternity termed the sentiment as Varunacharya's cry. Nagas were thanked for their important contribution.

From Varunacharya's summary, Swami's father could not figure out the exactness for his own self. It was not his concern at all. His evolutionary fall was his own and was his only mis-asset now. He had never recognized any physical plane ...but only off late he had vaguely seen its versions ...and it was all gross pain. He had known mental plane and that he had clearly out-lived off late ...and its physical brushes were now all gross pain. What perennially infuriated him was his inkling which foretold him that soon he was to have an irreparable dent on his spiritual plane of living.

The jolt was not only utterly unbearable but unacceptable too. ...He walked into the river bank dreaded to be infested with crocodiles. ....One cold amphibian bit into his flesh and

twisted violently tearing his ligaments ...another one gnawed crunching his bones. "...He had done his job ...he had to walk out of it." His physical plane was not his now ...his mental plane was taken care-of now. His soul was relieved. ....His yogini wife sat lotus postured, knowing everything and realizing everything. "... Woman means a lot hidden ...much goes inside her ...she does not reveal ...cannot reveal ...must not reveal. ...That's what makes her the woman... That's why she represents the earth..." She simply walked off ...out of her body.

Naga bodies were divided in their agreement - "Suicide is not a known phenomenon; it is not existent in nature. Whence man started moving into it? How were Aatm-Daah and Suicide to be differentiated? What was San'nyaas?" Nagas already lived beyond these worldly phenomena - how their conglomerates were to reach an agreement? Was it some kind of a retracing? Varunacharya was not himself totally satisfied with his version. "Was it too futuristic? If being futuristic is emanating what is yet to come then how far in the future is acceptable?"

Varunacharya brought young Swami to his Ashram and Swami carried the traits of exactness to absolute perfection matching the subtle sensitivity of Varunacharya. "Swami had the answer to the bug of carelessness that had entered India's psyche." Varunacharya raised Swami for his that dominion of utmost importance... Varunacharya knew that Swami was the one ordained to deliver to India the iconic soul enabling his country to claim its righteous position in the forthcoming tumultuous world.

India was constituted of various small states; there were two hundred and fifty small principalities, each occupying its own territory and each having its own ruler. There were many schools of thought which claimed to teach the truth. Many schools of learning were established. Although in each province there were more than one hundred schools ...although every town, every village throughout India had at least one Gurukul ...and although there were tens of institutions of learning which were acclaimed world over - Varunacharya Gurukul was the most glittering

jewel... It was pride of entire nation. Students from all over the world dreamt of at least a four year stint at this institution. Varunacharya Gurukul provided holistic learning on Self Control, on Meditation, on Vedic and Pre-Vedic languages, on Modern Sciences, on Medicine and in All Branches of Technology. It was a pure Science College where Science of Matter and Science of Spirit was taught and developed in practical forms - Research in applicability of knowledge was the prime objective of the Gurukul.

Varunacharya was one mighty authority on practicality and applicability of Vedic dictates. Namelessness was the most soul filling austerity in vogue. Varunacharya was not known or seen to masses, to students and even many scholars. Namelessness was widely practiced but only few were its qualified proponents. These selects were recipients of unimaginable awe from co-scholars and kings alike. Masses respected them next only to gods. Varunacharya had developed as a name that was overtly prevalent and that reckoned ferociously throughout the known world. Varunacharya Gurukul was a conglomerate body of intellectuals evolutionarily formulated. Its sole aim was to investigate into the rapidly modernizing times and envisage directions for the future of India.

"All the existence has to have the blessing of 'The Super Conscious'. Stones and Rocks live with their Consciousness in a very deep sleep state; such, deep sleep a state that it is termed 'A Non-existent Consciousness State'. Their consciousness being in deep sleep state - they are never disturbed - they are always calm, always peaceful and always beautiful... They are always so undisturbed, so pure that man made Gods out of them. You bring your ears onto them and you will hear them snoring ...smoothly ...silently; you place them close to your heart and you will feel them breathing ...calmly ...peacefully. Plants live with their consciousness in Sleeping State. Plants are sensitive. But, they cannot actualize their sensitivity; they react ...their reactions are automatic, natural, and evolutionary. Their Consciousness is always sleeping - not in deep sleep, not in coma but as if in-acting. Their expression is only through their reactions;

it is in changing of their productivity ...in their flowering ...in their fruiting ...and it is in their withering. Animals and Birds live with their consciousness in a Dream State. They cannot carry or retain their consciousness. Their consciousness is always in their vicinity; but they cannot adopt it, they are not capable of living in consciousness."

"Man alone is capable of living in conscious and in Awakened State. Man can know that he saw the dream - and that when dream was being seen, he was sleeping. Now he is not sleeping and the dream is not there. And also that now he is awake and now he will not dream but he can think. Man is also capable of knowing of times when his consciousness is not with him; he can know that he is daydreaming and he is lost in thoughts - not conscious; his consciousness is somewhere else."

"Man, though is an animal, is roof and crown of all beings because of his capacity to reason. He alone is one animal who can, at each challenge in life, discriminate between 'The Path of Good' and 'The Plath of Pleasant', and firmly can make a bid to stick to the Path of Good."

"Man alone is the glorious heir to the Supreme Joy rising out of the Knowledge achieved, and therefore of the Lived-Perfections."

Even when people lived a much self controlled life - life of honesty and of goodness, Varunacharya's dictates insisted on extra emphasis upon the need and importance of living a life of perfect self control for every seeker. *"Those who fail to keep up an intelligent self-control upon their own endless sense demands not only fail to climb up the ladder of perfection but also fall in the scale of evolution and thus reach lower states of animal existence."*

Theories practiced at Varunacharya Gurukul were direct and bold. *"When Man, of his own accord, refuses the blessings of his powers of discrimination, which his intellect is capable of, when he consciously decides to remain sleeping and unaware, he is deliberately flouting his privilege as man. And when one has thus, of his own free will, chosen to be an animal, certainly, Nature shall bless him with the sorrows and limitations of the animal beings."*

Our lands provide sufficient means for unending luxurious living. Abundance is the way of life, shortage is an unheard term,

scarcity is unknown, entertainment is every day affair and fun is every life's constant companion.

'This era is that of 'Carefree Life' - Our present is slipping into the newly emerging era of 'Carelessness. Young children, once away from their homes, away from their villages, away from sight of the village folks, now tend to turn to lower tastes in life. There are clear indications that students now tend to make a mockery of educational dictates. Serious concern towards practical education of young ones is the emerging need.'

Varunacharya was heard and missed ...heard and missed ...and ...missed and heard. The birth of pain was the pain of such newness ...such birth. India was witnessing eruption of some unknown kind - *Newly emerging era of 'Carelessness'*.

Aanandi was always at the substrate of the thought which suffused the Varunacharya Gurukul. She was another lustrous pearl of the institute. She was not only academically brilliant but also physically radiant. She was not only pure but also glowing. She was not only clean but also transparent. She was a possessor of such a neat and magnificent physical body that when she drank water one could see it flowing down her throat. She was a rare majestic breed - shining and luminous, earthly and flowing ...distant ...searching ...a truly magical and a sacred pilgrim. Her ancestry was traced to Greece. When Alexander was returning from India, all saint families that had accompanied him all through, decided not to return - They preferred to stay in India. These Greek families in India, at a later stage, even played an active role in the propagation of Buddhism as some of the emissaries of The Great Ashoka. They had remained almost a pure lineage.

Aanandi had arrived at Varunacharya Gurukul to make a conscious study into Indian Thought. It was the only institution in the world where the soft was embodied. It was the single educational place in the world where all seemingly floating feelings which appeared unreal even to the learned, were traced to their gross roots. At this institute, even the emotions were scientifically united with their individual counterparts from the world of gross. It was the only place in the world which made

advanced studies on Science of Spirit. In India Spirit was not a non-matter, it was grosser than the whole of materialistic world. Aanandi's country carried a different version on Spirit altogether. "Though her ancestors confirmed on eternity of the spirit, they believed that the spirit would get amputated if the physical body of the being was amputated. Thus her country practiced keeping the body intact by embalming and by other means of preserving it; it was done in strong affirmation that one day the spirit would return to be with the body and the being would live again." Aanandi was attracted to the fame of Varunacharya Ashram. She had travelled to India, leaving her own people, in pursuit of knowledge of Truth. Within one year of her arrival here, Aastha was assigned with her. Aanandi had proved to be a stupendous learner. She was now, heading the faculty of Science of Spirit. She also was at the helm of affairs of all ...of hundreds of women folk at the Ashram. She was second in command at the Gurukul.

"Swami's capacity to do work was unparalleled..." Varunacharya reminisced, "...Swami's lineage was from the Naked Sadhus of Pre-Vedic Aryans... When wholly engrossed in his work, Swami sang songs in unknown languages. Even Vedic texts are not completely deciphered till now. These hymns ...these compositions were in Pre-Vedic languages." Amazingly, Swami could easily tell meanings of most words from Vedic texts. He was Swami.

'Small is always .....Beautiful .....'

'The Chorus Rings .....Continual .....'

.....

.....

'.....Chin'na means .....Beautiful.....'

Chinna's mother sang continually. And suddenly one day, when Chin'na was just four years ...his mother was no more.

The very young Chin'na watched the irony of life from close ...looking directly into it. He saw his father parting from his wife in such calm manner ...performing all rites ...taking lead whenever required ...taking sides whenever needed ...being backstage whenever demanded... There was no outburst of pain

from his father. ...Chin'na knew that his father's bond with his mother was as unflinching as his reverence towards his duty.

Chin'na thought ...and ...thought. ...He did not know how to think. ...He did not know what thinking was. ...He did not know what thinking meant. It was some kind of turbulent movement within his mind. "Now nobody will sing for him ...ever..." The tremors and vibrations that scaled through him meant that he sensed the power of selfishness in him instantaneously. "...What is the definition of contentment?" ...There were streaks of frustrations too.

Chin'na and Swami moved to a different cottage, one nearer to Aanandi. The devoted family would need support now.

Swami professed his son. "Someone else occupied where they lived ...they occupied where someone else lived ...in some way we only occupy for a certain period. We are all just trustees of a small portion of this land ...and also of its panorama. We must not break this trust. We must leave it in a better state than at which we were entrusted it." Chinna's psyche was being etched.

Chin'na grew up with Aanandi. Aanandi saw through ...into the soul of Chin'na... She was mesmerized by her finding... The sensation of truth hit her physically ....almost blissfully. Her study on the self ...based on the Indian learning she had acquired on soul ...made her visualize that she had come to the Ashram in search of this soul. And on part of Chin'na, though so young in this life, he instantly found Aanandi worthy of loving ...and worthy of praying ...and worthy of adoring ...and worthy of meditating upon: A goddess ...his complementary.

Swami died while Chin'na was very young... His journey was over... He had delivered... The journey never ended.

- - X - -

Chinna's initiation into life of a *san'nyaasin* was performed at age of eight. As a child, Chin'na showed remarkable Scholarship

- He came under direct observance of Varunacharya. Guru's inclination is more than enough to propel the true student into the path of steadfast growth.

Varunacharya detailed Chin'na regarding his ancestry. 'First of all, it is important to know your roots.' Varunacharya explained him regarding his lineage and references to Nagas, the Naked Saints; regarding the oldest scriptural texts of India, and regarding those high initiates. 'In Rig Veda, which is of our Vedic Aryan tradition, reference is made of your ancestors, but has been worded in such a way that shows the Brahmins did not properly understand them even then. Still it is clear, that your ancestors were held in wonder because of their Spiritual and Psychic Powers.'

'These Naked Sadhus belonged to the Pre-Aryan religion which flourished long before the Vedic religion. The scriptures of your ancestors were known as *Agamas* and the same teachings were later written as *Tantras.* The earlier texts of the *Agamas* are mostly dialogues where the "Spiritual Teaching" is put into the mouth of the Lord Shiva as Guru teaching to Parvati the Mother Goddess as a disciple. The same teachings found their way into the Vedic texts and were known as Upanishads. The *Agamas* tell us of your ancestors as revealing the highest expression of renunciation - that they wanted nothing of the world - not even its rags. They practiced rigorous austerity. They did not believe in taking any vows or making any promises. In arenas of logic they represented the "True Basic Beings" but in faculties of the mind they were macro cosmic human beings. So truthful and so wholesome was their nakedness that they were living souls as Mother Nature at its zenith of consciousnesses.'

'When in search of truth it is not sufficient to be intelligent alone. You may become knowledgeable in the worldly sense. Remember, Knowledge does not count …only the wisdom counts. You may be well connected, you may be intensely aspiring - All this does not matter. All that matters is your simplicity, your awakened consciousness, your innocence, your wholesomeness, your awareness.'

'In your search, you get associated with host of words - purity, sublimity, divinity. It does not pay. Words, in any case are only near explanations - not the real truths. Words merely assist information and knowledge. They do not let the comprehension begin. Also, words add to confusion - they create more and more complicated explanations of simple things. How can one understand even an elephant by mere words? Is it possible? No amount of words can explain you what an elephant is - you may well forget comprehending it. For understanding the elephant you have to see an elephant, you have to touch it, you have to smell it, you have to feel it - you have to love it - and that is it.'

'It is not your association with the word purity but purity of your conscience that matters. You may grow to be a hard worker …you may become a pious and steadfast being - doesn't matter. Being a hard worker is your trait - that is all. Being pious and steadfast is your character - good but that is not sufficient. There have been a number of hardworking, pious and steadfast persons. They might have been termed saints - they have found the nearness to their truths. They have reached near - but they are only near - they are vague about their own truths - the real truth is still much far. This disturbs them - and they have found means of not being disturbed. Their sainthood has taught them so. Their life-time-achievement has become a mere hindrance.'

'You may be truthful. Being truthful is not same as being in search of Truth. Being truthful does not designate you with the blessed position of a pilgrim. Being truthful is your quality. May be it is your hobby - you want to be truthful and you can abide by your wish - you can manage. Your being truthful could be a measure of your capability in managing. But it does not warrant you as a pilgrim. You need to be initiated.'

'To the uninitiated the God and the Satan are in such close existence. It is difficult to differentiate - you do not know whom you may be imitating. Shades are so similar. You are bound to miss. For the pilgrim it is important to be initiated. Otherwise, the journey does not commence.'

.....

Chin'na displayed a prodigious conformance even as a child. He mastered the four Vedas by the age of twelve. He not only was able to recite them in perfect articulation but was equally capable in discussing them. He studied the scriptural texts of all religions. He was an avid reader; slow in rapidity and always recapitulating. He was avid in getting to grasp most different concepts. His steadfastness and concentration of mind was unique; he could read, memorize, recite, deliberate and discuss on chapters of diverse philosophies and divergent thoughts with child's ease. His oration was magnificent.

While on one side Chin'na continually improved upon the techniques of personal hygiene, on another side, he maintained constant uptrend in mastering of Hath Yoga and Meditation. He understood the needs and moods of his different forms of living. He knew about hunger of his all bodies; he could read through their tensions and their dreams. He had clear realization that if self-absorbedness is celibacy then the absence of oneness and attachment in other objects is non-attachment. He understood that what celibacy was in the positive sense same was non-attachment in the negative sense.

Chin'na was of strong understanding that if man was the most evolved being of mother-nature then man should maintain his constituents in similar ratio as these existed in nature. Man's material content, his moisture content, his air content and his sky content should be in same proportion as these are known to be existent in mother-nature. This personal dictum defined amount of eating, drinking, breathing and meditating. Sky was whole lot infinite in which mighty air and water and earth dwelt; so meditation which represented the sky must be the infinite-some content of a man. Also, each element was needed to be preserved pure.

Chin'na soon developed his personal technique of meditating with his eyes open. Whenever, when meditating with eyes closed …mind concentrated on the subject, the mind started

questioning and started its own contemplation process - Chin'na would simply open his eyes and the mind would be shut off. He found that closed eyes were sure loose avenues for the mind to start its play.

Chin'na was of firm belief that meditating was not Japa alone, it was thinking on the subject of interest in a concentrated and scientific manner. Japa was the divine tool to distract the ever playful mind and to fetch those solutions which were beyond one's reach otherwise. Meditating was a state of being for Chin'na …a wholesome, aware and absolutely positive state in which his consciousness met the subjects of his thoughts - A pure naga way.

While his mates would plan for studies, for sessions, for personal care, for feasts and for festivities Chin'na would be meditating ...engrossed in his own thoughts ...lost to the world. He was faced with uncompromising force from within him wherein he was compelled to minimal eating. His co-students termed it 'Learning Living on Fasting'. They felt it was some kind of a technique to influence Gurukul teachers. Neither the Ashram Aachaaryas ever stopped Chin'na in his austerity nor was he ever mindful of it. His learning could not be mere words. Soon he had reached a stage when even one diet a week was sufficient for him. The faculty of mind, of brain and of being needed to be fulfilled to be able to reach beyond.

Chin'na got professed in Pre Vedic Languages, Sanskrit Literature, Hindu Scriptures and the Authority of Vedas. He was exposed to Distinguished Features of Hinduism - Hindu Mythology, the Orthodox and the Heterodox System of Hindu Philosophy, Six Darshanas and Six Orthodox Schools and the Theological Classifications in Hinduism.

Chin'na mastered advanced stages in The Path of Yoga - Karma Yoga, Bhakti Yoga, Raja Yoga, Gyaan Yoga and Yoga of Synthesis. Varunacharya personally detailed Chin'na on chapters of Karm Gyaan. Looking into Chinna's personal interest, Varunacharya advised him to get into studying the subjects in Hindu philosophy -

The Advaita Philosophy of Sri Shankara
The Vishishtadvaita Philosophy of Sri Ramanuja
The Dvaita Philosophy of Sri Madhvacharya
The Saiva Philosophy
The Sakti Yoga Philosophy
The Buddhism Philosophy
The Jainism Philosophy

'…Subject of Spirit is not explainable in mere words…' The topic came up just like that. It emerged rather suddenly during the "Reclamation Evening Session". Though it appeared as just a sort of unexpected outcome of some long continuing inner thought of Varunacharya, factually it was the Guru's passionate search…

None of the students came forward to discuss it. None showed any willingness to participate. None even attempted to venture about answering. Their disinterest was written in their eyes …on their foreheads. Not only uninterested in exploring …they depicted disliking the subject… They did not like being invited into such discussion. "The emerging studentship trend was that they were here to receive …not to deliberate."

Varunacharya was pained. "*Education was fast turning into mere reading, mere memorizing, and mere reciting of verbal postulates. The faculty of understanding the dictate …comprehending, experiencing and feeling with the tenet was fading off. The period of living the tenet was already a dreamy past."* The pain seethed inside Varunacharya since decades …it was only waiting to come up… Today it gushed out...

Varunacharya contemplated. *"The cultures of civilizations move in sinusoidal waves... Had India lived the peak of its cultured living…? Was the down trend evident…?"* The question was formed …the answer was evident too. *"Why he was not retiring…? Newer wing with power of youth must take over."* He looked up …around ...in desperation ...seeking ...even pleading to the supreme.

Chinna's eyes concentrated into a direct gaze - focused distantly, penetrating into the other world, looking into the

beyond - into the through - from just above the Achaarya ...sharp, unblinking, intelligent, cunning - straight forwardness of wild lion in frail human frame. He uttered aloud, 'The religion of Truth is that it is inexpressible. The Truth is not a commodity.' Chin'na spoke not speaking to his friends. He was peeping into the mind of Varunacharya. Varunacharya realized immediately that his very own answer to the perennial question that was framing up in his mind since quite some time, but the right words were not evolving, that he was finding himself uncomfortable of expressing his white thoughts …and that, Chin'na was simply reading from his mind now. 'Truth is not the knowledge. The Truth does not belong to any two embodied souls …your truth cannot be my truth …your experience cannot be my experience. Words, though incoherently, may express in some detail, your truth to you alone but the moment you try to explain your truth to me in your words - you will fail. Spirit is Absolute Truth which is the essence of one's very own intelligentsia. Truth is a personal phenomenon. It is that spontaneous, innocent, instant occurrence to you right here from beyond, Truth is that the subject of Spirit is not explainable in mere words...'

Varunacharya was delighted. "Never in the history of mankind existed groups of genius people who made up an intelligent civilization." …This ought not to be true …it cannot be …it must not be. Genius has to be ...Singular. Varunacharya's expectation from his endeavors was merely his heightened emotional content. Varunacharya was utterly thrilled to be proven wrong. "Mediocrity is the sole way of human lives. From mediocre studentships alone intelligent civilizations are born. To aim for intelligent individuals and intelligent civilizations simultaneously is a both a theoretical wishing and a practical folly."

Varunacharya realized with pride. *"Chidananda had trained himself into the realms of transcendental Keval Gyaan. And he on his part, even after being a teacher for so many years he was looking for certain kind of perfect attitude in young ones."*

The session ended at usual note, nothing specific seemed to have happened for the students. But today certain reclamation

had happened in Varunacharya... Varunacharya instantaneously realized that he had met his destiny …that his work was over … that his succession had been discovered... He looked at Chin'na with immense pride. Chin'na was already discussing with Varunacharya.

'...Truth is that the subject of Spirit is not explainable in mere words. Truth is not a subject of words and Spirit too is not a subject of words. But the challenge lies in finding the media of which these two are the subjects....' Chin'na understood the pain of his guru. Chinna's whole being intended to support Varunacharya's cause. Yet, he sounded thrilled. Chin'na declared, *'…We have to find that ever existing media in which even a simple pilgrim discovers his definition of Truth. We must single out that exact medium in which the practicality of the subject of Spirit is understandable to the ardent pilgrim...'*

…Chin'na became Chin'na Swami.

Aanandi owned the tutelage of Chin'na Swami henceforth.

To Indians, the story of its religion is not a mere mythological fact. It is not a chronology of prayers or a set of rites or a following of rituals. Religion, to Indians, is a subject of history - Religious History of India… It is known just as one knows his parents and his family… It is respected just as one respects all elderly folks…. It is depended upon just as one depends on mother-nature… Religious History to Indians is to be as simply understood a subject as geographical facts of these lands.

India being a peninsula, offers a special climate to its people than any other region elsewhere. Southern India extends into tropics, while the northern India is next to Himalayas, and the central India has a temperate climate. Because of India's location between tropical and temperate zones, the physical and mental activity of its people and in general their living and in particular their way of thinking is very lively. Generally Indians follow lofty ideals. Generally Indians are rich in mystical imaginations and always long for the beyond. Gross never is their subject of interest. Chin'na harnessed a strong urge to meet his India in its diverse spectrum.

Aanandi took interest in developing into Chin'na Swami the substrate contents of Spirituality and Religion, of Practice of meditation, of Conventional methods of meditation, of Real Meditation, of Concepts of Vyavahaar Naya, of Shud'dh Naya and of Nishchaya Naya.

Aanandi worked to substantiate Chin'na with supreme knowledge of Upayoga and of Jiva. She elaborated him with 'The concept of Infinite Conscious beings of ever developing souls', with 'Twenty four stages of Development of the Jiva.' and with 'Eighteen types of Gyaan and Jiva's route to Emancipation.'

Aanandi elaborated and explained her favorite disciple her very personal findings on Experimental Spiritualism, Spiritism, Tests of Spiritualism Seances, The world of Pitris. She exposed Chin'na to the heavens and hells of Persia, Egypt and of Chaldeans and Christians.

Aanandi took privilege in deciphering the hidden meanings of great Hindu scriptures pertaining to - 'The Pitriyanas' and The Devayanas', 'The Mind and the Paraná', 'The Vedanta of Transmigration and Theories of Migrating Substances',

Aanandi herself was immensely happy when teaching the Hindu Concept of 'Rebirth and Reincarnation' and 'Insights of the word Love'.

Aanandi detailed Chin'na Swami regarding Personal Pilgrimage and Worldly Pilgrimage. Chin'na Swami carried his personal studies under guidance of Aanandi on 'Desires - Cause of Suffering' and 'Wise ones are never afraid of Death.'

As a result, what developed in Chin'na was acute *Keval Gyaan*. Chin'na, already endowed with sublime attributes, now was able to register what went on in minds around him and was able to muster on it.

Varunacharya and Aanandi delivered the Vedic concepts on - Our emphasis on Practice, Conduct and Character.

Chin'na Swami became Chidananda Swami

- - X - -

The study at the Gurukul was not limited to mere participation in discussions in subjects of individuals' interests or as guided by the scholars in charge. It was also visiting the world of life outside. It was deemed necessary part of the curriculum. Students made their own schedules, there were not any hard and fast rules, the guides and *Aachaaryas* had the concurrence in the proceedings undertaken by the students either in groups or individually.

Indian social structure was built-up to keep the respective institute informed about the proceedings of its students. The society readily accepted these young minds. The village joyously engaged with these budding professionals. People were always alive to students' participation, in their day to day functioning, in their development and in examination. Recommendations were not in vogue. Reality, practicability, utility and ability were put on the anvil by the enlightened public. The students had to make their own understanding on duration of such on-the-job-training. On return to the institute, the student was received warmly and awarded the instated certification in accordance with his overall performance. Further advanced teaching was conferred to eligible students keeping the entire socio-political, economical and individual need of the person.

Chidananda Swami left for his on-the-job worldly orientation. It was an emotional moment for Varunacharya. In Varunacharya's personal opinion Chidananda was already ready to take over the charge of the Gurukul. Varunacharya personally had realised that he himself was now ripe enough to take leave from responsibilities of this life. Chidananda had already turned a Swami. But prevailing systems had their sanctified irony, Truthfulness and fruitfulness in these was faultless. Abiding by these ironies was sole satisfaction for the yogi. Varunacharya and Aanandi blessed the little adult child.

Around three hundred students left for this final leg of their institutional education in that batch. They were all presented with one horse each to make their travel efficient and with sufficient food grains for any emergency. The horses were disbursed by Fruz Shah

Sultan the reigning ruler from Delhi. Some students rushed to their homes, some students sought establishment in prosperous towns, some students desired to be in some king's courts. Chidananda wished to travel across India to experience its diverse spectrum. He had to discover that medium in which a simpleton pilgrim could find meaning of his truth. At the very first stop, at Samaspur, Chidananda donated his horse and food grains at the village temple. Freedom was such a luxury... The movement began...

The very air ...the very ambience out of the Gurukul campus was different. In Gurukul every eye watched you with love, with caring ...You were always the child. As a child you were expected to receive; every single person in Gurukul wanted to give you something and the only expectation in return was that you receive it - Your receiving was the donor's pleasure. That was the definition of love. Once outside, every eye watched you with expectation. You were not a child anymore. Suddenly you had grown. You were expected to deliver. Every single person wanted to receive something from you. Their receiving what they wanted from you was the definition of love. This was a strange feeling. Chidananda acknowledged it as a thrilling chapter - Acknowledgements fine-tuned you. The feelings were now reversed - You were always filled with the practicality of positive. The expectations of the people were mostly 'respect for the systems' and 'regards for the elders'. Your youth must not be a spoilt child and in turn they always greeted you - You were always welcome in their lives.

Chidananda Swami was happy to observe the kind of hospitality that people offered to travellers. You never felt that you were alone. People took pleasure in making you comfortable; it was their individual as well as collective pride. Students from all over were treated as guests of the village. Villages afforded and planned for such floating population of Sadhus, pilgrims, travellers, foreigners, voyagers, merchants and students of all age. Guest was the apostle. Everyone in the village seemed to know everyone. Each village was one big family of varied personas but common thought. Chidananda was joyous to make his first noting. ...His traverse had begun.

Accent varied at every second village. Language changed every few miles. Oration changed every new principality. Script changed every state. Yet the content was same ...Indian ...yet the intent was same ...Indian ...yet the feeling was same ...Indian ...yet the dictates were same ...Indian ...yet the expressions were same ...Indian ...yet the hearts was same ...India ...and yet the mind was same ...Indian.

People who had never met each other, who did not know each other, who had no contacts of any lineage, who had no ancestry commonality ...lived similar values... They proclaimed similar ironies ...their norms radiated similar fragrance ...and they lived similar mannerism. Chin'na was thrilled to observe that India was woven by the same thread ...and that this thread was golden. Diversity was in ways of living not ways of life. Variation was in rituals of society not in intent of its people. Society was woven in various patterns ...the fabric was same. Change was in colours of its fabric not its cosiness. People worked and danced. Indian people were always singing. They were merrily joyous - India was full of song and dance. Society sustained society. Society mushroomed society. Castes were not stringent ...were not rigid ...pundit's and even the purohit's ritualism did not affect the masses.

Each village was self sufficient in taking care of all its needs. Each village had its own lot of produce in farming, in plantation - there was abundance of grains, fruits, vegetables, flowers and herbs. Each village had its own blacksmith, its own weavers and its own artisans - the sculptors, the carpenters, the cobblers, the musicians, the architects and the decorators. Each village had its own schools, its own Aachaaryas - the pundits, the scientists, the poets and the writers. Villagers were proud of their sportspersons, their heroes and their pioneers. Villages took pride in their produce, their farms.

Indian artisans and their art-forms were in huge demand. Indian steels were sought all over the world. Indian textiles were pride of nation. Indian spices were unheard magic powders available only in these lands. Indian thin baked bricks and joining

lime solutions were most coveted all around. Indian Temples were famous throughout the known civilised world for their role towards society.

Chidananda travelled in search ...there must be something to it... Something distant in his mind told him that learning was all what you wanted to learn ...seeing was all what you wanted to see. It was like projecting that image on your mental screen that you enjoyed. It needed to be deciphered. His first noting was being joyous. But he let the image be registered. May be it is conditioned; maybe it is what is desired to be seen. It is to be done with. Chidananda continued his journey with joyous rapidity ...he travelled day in day out. He stopped at various villages for as small period as possible. His drive was to drive himself to register the most of it.

What Buddha fought 1500 years back - India had reaped the fruits. But Varunacharya's apprehensions were not wrong. Aanandi had taught Chidananda certain truth - "At one particular time, society and the associated civilization can move in one direction only." Either Chidananda's cognizance was weak or the prevalent social system did not permit him to visit the other side of the continuation. Chin'na needed to acknowledge and fine tune himself ...his travel continued...

The scientifically established Indian culinary, the medical efficacy of Indian dietary, the purity of the Indian kitchen and the infiniteness in usage of Indian spices marvelled Chidananda the student. The piety envisaged in Indian household, the governance flowered by Indian festivals, the celebrations infused by Indian rituals, the divine sounds floated by Indian musical instruments, the godly grace in Indian dances, the heavenly magnificence in Indian paintings, the never-ending reverberations of Indian poetry ...echoes of greatness of Indian values were too ecstatic for Swami. He wished this journey never ended. India had so much to offer. "Who had built-up all this in-place?"

Observations made by Chidananda and his interactions with the folks, were always being reported to Varunacharya. When you were a guest of a house the host had the responsibility to weigh

your credentials and interact with you on your merits. In case of state guests and students, the society had the responsibility to weigh their credentials and interact with them on their merit plus the society was also expected to discuss solutions to its present or foreseen problems. There were set people for this task, there were set of saints to look into the courtesy in these matters, there were set of pundits to regulate these requisites and there were set of sadhus to keep a noting of these affairs.

Temple ceremonies were a common affair. Village life was woven around place of worship. Daily prayers, festivals, ceremonies, games, sports, competitions and debates on social and religious topics were occasionally held. Special areas were dedicated for touring students in the village at each temple ceremony. People were rich in tradition and creative living. Dance forms, singing, oration, poetry, prayer and other art forms were readily displayed. Wrestling, Marshal Arts, Yoga and Expertise on weapons of war and civil defence were consistently held in up-gradation. Personal and institutional studies on plants and animals were in vogue. Competitive cultural meets were frequently organised. The learned and the elders debated on all social and religious fronts. The winners enjoyed as much as those who made it to competitions - All gained from these festivity-drenched social gatherings. People worked and enjoyed.

Life of the individual got designated as enjoyable by terms of his stretching himself and his thought to next level of excellence. "Did this allow the simpleton pilgrim to discover the definition of his truth? Was this the medium he had been looking for?" If it were so, what are the attributes of this medium today? Were they the same centuries ago? Does this medium get polluted every now and then? The life in Campus breathed differently ...there were not so many impulses to be experienced. The life in village smelled differently ...you were exposed to uncontrolled variations. To a household it was surely getting drenched, to a student it was academic experience, to a pilgrim it was journey crossed. India did not consist of villages only. India was many towns and many cities. India was many Temples and many Temple Cities... Swami

Chidananda's search for the medium in which a simple pilgrim could discover his definition of Truth was to continue...

This evening, at a temple discussion ...this passing Sadhu claimed that as per the Indian scriptures - "The Sense Objects were finer than the Senses." The village folk were not to understand this dictum. Objects finer than the senses …senses grosser than the objects …how was that possible? There were some who did not understand what the passing Sadhu had claimed but they did not oppose him because of sheer respect. But there were many who did not agree to existence of any such dictum and they objected …vociferously to the un-understood statement. "It is so extensively known that sense objects are grossest existences of the 'Maya'. Senses are our soft companions and objects are materialistic forms. These are subject to formulation and deterioration. Sense-Organs were much finer in all respects as compared to objects of senses …thus the senses ought to be finer than their containers the Sense Organs." The debate began on this fine exclamation and continued till late evening.

Even the aged people could not believe in sanctity of the statement. All they could understand was that the revered Sadhu was not wrong, only he was unable to explain his point. An elderly person addressed the visiting students' arena if someone was to comment on the point in debate in order to assist the gathering and the visiting Sadhu.

The moments were lost… No one ventured.

Young Chidananda rose to address the anticipating gathering. Enthusiasm filled the hall instantaneously. There was absolute silence. Chin'na was so small. Yet! He spoke with resolute authenticity, 'This, my revered seniors, verily is a sub part of the tenth shloka' from chapter one - section three of The Kathopanishad. "Beyond the Senses are the Sense Objects; beyond these Objects is the Mind; beyond the Mind is the Intellect and beyond the Intellect is the Great Self." …So magnificent is the echo of this truth revealing mantra that Bhagwaan Krishna chose to use this in His world famous utterances "The Gita". This mantra provides the pilgrim with a line of thinking following

which he can pursue his meditation upon the Immortal and the eternal essence, which is the core of his existence. Obviously there is some difficulty in understanding the statement that Sense-Objects are finer or subtler than the Sense-Organs. But the Shruti dares to declare thus.'

'It is natural that even the students pondering over this wonder how the forms could be subtler than the phenomenon of eyes or how the sounds could be subtler than the phenomenon of ears or how the tastes could be subtler than the phenomenon of taste? In the language of our philosophy, beyond or within indicate the comparative subtleties of two or more factors; subtleties in such cases being measured by the greater pervasiveness of one factor over the other. Were it not for the different forms available in the world we would not have been able to feel or assert that we have eyes; if the world was ever steeped in silence all would have been deaf, in such a case the sense organ of hearing would have had no justification or proof of its existence. In this sense, the sense-objects are the very cause for the sense-organs. Since cause is always subtler than its effects, the Shruti is completely justified in explaining that "beyond the sense-organs lie the fields of sense-objects." The Shruti starts with the greatest manifestation of truth and slowly guides the student through the still greater subtleties, ultimately introducing him into very realm of the subtle, the Aatmaa.'

The villagers were held in awe. They were stalled in their thought drive ...mesmerized. The little Swami had explained the seeming impossible with such flowing ease. The whole gathering … the whole temple was …soundless …and then it all started reverberating with praises ...claps of Chidananda.

Such a simple twist in understanding of truth… That was the meaning of education. That was the privilege of being from Varunacharya Gurukul. 'Chidananda should stay with us.' … Such learned soul ...such piety ...'If Chidananda stayed with us, our lives could be transformed.'

Swami only wished to travel across India and experience its diverse spectrum. He only needed to continue...

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Even in far off places the fragrance of India did not change. Chidananda climbed mountains, walked long distances to areas of single dwelling. These small families of not more than four or five members were not Rishies or Holy men. These were simple folk who lived practically cut off from villages for no particular reason …these folks had simply settled thus. These were happy folks. Their cultural roots were same as those of the established societies. Their lives were woven around same austerity and piety as other nationals in their vicinity. Only substantial difference in their thought process was their extra humbleness towards any visitor in their area. Their belief in Hindu dictum *'Atithi Devo Bhava'* (Guest is God) was copybook. These far off places served as place of night halt for the lost travelers, for the adventurers and for the seekers.

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Women in India were jubilant. Happiness, smiles and pleasures were inseparable parts of their lives. Happiness because of satisfaction, security and non competition in their lives - norms took care of their physiological and psychological needs. Society was woven around their respect. Smiles because they were adored as sweet citizens - they were loved as young ladies - they were co-partners as adult members - they were respected as senior ladies. They were looked upon for all need and help by one and all. They were a smiling company for people of all age. Women had infinitely pleasurable lives because of the unending rich traditions throughout India. The festivities never ended, the prayers never ended, the social ceremonies never ended. Women were experts, they were wanted and they were wished - They were searched and they were researched... Much of it was simply ordained ...more of it had to be earned. Life of women was pleasurable indeed.

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Chidananda travelled through whole of India. The diversity of India was intricately woven by the common religious thought.

"Temple in Indian villages truly placed as the temple in man's physiological body. Like in case of human body ...the temple of every village held the designated top position next only to the brain. All activities of the body, which needed to be thoughtful, were carried to the zenith via the temples alone. Temples in the villages did not interfere in day to day working but kept a guardian's eye. Only in times of difference of opinion they proclaimed the right path and took decisions. Temples kept their composed and studious calm." Why Temples had to keep and compose and study being calm? …Chidananda's mind travelled through the Varunacharya deliverances on chapters of 'Karm Gyaan' - *"Temples were not the spine. Spine carried the main nervous systems for automated functions. Temples represented the cannels for the thought media."* The search for the ever existing media was still due. Chidananda was now sure that the answer existed in the Temples ...answer was with their custodians.

Chidananda's one simple understanding on Indian lifestyle was that Temples were rich …very rich …overflowing with richness. His other learning was that kings or the temples did not run the places of education. Neither the king nor the temple funded the Gurukulas. Public at large took care of Gurukulas and even the Temples. This was the common factor throughout India. Land and produce from farms and fields were allocated for the temples and the educational institutions. If the temple had more than its requirement, it passed on to the Gurukul and if the Gurukul had more, it passed on to the temple.

Another understanding was that the produce of the village was sent to far off places by village chiefs for export purposes. Indians worked and made huge profits.

At a deeper level of consciousness villages were separated within realms of known ways …villages were separated by august knowledge of known Ashrams …villages were separated by a variety of known Temple Gods …villages were separated by thousands of known tribes …and villages were separated by numerous known cultures. Chidananda's study had to study the various temperaments that separated the Indian villages….

Chidananda frantically remembered Aanandi's words. *"In Personal Pilgrimage, it is the personal understanding of the concept of two birds that takes you to 'The World of Across'. In worldly pilgrimage, it is the concept behind the religion that makes your cultural background"*. Aanandi taught from heart. *"If we spoke of civilizations with long history and cultural tradition, there are only India and China in the East and Egypt and Greece in the West. Egyptian civilization is already remote. Its grandeur is already hidden. …Greek civilization's cultural legacy is mixing with other elements and contributing to the formation of the modern civilizations of the west and to those of the east also. It is bound to develop first from religion to a philosophy, from philosophy it will evolve into science bringing about the future western cultures. Today and ever, if the world wanted to enquire into the source of various great religious civilizations they will always find out that ultimately all these civilizations had their origins in the east… And on China's having adopted the religious dictates of Buddhism, the world presently has and will always have only India to look at for any human sustainability…"*

Chidananda's noting of Indian life, his reports and works had been at a tertiary level. Chin'na could not stop …the clue to the pain of his guru was not met at all. There had to be this ever existing media… His educational journey had not fetched him the clarity into his destiny.

Swami Chidananda decided to tour India again... He had to make observations from a different platform now… He had to visit inside temples now… He had to be in distant forums now… He started again. He observed afresh ...with concern ...with power ...with conscious effort.

...Within less than a decade the texture of hospitality in Indian villages that people offered to travellers appeared changed… Chidananda understood that it had not changed in reality. ...Subtly ...very subtly ...it was on changing track. It was not that things changed in seven years - it was surely that Chidananda missed it during his earlier visit. The sacred Indian hospitality appeared no more to be a common village Dharma.

Now it was a kind of owned phenomenon of the Village Chiefs. Now at times you were alone. Society was not personally involved in making you comfortable. Students were still treated as guests but there were differentiations based on institutions and regions. Everyone did not seem to know everyone. Now not only accent, language and script changed even the contents were not just the same, even the intent was not just the same, even the feeling was not just the same, even the dictates were not just the same, even the expressions were not just the same, even the hearts were not just the same and even the minds were not just the same.

These observations by Chidananda were at an elevated personal level of consciousness. In his mind, he had travelled a century or so further ...it was a kind of extrapolation of his observations over the decade. Chin'na visualized the India of near future -

"...India was not going to remain in present stance for long. India was sure to witness certain drastic churn-outs in its social life. Having travelled a few centuries ahead ...Chin'na was puzzled on witnessing the golden thread that kept India woven today was missing... However the technological establishments of Indian society were the same. The sacredness of the Indian house-hold, the festivity and the celebrations of the Indian rituals, the magnificence of sounds from the Indian music, the unfathomable grace in Indian dances, the magical magnanimity of Indian paintings, the infinite potency of Indian poetry ...the echoes of divinity of Indian values were the same..."

Chidananda's consciousness level was not to lower its stance. "... That meant that the simple folks were affected by the spell of time. However the wealthy, the elite, the religious and the learned remained in their constancy. Temple ceremonies were no more on that elaborate scale now and these were not that a common affair. Traditional and creative living was more personalised now. Competitive cultural meets were still organised regularly but the learned did not debate on religious fronts as openly as today. The winners and losers were marked. All did not gain from these gatherings. People worked less and enjoyed less. Their capacities were lessened..."

Chidananda started his travelling into the separated places. India did not show any definitive trait of effective social management. Small villages where people knew everyone individually showed harmony and individual progress from collective strength. These people generally represented one community ...one ethnic group ...and often one caste. But, in 'grams' towns and in 'purs', towns with larger populations, where all did not know each one, the divisions were very visible. There appeared no cultural transparency on human front. In towns, the divisions and the evidence of total social mismanagement was ostensibly visible. The king's courtesans ruled the people. People, even here, did not know the king - "This was not taught thus in the Gurukul classes…"

The present enlarging population of foreigners mostly Muslims lived in three defined categories -

First the saints, the prophets, the Sufis, the singers at the Mosques and at *Dargahs*: These people strongly believed in God and in godliness. They mingled with Indian counterparts with pride and in humbleness. Emotional content of these foreigners was as high as the best Indian counterparts. Their expression of love towards God was unparalleled. They were, in all critical assertion, a boon to the Indian social psyche. These lots were in love with God… They had drunk God… They were the evolved people of true hearts…

Second the merchants and those who were absorbed in service of the king: These wealthier ones, believed in having a separate position in life and in society. They were in constant competition with their Indian counterparts. They wished to attest their separate religion. This opened up the stress concerns in times to come. Presently they only made their presence stronger. They studied Indian psyche. They did not believe that there could be a piece of land on the earth where populace lived like what they saw here - They were in constant awe.

Third the common poor class: These lots lived in separate areas almost like a separated ethnic group. They practiced their rituals in methods and ways which were generally strange to

their Indian counter-parts. Poor as both were, they were rigid and scrupulous. This was like a sixth division of Indian society. Their living exuded a lot of waste ...much more than their Hindu counterparts. This waste tended to influence the environment.

Chidananda made direct enquiries with reporting Sadhus. One thing that distinguished these new people from our populace was that did not wish to keep any documents of births ...or of lineage or of death. Chidananda's immediately gauged - "By the time the seers from both communities enjoined the common man ...those in king's service would start objecting to the cause. Indians were too un-applying... In coming times these foreigners were to rule India. The Muslim saints who would perceive thus, would only become more ferocious singers and composers of prayers of worship." Chidananda was neither happy nor sad. He continued to visualise farther ahead. "Women folk were not all that jubilant any more. Happiness seemed to be flying off. Security of their dignity was questioned now. Society was not woven around their respect solely. The ever juvenile, ever mischievous, ever wonderstruck woman seemed to be missing from Indian marketplace. Even their dress was different now."

In cultural lives of our people, there existed this special characteristic - Class divisions were very strict ...and so noble and humble were separated into castes and received very different treatment. The system of four castes created four traditional classes of people. Besides these four, there was also the fifth class of hereditary slaves and debased people who performed lowly occupations like butchering of animals and alike. Their position was the lowest of all ...and their lives were difficult and of suffering. And there was this sixth class of foreign poor masses. "This ancient Indian system of castes remained unbreakable over these years and it was on further solidification."

The cultures and languages of India were not unified. Chidananda noted explicitly that though from ancient times till now India had been called one country, in reality, India was still divided into ethnic groups, each occupying its own area. Indian culture had never been really unified. Temple was

there and the mosque was there and the conversions were there and the frictions were there and the misunderstandings were there. Guardianship was now custodianship. The beauty of the motherland was shaded.

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Chidananda travelled the journey of experiential orientation as per his own pilgrimage …it was his personal study. *"Humans are born between heaven and earth. It is absolutely certain that climate, geography and circumstances are important factors in shaping a people's civilization."* Chidananda gauged the varying shades of differences between various confronting cults of coming times. His wish to travel across India and experience its diverse spectrum was not untouched by the laws of eternity. *"Wishes were desires and desires were the mother of pain. How-so-ever sanctified the desires might be - Man has no escape - He has to outlive his desires. If he let them lose, if he let them unfulfilled and if he let them un-understood there was no solace for him. Then, it all merely accumulated into an insurmountable loss. There has to be other side of all that is gross - Desire was surely a gross entity."* Chidananda was happy that he could gauge into the clue to his escape…

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It was more than eighteen years since Chidananda had left Gurukul. He had travelled through whole of India twice. His urge to experience the unique spectrum of life-giving life was not found yet. His search was yet to find that unique direction. His studentship was still in the yawning stature. "Was he being too futuristic as his guru said he had been…?" Chidananda knew that neither conditioned projections nor personal studies exposed you to the truth.

"Your personal truth is to be known by your experiencing the concept of two birds ...you have to meet your Chidiya. The real truth was not dependant on any conditioned knowledge or on any scriptural knowledge, it was also not dependant on any personal knowledge. The pilgrim must experience all three versions of knowledge in order

to witness beyond these three. Then alone he would know the real truth. All knowledge only compounds the real truth… It only frames it… Now the pilgrim knows that the truth is not either the knowledge or because of the knowledge - It is an independent identity. Only till now he needed to utilize some kind of knowledge to know the truth. He meets the truth in its utmost nudity."

Chidananda ventured into distanced ownerships now... The separated localities of the fifth and the sixth categories of people...the dwellings of the poorest of the poor Hindus and Mohammedans. Sure the fragrance of the village was amiss. "...It must be so to him. It was different and of a lower state. It had to be different to him..." The smile on the faces of people here was visibly misplaced ...their psyches did not read their hearts. In the hearts the smile was as jubilant as the smile should be - it was the same as it always is. Swami spent the night with them ...and then the morning with them ...and then the nights and the mornings.

They, specially the children would not clean their teeth. Some suffered ill health due to unhygienic life styles. Chidananda gathered them and taught them the importance of cleaning teeth and gums, of rinsing mouth and of gurgling.

...The life in the Ashram was so different. "...Why he remembered it now?" It was ...he remembered how his fingers rushed to cleanse the palate, the tongue and the gums with the tooth powder first ...lest their cleansing was lost in their rubbing over the teeth. He remembered how he had taught himself that his throat represented the top of the drain from which all the matter entered into his body, that the house and the drain top should be as clean as possible for the drain to remain functionally efficient. That in his very initial days he had practiced keeping his mouth his throat neat… That neatness was a shade higher than cleanliness. And he remembered now that the Ashram had two storied buildings and lakes and river, and gardens and trees and temple and class rooms and jungle and birds and animals and cleanliness and piety and friends and teachers and Aanandi and Varunacharya... Coming back ...even the village had the temples ...clean and affluent ambience ...the cities and the towns had

magnificent buildings and decorated temples and huge places of theatres and assemblage... Why these places were so poor? Why these were kept so poor? Why these people lived unhealthy lives? Why these women and these children were not blooming? They were all beautiful but were not on right track. Chidananda was not sad ...he was not compassionate. ...He cried ...he wept... he realized their pain in the way that they did not realize ...he experienced their trauma in the way that they did not experience.

"The track was not righteous …not even right. There was abundance of education ...abundance of knowledge ...abundance of wealth ...abundance of land ...abundance of everything but lives of these many were not good. Not good for them ...not good for society ...not good for civilization ...not good for culture. Where was the element of media in which the simpleton pilgrim was to discover his definition of truth?"

He taught them the importance of mouth and teeth for healthy living. He explained them principles and methods of oral hygiene. He identified for them the trees, plants which could be used for teeth and gum cleaning. He taught them various ways of preparing tooth powders. He showed them the medicinal plants. He detailed them on efficacies of various readily available herbs. He displayed ways to learn from birds and animals around. He spent a more time with the Mohammedan elderly men and women ...asking them so many questions about their earlier lives. He travelled to nearby dwellings and taught Yogic way of living and importance of Praanaayaam. Within a few months he had taught a large number of these people the basics of hygienic living.

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Chidananda was invited by the Temple ...the priest and the village chief and the reporting Sadhus wished to interact with him. There was no apprehension in their eyes …no evident remorse… They had the realization that they had not taken the lead to the ill-way next door. The roaming Sadhus had met these families, but the reporting Sadhus were at loss because the question of lineage was not clear to them and they were not agreeable to any

recording procedures. However, once Chidananda had taken the lead the learned group reflected all appreciation for Chidananda's stance. They wanted to know about the obscure lives in their vicinity especially the lives of the Mohammedans.

Chidananda spoke his mind. 'In the first place we must understand how they reached here. They have travelled miles to reach here ...to settle here... They are not in India today. It has not happened all of a sudden. They are on this land since years. Half of them are born here. All we know is that they have migrated from the west and northwest. Where in the west, are the borders of India? They must have accompanied some scavengers, some voyagers or some businesspersons. Some of them left their masters because their souls did not agree to the accompanied savagery. In some cases their leaders have died and in others they have abandoned them. Some of them may even be the fore-runners of some cunning minds who might have settled in our towns and cities in pursuit of court positions or otherwise. But all in all, they are human beings and they breathe same essence as all beings.'

'When they reached our village borders on that side of our fields they were greeted by our women folk from labour class and their children. If they were not welcome, they moved to next village side. They settled only when somebody from us allowed them with smile ...someone from us was happy to accommodate them as neighbours. We have to respect the decisions of our women. The greeting of this nature was an unknown phenomenon to these foreigners. Still they remain afraid ...their eyes show the terror ...ever open ...ever flickering.'

'These settlers do not know either nationalism or nationality. Even we have not known nationalism for a long time ...our ancestors must have known it. But settling of so many Mohammedans all across in small units and in big dwellings is the new phase in life of our country. We must accept it. We must recognize it. We must adopt them. Our labour class does not mind them. I did not come across any repulsion against them by any of our jungle tribes - The raw guts have accepted them. You see, our rural population does not mind. I doubt our urban

classes ...I doubt how reactive is their mixing-in at city levels. My exposure is only on a sample basis. It is up to us to explore the newer possibilities for our land now'.

'We do not know what is happening beyond our borders. We do not have any qualified system of roaming and reporting Sadhus beyond our known borders. There has always been this charm for India. Only the influx is more magnanimous now. Their leaders must be very out-reaching people and their preachers must be very learned people. They represent one part of a developed society ...this part might have fallen apart. We should support them. We should make them our own. We must learn to befriend them at all cost. New Indian psyche is in the making. We cannot stop it. We must not stop it. We must accept it. It is our evolutionary cycle. It is bound thus.'

The news and the reporting of Chidananda spending months with these people travelled across the country. Kulpaties, Aachaaryas, Pundits, Saints, Priests and the Learned endorsed Swami's originality as most suitable and applauded it. Much of their' own workings needed to be discussed and planned now. Roaming Sadhus had a big task ahead of them. Feelings of the elite were mixed up. Chidananda was searching his own Truth...

Chidananda was acclaimed now ...the learned all over India knew him. He was known for practicability and applicability of Indian way to knowledge. He was respected for his modern approach into living. He was one of those few who had travelled through India twice for personal orientation and making an impression on Indian masses. The kings, the merchants, the chieftains, the spiritualists and the religionists all held him in high esteem.

Chidananda was invited by the ruler at Delhi - Fruz Shah Sultan. The King had intense desire to know about the roots to sacredness of the place where his clan had settled. The king had no chance to meet its people; he knew his public only through his ministers. Chidananda appeared to be the rare opportunity.

The courtroom was filled with king's people and their families. The queens adorned the top seats. The richness of the

palace was breathtaking. Chidananda was escorted by eight reporting Sadhus.

Fruz Shah Sultan welcomed Chidananda. He conveyed his deep interest in knowing the Indian way of living. He had invited Swami to get his own thirst quenched.

'People of these lands are untouched by slightest deceit. These people fight internally even of any suggestive induction of unethical thought.' Chidananda addressed the king upfront. 'Your ascetic class and these people will try acclimatizing to the values of the newly emerging India. However, the sole responsibility of the future that is bestowed upon the people of these lands will lie on you. These people do not know the king anyone other than their own selves. You are from that part of the planet where mother-nature has not been as kind as it has been to these lands. People here are not aware of scarcity …and thus …their way to lives has developed accordingly. One thing is sure that you are not aware of abundance. We in India have no means to gauge your other credentials and have no ideas of life-norms of the lands from where you come. These mingled generations will admit you as their true rulers. You know the other part of the world and you are also aware of the other way to living. You will be bound by your newly developed limitations …your ruling ethics will decide the future of these lands. The onus lies on you. People here would take anyone as their king …as their savior …and their messenger from God. You must ensure that your coming to these lands brings prosperity and peace to one and all.'

Fruz Shah felt stunned. No one ordered him like this little man did. Yet! He felt great ...something deep inside him seemed having been kindled. He thanked Chidananda for the candid address. He found himself asking, 'What is the subtle phenomenon, as per India, that drives the man?' He enquired in utmost earnestness.

'You have the concept of 'Rooh' and we have the concept of 'Aatmaa'. Both are same - man's individual purest forms. Both have access to God. The Aatmaa of people in our place is

accompanied by one more entity called Chidiya. As Aatmaa is the essence of our body …subtlest form of our living - Chidiya, in a way, is essence of our Aatmaa. I am saying, in a way, because this Chidiya is not a form of Aatmaa, it is not a version - it is an independent entity. This Chidiya is God's own representative that accompanies the Individual Aatmaa across its entire journey through millions of worlds and years. Aatmaa is the being's man and Chidiya is his woman. Both this man and woman travel together while the man does not know anything and the woman knows everything. The man ought to know this woman - Chidiya. As per India this is the subtle phenomenon that drives the man - Two birds residing in the cave of his heart. This is the unique concept deciphered by India for emancipation of the man in this world. Now you have enlarged the psychic horizons of people of these lands by settling here. The onus lies on you to make all your populace peaceful.'

Chidananda's words engraved religiousness on king's mind.

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On that fine morning Chidananda looked up in direction of the two Sadhus. They were thrilled that they had been summoned by the Swami. They knew that this unassuming little saint had been designated for something extraordinary by the Dharma' Gurus ...that he was noted, marked and perceived with utmost sanctity. Chidananda addressed them directly, 'for some time now I will be unavailable to you all.' They did not know what to comment. It was their duty to keep his noting; it was their requirement to keep him revered.

The same night Chidananda left for the forest. The Sadhus reported that he had vanished. He had informed so. Varunacharya was happy, Chin'na was about to witness life and meet his Truth. Life all over the earth is same; the flow of life is on similar patterns all over. It cannot be that two lives could be different in their thought and desire. Chin'na was about to witness the magical trick that was to lead him into singling out the exact medium in which practicality of the subject of spirit would be

understandable to him. Chidananda was now destined to know India the country as built up by generations of its saintly elders.

Chin'na was with the distant people. These people did not live with the so-called village... They could not live in that established pattern ...they had much to study, much to work, much to achieve ...and much to forego. These people were not conformists, they were rebellions. They were awed in villages of their vicinity ...and were feared ...and were hated. They were not known to be saints who were reached in divinity. They were understood as half tribal and social freaks and uncivilized. They were believed to be ill-performers ...they were labelled to be from arenas of occult and the dead. These people did not care for eating or sleeping or emotions or comforts or accumulating or relations or festivals or rites or rituals. They were neither playful nor morose. They neither cared nor were careless - They were utterly carefree. Nobody knew what they did. Whatever was heard about their works was neither meaningful nor purposeful. Yes! They were not outcastes. They were respected by the chiefs of the villages. And Yes! The roaming Sadhus did visit them once in a while. Chidananda was not surprised to see many Mohammedans also in these places. He was readily welcome there. He was at home with them within no time.

"The world of a progressive civilization could not ideally be dealt from educational institutions alone. The human dwellings and masses live on products delivered by these institutes …but the life is faced at the ground and often its practicality is challenged. Neither the real ground can enter the domain of an educational institution lest it spoils its sanctity, nor the non-consideration of the life at the real ground can ever keep the educational institutes on track of real education. There are always separate zones of operations for the classical and the conventional." These distanced dwellings served the purpose to the core. The common man's maturity fruited here. The undertakings of these people may not be copybook classics but these were diligently booked and copied and carried to the social chiefs and eventually to the Temples.

Chidananda spent time with them. It was the time of doing nothing ...just being with the revered seniors ...just being in same ambience with the real experienced ...just living with them at the same frequency ...just breathing same air with them ...just being happy with them ...just being studious with them. It was a luxury...it was wondrous. They were so lively in fulfilling their desires and aims ...they were so devoted to their roles and goals ...they were so unanimous in their saying yes to life. They affirmed life staunchly. For them life was living your dreams ...life was stretching to meet your dreams and surpassing them. Life was not studying...life was not enjoying ...life was not philanthropy ...life was not compassion ...life was reaching your dream. For them life was dreaming the impossible ...your own impossible ...life was venturing to know your best possibility.

"You are made in a unique manner ...you have a unique composition which is set up to flower in a unique manner. Your flowering is your only goal. Helping those in your vicinity in achieving their flowering and seeking help from others in order to help your own flowering is your only Dharma." The chiefs at villages and at cities and the roaming Sadhus were only too happy to receive their blessings. These blessings were sometimes the solutions to the problems of the civilized world and many times some study findings into the varied nature of the world. These people lived in their truths and divulged the truth of the existence to the world.

Swami had found his nest? This was the marvellous dwelling? He was friend to all ...he was of help to all ...he was of company to all ...he was a student to all ...he was a propagator to all ...he was a negotiator to all ...he was a servant to all ...he was a priest to all ...he was a teacher to all. Everybody did their job ...Swami did their jobs ...that was his job. Swami could feel the Truth approaching him. Only he was not prepared enough. Only he was not acclimatized enough. Only he was not balanced enough. He looked in direction of Varunacharya ...and Aanandi.

"If you are injured what affects you... There are 230 thousand million living beings which attack you every minute. If your wound remains open for half an hour ...840 million million of

these minuscule living beings become dead and rot in your body. These now start to be eaten by a new kind of living bacteria which is 360 times larger in size and over 500 times more poisonous than the one which infested on you earlier. The milk compounded paste of one gram of Turmeric Powder generates 1006 million million living beings which consume the original infesting beings in less than 200 seconds..." This group's approach with numbers was mindboggling ...Chidananda was mesmerized.

He was directed to other friends of these groups. These men were attempting to calculate the diameter of the earth and distance of sun from earth. They had installed two vertical poles of twelve feet height at distance of 1000 feet and measured the length of their individual shadows, each morning at a particular time. They were engrossed in this venture since last one year. This group had taken up parallel experimentations to calculate the diameter and mass of all the planets. This group had earlier calculated the pull-of-gravity between two heavenly bodies and submitted their calculations to Chinmayananda Ashram for further work on it.

Their other colleagues just fifty miles away had recently calculated the speed of light by erecting a 1500 cubic feet laboratory of mirrors and timers. Earlier they had calculated the speed of sound. These days they were erecting another facility to calculate the speed of sound in different mediums.

Chidananda felt excitement in the deep seated satisfaction within his being. "What a build-up of a society? Every ounce of energy is utilized ...each build-up creating a more fragrant flower ...and a sweeter fruit... The elderly was not only a senior citizen to guide the younger generation or to supervise the house hold or to discuss the social and religious issues at the temple. He was much more ...he was a scientist ...he was a technologist ...he was also a man with desires and plans. He had a place in the society ...a laboratory of his own..."

Another 120 miles through the forest were these experimenters on foundry works. It was estimated that there were more than 5000 foundries in India. Each principality in India had its own

established brand of steel and some of these were world famous. *"Bridges and carriages will be made of steel one day, structures will be at least fifty times lesser in cross section."* These experimenters had developed this unique steel which was stronger than 150000 lbs/in² Tensile Strength. They called it Tool Steel. Ordinary steel could be worked upon and even cut by this steel, they said. It was one kind of future generation High Alloy Steel.

And only 75 miles by their side were these speciality weavers. Indian cloth was world known for its fineness... It was even valued equal to gold in weight. This group was inclined on inventing automated solutions to weaving. India exported fine cloths throughout the world since thousands of years. India had taught the world to wear clothes ...now India was poised to produce quality cloth enough for the entire world. These elders were silently devoted to their goals... Chidananda was amazed by their devotion. They worked meditatively and Swami continued in his meditative stance to feed his being with the beauty of Indian sociology. They worked almost intuitively and Swami continued in his intuitive glance...

Chidananda was witness to large dwellings still deep in the forest. Mohammedan elders had active participation in these experience based, self proclaimed senior students of their wills. They freely shared their special knowledge of medicinal plants and spices with Hindus. These joint groups prepared tens of potions with magical efficacy in treating fractured bones and fissured body muscles and alike. These groups were factory house for production of ointments, oils and powders for various acute diseases. They referred largely from Hindu and Muslim scriptures ...and experimented on advanced systems of medicinal practices in surgery...

Then there were many groups engaged in development of new instruments and new equipments of utility. One group was actively involved in development of binoculars and periscopes for maritime usage. Hindus and Mohammedans joined in developing night glasses and telescopes for star gazing. While one sub-group of these original creators conceived and developed

the mathematics of lenses and mirrors ...formulae of focal lengths and of principles of ray motions and of real and virtual images, the other sub-group developed ideas of placing certain lenses and mirrors to get these results. There was a third sub-group associated with these distant settlers which ornamented the lots of these newly developed products. These products were carved and engraved with gold and studded with diamonds. These new products had become huge hits in the world markets and were bought at whatever the price.

It was said that some of the developments of these groups were not approved by the naked Sadhus. On one hand, the utility products of scientific study were unnecessarily ornamented for mere purpose of non entitled value and on other hand the root intent of this minor group was surely detrimental to social requisites - While the distant dwellers were in search of their individual flowering, this group dwelt in the lower state of personal aspirations and worldly desires. Main intent behind these new set of products was neither development of science nor utility to humanity. It was mere profit. Items of luxury were allowed to the kings and their fellows. The voyagers, the looters, the mischievous ones were not entitled to any output of these engaged souls. One naked Sadhu, it is said, had become so wild at sight of an ornamented telescope that he started beating the Mohammedan and the Hindu old men who exhibited their product for his sanction... The naked Sadhu had seen the future gun hidden in the observatory instrument. 'The usage of spear, arrow, sword and allied have the association of human touch and strength and concentration... This assemblage of metallic parts in forming a weapon of this kind is surely an inhuman act. No Indian mind could ever think of it without feeling disgraced within its' own self.'

Chidananda sought and met a speciality clan of naked Sadhus. These distanced souls practiced unknown austerities. In a way, they represented the distanced class even amongst the naked Sadhus. They lived only in standing upright position, they never squatted on the earth; they attended the calls of nature,

and rested when needed, by sitting on their toes. Most reached ones slept in standing position only ...and at times they took rest on tree tops. They did not blink their eyes; if they had to blink, they kept the eyes closed for five minutes at the least, during this period they said their personal prayers. "Eyes both external and internal must always remain awake." The physical eyes close only to remind you to say your prayers. They ate food only while walking. They greeted Chidananda in wildest openness ...moving ...walking.

'Ask what you should', the seeming senior most of them enquired.

Chidananda walked along with them ...almost running in pursuit of maintaining pace with their gait. They walked so fast... Chidananda was thrilled ...What all ...India is made up of...

The senior Naga came by his side. 'You have not known India. You have not seen India. You have not witnessed Truth that existential world offers ...the Truth that is available in every speck of the world. You have seen Indian villages, Indian Grammas, Indian Towns, Indian Palaces and Indian Temples and such lives ....you have known Indian last class of slave and labour people too... You have stayed with the distanced people of grit. In short you have seen how India has built itself. You have known how this self-sustained society is evolved and taken care of. You have experienced the classical and the exquisite and the ordinary. You have witnessed how the theory weaves the practical and how the theory creates the substrate that is ultra-practical.'

'But that is only one third of the Truth. The major part of the existential world is in the animal and plant lovers. The major part of the Truth is in those plant and animal lives that these lovers love. Nothing is acknowledged that is outside these knowledge boundaries. All knowledge comes from these lives and their flavours. The essence world-over is always eminent from these zones of living. There are more than five thousand distinct '*Jan-Jaaties*' living in our holy lands. These earthly clans are true plant and animal lovers, so much so that it is not possible to differentiate them from their beloveds. They live with them

....in them. They have strict associations with all Temples and all Distant Dwellers and all Gurukulas. Temples and Gurukulas have only one way access with them. They alone visit them every now and then. Both-way-accessibility is available only between the Distant Dwellers and these *Jan-Jaaties*. The crude ideas of the distant dwellers are developed into practical shape by themselves but the Ashrams and Gurukulas refine and define them for the use of kings or masses. However know that most of ideations get evolved from these *Jan-Jaaties* alone.'

'These folks have their own classification and grouping systems. Their rites and rituals are quite different ....however they share common gods as all Indians. They know that their kingship to jungles has been given to them by none other than Bhagwaan Rama. You must realize that all villages in India are surrounded by these superbly truthful beings. A village may consist of a few hundred families and a few acres of land but land wealth and forest wealth and animal wealth of these *Jan-Jaaties* is many times larger than that. You must recognize that these *Jan-Jaaties* have donated land for establishment of villages in India and they alone are source of wood and fruits and medicines to them. Every village is surrounded by them ...protected by them ...owned by them. Each village is like their own grown up child. Their truthfulness is much more accomplished than those of the truth hunters in their fruitful flowering. They are exemplary lives representing the loss of true humanity in presence of education. They are clean mirrors to any modernization. Any education only makes mankind perverted. Meet them...'

Chidananda was left behind ...they all walked off. He felt the Truth hitting him. That exact medium, in which the practicality of spirit could be understood, was very near...

Around 250 miles through thick jungles, spread over hundreds of acres, were the sets of workers of this fraternity which was engrossed in living with plants. They represented the laboratory assistants for the '*Jan-Jaaties*' of one part of India. "Men and animals ate plants ...other reasons why plants died were only draught and disease. Otherwise plants and trees would

never die. One way of asserting definitive life-period to a plant was to register its cycles of recreation. The plants did live much more than their ascertained life." This set of naturalists kept a collection of more than 25000 varieties of little shrubs which were said to be living for more than 350 years ...more than 10000 types of herbs which were said to be existent with them since unknown times and around 5000 varieties of trees which had lived more than 2000 years. Some of these botanists spoke to plants and the plants responded ...some of them loved plants with all five senses and the plants showed sign of understanding. Not only little plants, even big trees exhibited tremendous longing for the human touch of love. Many scientists here could forecast forthcoming natural calamities well in advance as these trees would apprise them. It was widely recognized that certain plants even informed these people about their medicinal efficacy. Deepest researches in field of Ayurveda were said to have their beginnings from these obscure people...

Another 100 miles down the forest were these lovers of animals. "Animals in captivity live longer than the free ones. Man is the only real danger to animals." These people lived in harmony with nature. Nature was animal like ...truthful and unconditioned ...as these people were. Swami spent most of his time in meditation. He was mostly quiet ...he was mostly contemplating. "Did external disturbances subject forced evolution on mankind? If there were no challenges in man's life ...been the man not driven to seek his truth?" Swami sat silent for hours with his complementary ...his thoughts. How are we termed civilized? "There was nothing particularly disturbing in Indian civilization culture and its ethical ways defined the norms of human behaviour."

One fine day Swami was invited by one investigator to accompany him into the Jungle. Swami complied. He made Swami sit on a vantage point and the two observed. A female cheetah killed and ate the cubs of a tigress. 'The tigers had once killed the male cheetah', the investigator informed Swami. The coldness of truth was brusque.

Swami and his guide companion walked further into the jungle ...it was evening now ...getting dark ...the two climbed a tree for the night stay. The young animal lover showed Swami the big bee honey-comb. He said some mantras and asked Swami to repeat them. 'The bees wouldn't disturb them', he said. They slept that night up there.

The next morning the two walked deeper into the jungle ...the guide ran into a temple and brought some mud from the adjoining pond, 'apply it on your neck and forehead - reptiles and insects will not come near to you.' Chidananda compiled. They went in still deeper into the woods ...and sat on a high platform. It started pouring rain. They waited. The investigator pointed towards a bushy mound, 'A female cobra has laid eggs in there.' It rained so heavily that a little canal flowed turbulently next to the hatching eggs. The investigator informed Chidananda, 'the beauty of the entirety is that even in this severe cold, the temperature inside is warm enough for the eggs to hatch and she has built such a nest that the water would never touch it. And the time of hatching has come.' They waited. Within twenty hours the female cobra left the spot ...slithered away. Within minutes the first of the eggs cracked and the tiny cobra came out ...and soon the area was filled with about twenty tiny ones. 'Only a few of them will live next one week and then they will live full life'. The truth was chilling.

The investigator urged Swami to come further. Swami compiled as if in transcendental agreement. They walked in to the jungle. They climbed on a tree top and waited. The investigator and Swami held their breath. Soon the spot witnessed the approach of one male and one female cobra. They were adults and now into love making. The two watched the dance of the two snakes. It was magically fascinating to see the two standing erect up to the tip of their tail-ends in their love dance. It continued for one hour. And they rested. Swami and the investigator waited. They were to sit and watch the drama of truth for next few days without moving. The female cobra was pregnant. The male mate was always around her. Another big cobra smelt the fragrance

of the female cobra and approached her for love making. The first mate objected to the advances and their ensued this battle between the two venomous snakes. They fought. It was a tussle of strength ...not to kill but to win. Soon the mate surrendered and opted to leave the spot. Now the new male cobra needed to mate with the pregnant female. She did not want it ...she could not have it ...but the male had to have its way. The physical rape act ended into a fight between the two. They fought bitter ...this time to kill each other. The male cobra wanted to eat the female one in show of his anger and the female bit off his tale point. With her mouth inside his mouth she rebelled and started twisting and rolling. He too rolled and continued ....as if to eat the pregnant female wholly. Soon she had lost the battle. The male cobra went on trying consuming the female in desperate anger ...and soon realized that it was all futile ...simply not possible. The male cobra left the dead female cobra and slipped away from the spot. Swami and the investigator climbed down the tree and quietly walked back to their habitation.

For many days Swami was wordless. He was without thought. For many more days Swami was speechless. The brush with truth was too blatant to him. For further many more days Swami was silent. And when the sounds occurred to him, they were - *"The truth has its own stance ...its own original manoeuvre. Animal within its capacity of intelligence lives perfectly ...that is why it has been a teacher of man since ages ...but animal remains animal ...and the man learns the mankind. That is why the man is a man and the animal is not a man. That is the meaning of being educated. Man is evolved and animal is not yet so..."*

Suddenly Swami was clear ...the ray of bright light had entered into him. His answer existed in silence …in waiting… He proceeded to return to his Ashram...

"That ever existing media in which even the simple pilgrim discovered his definition of Truth and that exact medium in which the practicality of the subject of Spirit was understandable to the ardent pilgrim" …was getting lost… The world of India had travelled farther losing its sublime texture. Varunacharya's pain was

genuine - India had lost its 'Dhrit' giving way to carelessness. This re-settling will take its own time. It will be a newer form of stability. Nature has its ways - he had to keep patience …he had to be silent …he had to be waiting.

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Varunacharya's excitement knew no bounds. Chin'na: Swami Chidananda was returning. Varunacharya knew that he should not be excited - excitement was nothing but anxiety. He was aware about his being anxious but that was what was to be his life. Chin'na was no ordinary soul ...Chin'na was his soul's pride. From early morning itself Varunacharya was unable to control his surging joy. Chinna's acclaim had added golden feathers to their Ashram - its fame now brimmed all over India - its name now glittered all over the known world. While his core was bubbling full of excitement his crest was silent. This silence of his was made up and enforced upon him; he had subjected it upon his own self. Varunacharya was so happy. Varunacharya was at the Gurukul gates - watching the approaching Chidananda. A definite smile broadened his lips. His eyes lit up. The surge inside him brightened his ethereal body ...a strong wave uplifted his being transcending him across the astral - the mental - the spiritual ...into his cosmic body. Varunacharya witnessed the approaching Chin'na in deep admiration ...in sacred prayer…

Chidananda approached ...free ...uncaring …unassuming. He was coming home. His firm footing on the ground showed no traces of any tiredness. He had been travelling for last twenty two years continuously. He had walked last eighty miles of his home-coming through thick of jungles without resting, without eating and without drinking. Varunacharya took pride in this form of living of Chin'na ...and his play ...and that Chin'na merrily enjoyed this game now...

The wilderness of the dogs gazed ...their eyes on the lone walker ...some twenty of them ...raw n lewd, eternally hungry ...saliva dripping from their lolloping tongues ...ever fidgety. What a lone deer can do to the pride of lions on hunting spree? They did not need any communication - sport was already won - the feast of whims was already served - even the weak ones were equally welcome. It was a take all bet...

Charge on the prey... Automatically four of them were leading ...others following just on the steps of their forerunners ...a few seconds of loud barking ...groaning ...hounding sounds of wild frenzy ...and soon two out of the four were ahead by more than ten leaps ...striding ...jumping ...gnarling ...unstoppable ...all muscles tensed up ...all eyes widened ...all teeth emerging...

Varunacharya was struck ...dazed ...stunned, he shivered till his legs ...feeling onerous purge of helplessness ...shrieks of fierce lightening confounding him ...he seemed to lose his voice ...he could not shout. It all was happening so unexpectedly ...so suddenly. He wanted to jump …but his legs were giving way…

Chidananda saw the unnatural reaction of his mentor and looked in the direction of commotion. The two, the wilder beasts, were beginning their leap on him while the other two, the lesser beasts, were to follow ...but only after watching the result of their champions' launch ...and the rest were the free mongers ...just following. The double leap of the attack was in the air - their eyes, teeth and ears ...lurking, their mouths ...dripping ...each inch of their body in fierce moving action - charging on him. He bent sideways - not falling ...in an in-assumable, unbelievable, unimaginable quick reaction ...he was not dodging the attack, he was gaining reach - in the same sweeping action his both hands grabbed the chosen ammunition from the ground - one a long pointed stone and other a stout little wood ...and before the charging mouths touched his body the two tools were sufficiently pushed down their throats ...leaving them bleeding from their eyes.

The game was over before it started.

Varunacharya's voice was yet to find place...

Chidananda was in front of his guru - prostrating...

The senior saint picked up the disciple and embraced him ...hugged him. Chidananda was not panting ...Varunacharya was; Chidananda was not perspiring ...Varunacharya was. Varunacharya could feel that Chidananda's heart beat did not run fast, his body muscles were not stiff...

Chidananda's posture was of complete respect to his mentor Achaarya. He, as if to complete the communication, just looked over his shoulders and uttered, 'The mad ones need to be punished.'

It was stray foods, stray lives, stray behaviours that turned the lower breeds go astray. The reason of this unnatural behaviour of these stray dogs was linked to the uncanny way of living and rise in flesh eating habits of the masses in many parts all over India. Indian airs were changing ...not for the good. The results of carelessness were sprouting...

"Chidananda had shown the way ...but it was not to be... Ways of masses could not be copy book. Destiny held the stability of the evolving human life in-here ...in different manner." In any case, Chidananda's spontaneous dealing became a point of discussion of many established forums. It was new to Indian context. "Spirit and its flair were more important in dealing with any subject of fighting back." In any case, Varunacharya was immensely happy. To him and to world ...Chidananda was his disciple ...and Chidananda was his predecessor. Varunacharya had done his part to the subject of practicality of Indian Vedic culture. It was his time to leave...

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The Achaarya fraternity was not in total agreement with Varunacharya's stand. To some Varunacharya's decision to leave his mortal body appeared to be timed too early. Chidananda was too young ...his approach in practical matters was too brusque ...he still needed to get the tone. ...Varunacharya had served

the prime cause only for three hundred odd years ...it was too short duration in light of the present dynamic social situation in the country. India was witnessing an utterly new period of its history till date. For the first time in ages, India was to have a large segment of foreign human population, which was to stay in India. Up to now most voyagers ...and intruders from foreign lands had arrived here to leave back ...or they had arrived here to settle as nationals of this land. Those who settled here did not have any cultural bonds tied to their psyche. Even if they followed any customs or had any ideas of the supernatural they easily and conveniently moulded their cultural values with those of this country. But now this lot was in India to stay and they had a firm religiosity. Countries' boundaries were firmer now... Their cultural roots were tight... Varunacharya and services of his Gurukul were most needed now.

Chidananda's interaction with the king was highlighted again ...but it was merely in praise of his farsightedness and straight forwardness. The meaning behind the content of his discourse was not taken seriously. The onus of our generations' continuing in prestigious lives was on the new generation foreign kings. The king and the kingship had a short period of ruling ...but the king had to deliver ...Chidananda had only advised the king regarding the essence of his duty. The people had to do their own task. The pain of his Guru was physically palpable ...and he was leaving...

The fraternity and Chidananda could have personal impressions ...but Indian customs allowed the senior learned saints to take self decisions regarding their own retirement. When the fruit ripens ...it leaves the tree. The reached ones do not live in this world even for a second more than required. They are in this world only to actualise the deliverances of God. They continue in their work ...they keep visiting God and keep coming back ...they peacefully keep awaiting their final call. There are no other means. This waiting is the super acclimatization with the self ...with God.

"As far as story of Indian continuation is concerned, the learned believe that presently it is only the beginning of this phase and an end is attached to it. The cultural differences, how so ever deep, cannot live apart. In their calculations, it was still more than six hundred years to go for India to tread this passage of turmoil before she would find her true identity once again. Whence India will be full of Indians ...new generation Indians …all educated for the country. This was sure an important stage in development of the human life on this earth. The evolution was sure to reach it next stability ...but the passage had to be of turmoil. Varunacharya had led the Indian Vedic sciences for last two hundred and fifty years now... The revered old man needed the rest." ...Preparations began all over the country. Senior Kulpaties from all over India decided to meet at Varunacharya Gurukul.

It was not question of one Achaarya planning to vanish from the active scene of education. The question was of the ongoing studentship of the aspirants ...the students in the Gurukul were to be taken care-of. Considering the number of students in various courses and their individual stage of development, it was decided to continue the educational courses in the Gurukul for next ten years. Support from external Aachaaryas was planned wherever needed. Some students were planned to be moved to other Ashrams after a span of five years. It was deemed important that certain specific departments and allied faculties were planned to be transferred for reasons of educational secrecy. The studentship of the society must not suffer. Varunacharya planned each element to finest detail.

Varunacharya brought up the subject of future education trends. He informed the august gathering, 'India must plan for higher education centres ...future will belong to exactness of processing. Sciences will need to be converted into technologies. Gyaan and education must be demarcated and taught simultaneously as distinct subjects. In pursuance of consistent development, Vidya and Shikh'sha must be installed as two essential limbs of the society... We must plan for larger Gurukulas.

India will need more of them. We must ensure education for one and all... The children of Mohammedans must be educated along with ours. Otherwise ...slowly India will slip-off from its ordainment... It is our responsibility.'

'Our syllabi of eighteen courses are comprehensive but the pattern of educating needs to be changed... My suggestion is that students on reaching a certain level in their course content must also take-up teaching the new entrants. The teacher has to be a good student a student has to be a good teacher. My another suggestion is that on finishing certain level of course content in any subject, each student should be entrusted to participate in some problem solving and those who show good flair in problem solving must be referred to the practical laboratories of the distant dwellers as a part of field training for definite periods.'

It was not question of one Gurukul undergoing a transformation of education norms. It was question of transforming a Gurukul for a task of much more importance. The Ashram and its infrastructure were to be utilized for accumulation of Indian knowledge. Geographically and socio-politically, the Ashram was highlighted as most suitable for the purpose. Hitherto there was no central knowledge bank where the socio-scientific knowledge of India was stored in guarded locales ...it was not needed thus. Indian socio-scientific religionist psyche was an open chapter. Now it needed to be stored ...and guarded. Varunacharya Gurukul was now to become the central assembly point of all roaming and recording Sadhus.

Some highly dignified seers were identified to take care of the green room activities of the new ventured arenas. And some of the most astute ones were now designated to take entry into the process getting into Nagahood. The deepest knowledge of India and Indian thought was always saved ...planned to be saved thus. Swami Chinmayananda was selected to lead all these activities. He ensured meticulous planning in each affair. He left after ensuring complete stability in the processes thereof… The movement of time was cool ...ripple-less…

Varunacharya talked to Chidananda in all personal admonition... He needed to express his inside to his child as he saw it. Chidananda was docile ever ...his intent on sacred pyre.

'Religionists are always instant hits with the populace. But note that they, almost each time, also become powerful clannish minorities. Remember that the bulk of the people always remain with Aryanism. The new religions always have extremely charismatic leaders who catch the people's imagination and influence their faiths. While the religionists expound on the metaphysics of life, kings go about the usual business of going after more power, more money and more land. This ruling trait of any civilization holds true for India too - only now the king will be fiercer in his personal demands and religionist will be more intense in his personal drives.'

'This finding is essentially based on reports of hundreds of roaming Sadhus who travelled far into the west as suggested by you. It was a painstakingly difficult task. We lost many Sadhus … they were killed for no reason. It took us time to understand this psyche of the civilizations in those lands. The nature being cruel to them, they have developed into cruel civilizations. Eventually we tied up with our merchandisers, sailors and our Mohammedan brethren to carry our Sadhus to the lands of their destinations. In fact Mohammedan saints proved to be our best escorts and guides in documentation of continuity. Civilizations out there have been known to be only warring nations. The findings of these Sadhus and the understandings on these reports are compiled with us.'

'However, that is not the method of The Hindu. A Hindu never spreads enough for the king to profess and actively promote him. India's glorious past has witnessed nearly the whole of India being unified during the reign period of Ashoka. It could be possible only because he has been the only emperor who hated wars and worked for the freedom of the Spirit. Ashoka was a strong general but never was he unsatisfied. Ashoka wanted to be loved by his subjects. He never terrorized his subjects. Nobility of soul, Purity of mind, Honesty of nature, Clarity of dignity and Love for all were his definitive traits.'

'After Ashoka, India saw political unity after a long gap only under Guptas. My period of existence has passed during the rule of

the Chola Empire. It is important to make a note of what happened during around 800 AD. Our lands were flooded with a large number of foreigners from the west called Muslims. We know only that they came from west. The cultural lives in the west are not known to us. This was something parallel to coming of Aryans centuries ago. What happened when Aryans came here in hordes is a matter of past now. We do not know why Aryans came here in hordes and we do not know why Muslims are coming in such large numbers. Aryans adopted these lands and became genuine Indians. It is already about 5000 years of our combined glorious existence now. Aryans brought with them score of philosophy which immersed in Indian culture to bring out rich contents in our thought. Indian civilization truly occupies an extremely important and preeminent position in the world cultural history. This continued for about 4000 years till around 800 AD. And now India is witness to one more mega influx.'

'It is equally important for us to note that these Muslims are deeply religious people - a trait very common to us. Like most Indians, they are also rigid in their rites and rituals. Like most Indians, they are also very emotional and driven by their pure feelings in their day to day living - thinking from the hearts. Their prayers in search for God are very much like ours ...immensely heart rendering and tremendously beseeching. Their language is as poetic as that of ours today. The richness in their speech and royalty in their behaviour patterns is as ascetic as the best of ours. Their presence in India is already about 500 years now.'

'Another point that we must keep in consideration is that though they have mingled with us socially but culturally and religiously we have not merged like it happened in case of Aryans. There seems to be no possibility of any such unification in near future.'

'You should make a note of that we religionists from both cultures have collectively come out with Bhakti Culture in response to this cruel finding and you should be aware that this alone is responsible for the many rites and rituals associated with the worship of God by Hindus and Muslims. Kirtan at a Hindu Temple and Quawalli at a Dargah are all our conscious extensions of this movement.'

'The etymology of Bhakti is already known to you; its origin, its reverie, its love, its devotion and its adoration are already a part of your knowledge. You are well informed about the history of Bhakti. You are aware of 'The Advaitic' interpretation of Bhakti which goes beyond devotion to the realization of union with the essential nature of reality as divine bliss. What you must add to your understanding is that this Bhakti movement has recently spawned into several different movements all across India.'

'In North India, Bhakti movement is not differentiable from Sufi movement of Muslims of Chisti fame. People of Muslim faith have adopted it as a Sufis while Hindus as Vaishnava Bhakti. Sufi saints of Chisti order have also produced many Punjabi Sufi saints. Singing of Bhajans and dancing has formed an important part of this worship. Apart from being overwhelmingly ritualistic, the worship has been intended to be intensely emotional. In south India Bhakti movement has been made to be driven by The Saivites - The Nayanars - The Vaishnavites. They have spread Bhakti poetry and devotion in the fullest sense. Other revered proponents of our time who have made indelible contribution to Bhakti Yoga are Adi Shankara, Ramanuja, Peepananda Ji and Dhyaneshwar. Thus the present Bhakti movement has spread to all religions, all regions and languages of India. And now the Bhakti poetry and attitudes have become an integral part of our society.'

'Another very pertinent point of present observation is that the path of Bhakti is not directly accessible to the lower castes. For them the path of what is laid down as path to salvation is of unquestioned self-surrender. This is quite dangerous and unethical. The dancers are Deva-Dasis something like the female slaves of the deity inside the temple and Nagar-Vadhus something like public wives outside. Soon we will be working out rigorously against this religious crime too.'

'The life in India is happy and healthy ...the society is well woven ...the sustenance is well assured. Only learning and studying are not becoming a participative partner in lives of our young ones. The abundant availability of all requirements of living of human luxury are causing concern to us. That is dangerous. We have not been able to work out any plan towards this. It is an open ended chapter still...'

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The mega assemblage was a stupendous event. An unbelievable number of more than three hundred Kulpaties, more than fifteen thousand Chief Aachaaryas, more than five thousand Temple Pundits and more than two hundred Muslim Maulaanaas came to participate in the great auspicious occasion... Many saints from China and many Christian Priests landed to attend the ceremony. The representation from Fruz Shah Sultan, the ruler from Delhi, consisted of one hundred ministerial staff. There were attendances from more than fifty kings of India. Swami Chinmayananda presided over the sacred festivity. Chants ...Bells ...Conches ...Prayers echoed right from early morning. Festivity went on in surrounding fifty villages. Yagna', Kirtan ...Quawalli ...Sufi Bhajans ...Sacred Vedic Mantras were being recited. Air filled with the divine aura. Varunacharya coolly ...in deep calm composure ...in meditative prayer ...in utmost grace ...departed for his heavenly abode... Chidananda was quite externally and silent internally ...and the ceremonies went on. "Rituals make the religion lifeless."

Aastha came rushing. Aanandi had summoned Chidananda. 'Get to Chidananda and be with him.' There was urgency in her voice. Though Aastha was not panting, she was breathing heavily. Chidananda reached Aanandi's hermitage almost running. Aanandi was at pinnacle of her divinity ...radiant and luminescent ...transcending ...travelling the final leg of her this journey. She appeared to be in some kind of forcibly stopped hurry. Chidananda was mesmerized at the sight of the glowing goddess like phenomenon. The Chin'na in Swami was instantaneously gone ...vanished on ...that one look of Aanandi. He was attentive. Her voice was clear ...loving ...drenched in compassion.

'Power of Sanskrit is bound to fade - it is designated to be the irony not only for the masses but also for the learned. This language which is the abode of Devas is now destined to become more and more un-understandable by its own people. When a language fades,

its contents and its products fade too. The grammar and the power of this language are too concentrated to be followed by the coming generations. It must be saved. You must save this colossal loss. Potent communication is the sole media of human civilizations' effective existence.'

'Slowly poetry will be drained out from daily usage; prose will take over. Poetry is just another word for beauty. It is just the expression of human heart that breathes beautifully ...that feels beautifully ...and that pulsates beautifully. The ouster of poetry from human lives directly means the ending of all that is called love in the man's life. The attitudinal hearts of people will change accordingly. The temperamental hearts of people will be away from all that is poetic. Many of our scriptures will undergo massive translations even in minds of the new masses. You will have to work to save the novel seed of poetry.'

'We do not know when in India we lived like nomads - We started at zenith of consciousness - Now with fading of Sanskrit, our sanskriti will fade. We will live those dark spots of hell that cannot be conceived today. Wait ...Watch ...Look into the irony of results of carelessness.'

'People from west will keep pouring ...dynamic, adventurous, ruthless people. Along with them there will also be a stream of people who will be driven by subtle thoughts and finer ways of life. These lots will want to stay here; they will make India their home land. But this massive movement of westerners in India will be in all directions of physical living and psychological living. As per me, these visitors to our lands will amalgamate with our social norms - but ...in lives all around, in the zones of their own nations of origin, there will be drastic upheavals. And this up-heaved dynamism will travel to India too. This will subject our people to hitherto un-understood lives. Remember something very unpleasant must be happening in those areas ...where these people keep flouting from.'

'Our world is bound to witness rapid changes now. Watch the rapidity closely - the map in itself will change drastically. Maps do not change silently - it is always a deep and shriek cry - birth is always thus. Many new countries will be born ...as if the lands did not exist earlier ...as if the civilisations emerged now from nowhere.'

'Watch the tyranny of the manifest over the manifesting. The kings, the rulers, the powerful will find justice in crushing the voice of people. The forerunners, the literate, the pundit will prove and certify the irony of such changes. Slowly the learned will tend to lose the track. The manipulators will remove the learning itself. The learned understandings will be deviated. No one will understand the root. You must wait till that time. I will come to support your cause then.'

Swami Chidananda watched Aanandi as she elevated her soul to the next abode. Chidananda sat in front of her mortal remains sitting in lotus posture ...instructing him ...guiding him ...and caring for him as ever...

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Loss, in direct conclusion, is the root source of deepest happiness. What, but the loss alone can stretch you to your next level of capacity. The passing away of Varunacharya and Aanandi was a deep loss to Chidananda. In depths of this loss laid deep silence - silence of any chatter ...or of any clatter ...and silence of any palpable progression ...silence that opened up at the other end ...only into utter and extreme happiness... His icon was gone ...Chidananda was thoroughly surprised - he was left even perplexed to realize that he, in a way was thinking.

"Varunacharya and Aanandi were no more - no more would be their words - Words at their best can create only distraction. Words at the most, can lead you away from comprehension. Words can only generalise or categorise. Language cannot define anything; forget it could ever explain anything to the human mind ...it is utterly incapable of any explanation. Their thoughts were with him."

"Truthful disciples' disciplined minds are tuned to comprehension from the factual point of view. Man cannot get out of his own frame of reference - whatever you may say man

will listen from his own point of view." Chidananda chose to be silent. "Speaking-out was so meaningless ....even dangerous. In speaking, the meaning was almost certainly lost. Silence had done the communication of the 'Across' to him. Silence had carried him to the open sky..."

"Buddha had contemplated for many days before speaking out. What is the point of saying to those who cannot understand? They cannot afford not understanding ...misunderstanding, for them, is better than not understanding ...at least some understanding has been done. They will manipulate the truth according to their minds. People will not only misunderstand they will misinterpret. Buddha argued within himself. Is it right to allow the message to be polluted by careless people? Also, that the intelligent ones will anyway find the Truth - Their finding will be their own Truth. Buddha was intensely thoughtful before he uttered the first word - He had to deliver the messages from God - He had to carry the Truth. Masters have to carry His orders. Like Buddha so many others who visited the open light ...thought a hundred times before they said a word..."

...Chidananda chose to be silent... He witnessed the quietness from external sources silently travelling into him... The effect was golden. It was not of retardation of his internal processing but of brilliance ...a golden process... It was opening of the golden gate... Slowly ...calming him ...not ironing ...not making free of wrinkles ...not making plain ...but soothing him ...reforming his inside... It was not changing his one form into another ...but transforming his inner self. The sounds started getting lost ...turning distant. Sounds started fading ...constantly getting away ...getting foreign. No, not un-understood ...not misunderstood ....not ill-understood ...but understood in their totality. Sounds were away ...not the meaning. Now the sounds were not there to cause any havoc within. Now the sounds were not there to hurt inside. Now sounds were absent to impinge inside his aura. Now the meaning could flow uninterruptedly ...freely ...piously. Now meaning entered into him directly.

Silence from within him started forming into him ...crystallizing into him ...transcending him to higher echelons of the Mother Nature. First the sounds of motion and mannerism quietened. His both external and internal movements were silent ...his organism moved but without sound ...his phenomenon moved but nothing was heard ...his joints twitched without any sound ...his muscles moved without any sound ...his blood moved soundlessly. The physiological movement within his body was soundless. Nothing was heard. Silence was wholesome. Then so many un-necessities began emerging in his internal self... Thinking ...Pondering ...Actualizing ...and Understanding... He realized the uselessness of all these phenomena ...these were all unnecessary. Only comprehension was important and it could be had directly. Comprehension could be realized directly ...un-adulterated, un-compounded and un-polluted. Silence was the gross benediction on him.

The silence also spoke to him. The silence brought forth his supreme reality to him and this was …universal … eternal. These glimpses from the internal universe were sure realities of approaching times. These glimpses were also the acknowledgements of his flights into space …into time …and into future. Smile was his sole visible communication with the external world. The silence spoke to him now in all its vividness. The silence made the sounds of jungle silent …it turned the noise of surrounding life silent. Swami was so utterly at ease now …his silence silenced the sounds of his inside. The catching of glimpses from across the external universe was a flowing phenomenon now… Their registration was of mundane importance now.

Now the glimpses were from the world of his deep inside …from the core of his universe. Such growing silence in turn, reduced level of any remnant noise through Chidananda. In absence of internal noise he was highly communicative. He could communicate with entirety now. Without a motion, without a twitching and without even intent... He could get the meaning of happenings in his field of interest ...The Empathy.

Silence was the great teacher. Silence enabled him to communicate with all the externality and read from his entire internality. In the deepest cavities of internal self, man was always the same ...silence made it evident to him. And silence brought to his knowing that the internal self of each man was so infinitely universal... The truth that universe resides inside the man was cognized by Swami Sad' Chidananda...

"Indian thought is unique among all religions in the world because it treats all souls and the entire universe as the manifestation of one God. Entirety is constituted of God ...'That One' and His Creation ...'This One' ...that 'That One' had to have this 'This One' for the existence of 'That One' to be established. This 'This One' is merely a lots and lots of nothing and a very tiny amount of motion ...a kind of a wave vibrating violently within the stationary media. 'That One' and 'This One' have existed for eternity because the two complemented each other. 'That One' was always a whole and 'This One' was always in motion still being a whole. Life started only once a part from that whole of 'That One' dissociated itself from 'That One'. This dissociated part was the living in the universe. It dissociated from 'That One' and associated itself with 'This One'. This living life has no other go but to go back to its' 'That One' from whence it had emerged. It cannot become stationary and it cannot be 'This One'. It can only be a moving wave ...anything else is false imagination. We the living represent this dissociated part of 'That One'. Since we have dissociated from 'That One', we have been immersed into the multitude; it is our having been layered by such vastness ...we have become many from single."

"*We just failed to understand that we have already lost. The 'This One' consumes us so totally. We just fail to understand what we have lost. Religion alone can expose us to our Dharma ...our natural frequency. We only have to merge back from where we emerged. The meaning of the effort in pilgrimage was evident. The stature of the mystic was etched clear."*

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Swami Chinmayananda administered the active re-instating of newly transferred Indian socio-religious polity. While the seat of universal religion was convincingly seated ...while the documentation of Indian socio-religious status was thoroughly taken care of …while the new pattern of education was firmly established, Chidananda went deeper into visions of clarity of humanity. With the closure of world famous Varunacharya Gurukul, the Ashram transformed into religious heritage for meeting of pious souls from all over world. The Place became unknown to the education and political world… It became as silent as Chidananda ...unknown ...breathing slowly …calmly …waiting for its destiny. "Cry of his guru's pain pertaining to classical Indian carelessness went earthed in his quietness…" The outcry prevailed. It demonstrated in Indian Bhakti front …which was led by Jayadeva, Nimbarka and Bhakt Kabir.

Kabir's outcry: "Hey! Essence Seller, why you are wasting your time here? These people will taste it and will say that it is sweet" dictated the changing times at Indian soil.

The rule of Slave Dynasty was soon over and Khilji Dynasty took over reins in India. While socially and culturally India witnessed sustained growth, kingship in India saw turmoil of newest kind. The historians lost the count of number of kings and their personal relationships with their predecessors. There seemed to be a war for kingship amongst ruling families. Soon Tughlaks ruled India for about a century and then Lodhi Dynasty took over for about next century.

...Chinmayananda enshrined Chidananda as Swami Sad' Chidananda... He departed solemnly amongst all Hindu and Muslim saints of India. The loss was huge ...however it was acclaimed that all Chief Aachaaryas of Chinmayananda Ashram were to be called Swami Chinmayananda henceforth...

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How miniscule and distant was the image? Mere two hundred years from this day ...the faint memory stayed firm for mere reason of Truth. It was an occurrence for mere existence of

the truth - Clarity was distinct... *"Fun was the way of life. Young children away from their homes, away from their villages, away from sight of the village folks tended to turn to lower tastes in life."*

Varunacharya Swami Chidananda's Guru used to go into momentary meditation... *"Yoga viewed in sense of technique is art of controlling, preserving and directing the mental dynamism through a chosen channel of application. You once well versed in this art will have a complete control over mind."*

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When Babar came to India he was amazed by the simplicity of the place. He said, 'even the reptiles here are different …sober.'

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When Akbar the Great was born, his father Humayun was hiding in a Rajput fort in Umarkot under protection of Hindus.

…….

With brotherly collaboration of fond Muslims, India started emerging as an undisputed king in the world trade. This new cultural mixture created some of the world's most awed crafts, literature and architecture. India and Indians started growing rich …very rich. Each Indian contributed to becoming rich and each Indian had his share of wealth that poured into the nation. Indian social systems did not change. They were not required to be changed ...the kings and the literate knew it alike.

……..

Though India was one of the earliest issuers of coins in the world …though India introduced silver and gold coins way back in 6th century BC to be used for military and international trade purposes …though Chaanak'ya used coins during 3rd century BC for military purposes, Rupiah was introduced for public usage by Sher Shah Suri causing change in Indian mindset that was both abrupt and malicious.

……..

India won through the mega settlement of brethren Muslims. The period witnessed introduction of Aarti; host of Poojas were introduced. India's Bhakti movement was spearheaded by Sri Tallapaka Annamacharya, Tulsidas, Rahim, Kancherla Gopanna, Chaitanya Mahaprabhu and Tayagraja...

.....

The new wave foreigners - The Polish, The French and The Dutch arrived here and looted the countrymen at with sword and gun… Communication of continuity of Indian religious heritage was broken often… "Who are these people who have made Mohammedans fleeing from their native lands…? What could be the dictated principles of these civilizations? What necessary compulsions drove these civilizations…?" Yet! In all generality, India was ruled by a strong lineage of 23 Mohammedan emperors. India looked up… Indians were a happy lot… And Nuruddin Mohammed Jahangir turned out to be a demanding king …he was simple at heart …he introduced unprecedented taxes …he allowed the English to settle in India for trade. The continuation of India was to see the sea change.

India was subjected to new force from west called the English. It was a slow intelligent influx of the foreign breed. Their civilization believed that they were destined to rule the world … that they were super-humans and all others were lower subjects which existed only to serve them. In all truthfulness, they were from the most warring nations on the planet …their lives of mega treachery, of utter cunning, of complete selfishness and of blatant lies were totally unseen phenomena for the people here.

"Where Indians prayed plants and stones ...where in India relations were only next to god …where in India each being in entire universe was closely related to each other - These people treated all people from other civilizations as sub humans ...even as animals ...even lesser than that ...as materials. Where in India human values were at the zenith of human evolution - These

intruders did not possess any ethics of civilized humanity whatsoever. While Indian lands believed that a guest was god - These foreigners understood Indians to be fools worthy of only looting and butchering ...no, not exploiting or manipulating ...only looting and butchering."

Swami's deep and un-acclaimed vow of complete silence was once again acknowledged. "No talking of mind-out or speaking of heart-out could bring any justice to the cause than this absolute silence." Life, in true sense, was mere continuation. This was the life of no sorrows, this was the living of no desires and this was the continuation of no worries. The continuity was on the move …waiting. The time was not ripe... The fruition was still to come ...the fruition of carelessness was yet to emerge… India was to witness the most dreaded period in its history - Both Varunacharya and Aanandi had foretold the same…

The fruits of carelessness had to be bitter. Hitherto India was able to resist all attacks on its fibre… It had found breaking-solutions to each out-bursting affliction on its national structure …but it was not to be so for long. "If the rule of conduct had been broken the fruition had to be a breaking-panorama in a devastating manner."

There were revolts ...but India was not made up to revolt. Though there were non-co-operations ...but this set of foreigners was too cunning ...Indians could not be so. This band of intruders told the world that their great civilization was an endowed teaching force …and that they taught the world to live in a civilized manner - Whereas, they snatched away all the wealth from the world with force ...and with deceit.

Some of the roaming Sadhus now did not attend to annual confederations. They sacrificed their lives on the altar of Indian values… "Loss of purity was observed in the existential presence of thence times. The turbidity in the clarity was now evident. The inclination towards the material gains was an obvious disinclination towards Truth…"

For the first time Indian kingdoms looked small - Indian kingships appeared tiny - Indian masses were left helpless. The

simple flocks which were rich turned poor …and afraid. They could not gauge where the devil struck from. India belonged to farmers …farmers were crushed. Indians prayed cows because cow was central point of their economy …cows were slaughtered. Indians lived in harmony …communalism was spread. Swami Sad' Chidananda watched… "Any autumn has to be followed by a spring. There ought to be little twigs on the barren trees ...but the autumn on Indian tree was to stay for some more time..."

The long legged Aryans, who were, in fact, the forefathers of these English, had evolved to higher fineness and in the process had missed other side of living…

For the first time Indian religiosity lost its footing… Not that all was simple during establishment of Muslim kingships - There were ample number of disruptions, but nothing was hidden ... That was sure the humanely civilized way. The British way was hidden and singly oriented to plunder in order to take away India's all material and spiritual wealth.

Indian religiosity was challenged... Indians could not be cunning …Indians wore this garb only to win battles for truth. Indians were not qualified to fight the new battle. Though India fought back most savagely when it massacred most of living British people in the country, this class of foreigners was truly foreign to Indian psyche. Where, as per the Indian way, single defeat even in debate of logic was sufficient to make the loser turn disciple of the winner for whole life, the English calmly planned their next moves sitting far off. They gave India what they were best at: "The parliamentary system of governance". In the name of civilized governance Indian masses got …the Police and the Judiciary. The land which belonged to *Jan-Jaaties* was now government property ...The land owners from times unknown were reduced to meaner than beggars. Indian tribes-men proficient in Jungle cultivation, in steel production were categorically chosen and beheaded. Thumbs, even hands …and even arms of hundreds of thousands Indian artisans, textile experts and skilled craftsmen were chopped off ...amputated in planned ...structured manner. Indian Gurukul system of comprehensive education was uprooted

…and new commercial education policy was paced enforce. India was loaded with the new taxation policy devastating its home agriculture and manufacturing industry... The generosity of Indian religion was manipulated from the custodians of its essence. The new generation government servants were produced in the country that did not care for whatever India stood for. The devil was no small ...Indian religiosity was challenged ...200 million Indians were categorized and deciphered by the sacred seers ...the revered 200.

"The British were made to leave India free ...more than 40 million lives were lost ...and they left India leaving the nation with apparently irremovable scars on its psyche. The country was divided between Hindus and Muslims. Not only that ...they managed to stab both Hindus and Muslims right in their hearts… They left the daggers inside ...so that the wounds never healed. That was their plan - truthful to their deceitful civilization ...and their conditioned culture... That was their fruition …distasteful …and venomous."

"India had not fought back carelessness... The price had to be paid."

Swami Sad' Chidananda watched and waited... His inside spoke to his inside. The time was not ripe yet. Neither the foreigners had any acumen to understand the Indian sentiment, nor did they have any means to demolish the Indian thought. India lived by the golden thread of religiosity in its people. The gloom propelled by the British cunning was to disintegrate ...but it was to take another one hundred years... The smoke and gloom had to get diffused by way of more colours… Swami waited silently...

The tearful tale - "Teacher asking his students to bring one glass of milk each, next morning for the Pooja - one disciple thinking he will put water - how one glass of water in five hundred glasses of milk could be detected - and the entire collection next morning being water and not milk" evolved.

In all of last thirty six years Swami had encountered only two surges in direction towards his absolute. First in the year

1947 when India became independent of British rule, he was approached by Mahatma Gandhi and Deshbandhu. And then in 1973, twenty six years later, when whole of India was in deep religious turmoil, Deshbandhu approached him to address the All India Religious Congregate. Deshbandhu was accompanied with his fourteen years old daughter Dharini. Eleven years then on was one simple small period of oneness…

…Dharini was arriving….

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Chapter 06

The Awaiting Irony

India ... Now

Deshbandhu belonged to a wealthy family. Richness was a way of life in his' family now. They were now, third generation rich. His grandfather was the Chief Accountant with Md. Aneez Khan, the *Nawaab* of Kundli the prosperous estate of more than one hundred villages in outskirts of Delhi. When Aneez Khan was old and knew that his end was near, he gave five villages from one side of his estate to the trusted *Munim,* 'My sons, I can see, will not be able to understand our bond. They are not capable... They cannot see what India stands for. They are unlucky. They cannot respect our culture and have no respect for our values. They do not care for what they have inherited. They will cease to understand you after I die. They will ruin you and your family. I give you these villages as a token of my respect for your service to me. Please take care of yourself and your family with earnings and total control of these villages.'

For next seven years the *Munim*, Deshbandhu's grandfather, managed the accounts of Md. Aneez Khan and under guidance of the ageing *Nawaab,* developed his portion into a prestigious and flourishing estate. Praveen, Deshbandhu's father showed remarkable acumen in developing human faith and in agricultural industrialization. Though Praveen harnessed an internal desire to be a teacher, though his first love was little children ...he joined his father in the family venture. "Family came first ...desire

could wait." Praveen displayed intelligent cunning in real estate investments and in land wealth expansion. Their estate, Kurl, was now fifteen established villages and two thousand acres of green land ...and still growing. Vinayak, Deshbandhu's elder brother, worked with Praveen in order to stabilize the family inherited business. However, in years that followed Vinayak developed himself into an educationist of modernization and an expert on self-actualization. Vinayak was supposed to have a deep understanding into cultural heritage of India.

When Aneez Khan died, Deshbandhu's grandfather retired from active work. He was too a respected senior citizen of Kundli and Kurl to be engaged in any work. Deshbandhu, five years of age then, found it very punishing ...he could not bring himself in terms with the gnawing reality that his grandfather was free now - free of any work - free of any occupancy and free of any responsibilities. Question haunted him - What life has in store for his grandfather?

When Deshbandhu's grandmother died, he stood catching the rods of the huge iron-gate. Women of the house yelled beating their chests ...men of the family cried ...the village folks were morose ...but his grandfather was serene. He was managing the works of the ceremony. Six years old, Deshbandhu did not cry. There were no tears in his eyes. He did not understand. Who was affected more than his grandfather was by death of the old woman? ...And he was calmly managing the affairs...

.....

Deshbandhu spent all his time in total company of his grandfather... Some tutelage ...some culture ...some heritage was in the making. Deshbandhu's grandfather spent most of his time at the village temple, managed by their family's charity. The temple was a live place to discuss religions and the state of India's present independence movement. National enthusiasm charged entire nation. Patriotism overflew in Indians - each person young or old, aspired to do something for his country. Deshbandhu's grandfather and a few of his other elderly friends discussed various aspects of Hindu religion and freedom movement at length.

Child Deshbandhu was ripe to acquire his first chapters on living. To him his grandfather and his friends appeared to be built-up of some deep, distant, even strange and an uncalled-for inconsistency. They were truthful, pious and righteous ...yet they did not radiate a satisfied life. "...What is this?" Their glory was misplaced ...their talks were mere words... If India sought freedom fighters ...if India was struggling against English oppression - Deshbandhu could not see it in the ambience. To young Deshbandhu these respected seniors were more into settling their own luxurious ways of living. Their collectivism was, as if, a total internal affair - untouched by any national crisis - if any existed. This was a distant understanding of the child. Deshbandhu was only seven years in age. The impression was not to stay registered for many years but it formed the child's psyche.

Two incidents experienced early in his life, immensely transformed his being -

Early morning of a cold winter in Kurl, his grandfather got up. Deshbandhu too left his bed. "Was there any sound ...any signal? ...What made the old man get up in this biting chill? Old men not get enough sleep! ...Why leave the cosiness of the bed and venture out?" His grandpa de-latched the door. Deshbandhu was out with him. The old man held young Deshbandhu's tiny hand in complete understanding. They walked into the veranda in front of their huge mansion-like wood and stone house. They did not talk a word. Deshbandhu could not see anything... "Was it dense fog or the piercing cold wind that made even his eyes-balls go numb?" Timing of the old man was astonishing... As they stood in open just gazing in direction of their huge iron gate ...there appeared the figure of a person approaching in their direction. The man covered himself from toe to head with thick blanket wrapped all around him, only his eyes peeped from his robe. Yet Deshbandhu recognized the man, he knew of this man vaguely. This man ran a teashop along the jungle footpath to the market. Instantaneously it occurred to Deshbandhu ...the shop was not operational since last few days. The approaching figure stopped in front of them and bowed to his grandfather.

Then this man, sort of, tore-off his blankets away from his body. ...Amazingly ...he was sweating and ...weeping. ...He was in pain ...Yes ...in deep excruciating pain. "How was this pain defined? ...Some unfathomable loss?" ...His body shivered uncontrollably ...not in cold ...but in heat ...in nervous breakdown ...a kind of a failure ...yet ...exuberant with that distant calmness... He took off his shoes from his feet and started beating them on his head. Time around Deshbandhu ...froze ...standstill. The man kept hitting his head with his shoes ...he was drenched in tears, in pain, in sweat ...and in gross self pity ...and with encountered blame which he neither understood nor denied. He cried in deep, hushed, terrifying moan, 'I did not do it ...I did not do it.' The man continued slapping his head and his face for a long time before he broke down and fell on ground. He started crying inconsolably, 'Babuji ...I did not do anything.'

The old grandpa, in strange exactness of complete understanding, bent down - held the man tenderly from his shoulders, picked him up slowly and made him stand straight. He wiped his face - covered him with his blanket and said, 'You are not at any fault. You have done nothing wrong to be ashamed of yourself in this form. Give yourself some rest. Let time take its toll.'

"...Why Grandpa was not looking into the man's eyes?"

"...Was the man consoled?"

"...Did he understand?"

"...Was he answered?"

"...Was it a mere drill of the man's self-proclaimed war with his present destiny?"

They retired ...the man towards the gate and Deshbandhu along with his grandfather into the warmth of their beds...

The man ran the little teashop along the village footpath through woods to town. Many years ago, a hollow - old - dying tree fell in night storm. It fell in a way that it became a resting place for the passing villagers. In months that followed, its leaves, its branches dried off and villagers cut them off for domestic fuel. The trunk served the purpose of a sitting bench now. In years,

this tree started becoming rotten and dry. It was no more a sitting bench - it was a very unusable log. In next, some time the teashop owner started using its wood for burning fire in his earthen stove. The tree was ...about consumed now. At this time, India was newly modernizing. Someone made a complaint that the teashop owner had cut the jungle tree and was using its wood for his personal business. Jungles were national property - felling of tree was a crime. The sample of tree wood and ashes from the teashop confirmed that this was from same wood. The teashop owner was a national criminal. The court would pass the judgment in some time. The village always knew the reality and the realized fact. The tag 'National Criminal' was so profusely hurtling that the teashop owner locked himself in his house. Every morning, before dawn, he would visit one respected and affluent citizen of the village - plead his innocence as he did today - and lock himself up in his house until next morning.

...On same very day, Deshbandhu heard the news that the man hung himself to death.

The image painted on Deshbandhu's mental screen was to remain a dictating control on his quality for a long time. He was puzzled. "Is this the working outcome of a rightly society?"

"...What is this?"

The second incident, falling at heels of above one, involved another villager, this time, a well connected and an educated one. This man was quite affluent and was a respected citizen of Kurl ...he had been granted the-government-permit for distribution of kerosene in all villages of Kundli and Kurl. Kerosene was the new generation fuel in lieu of wood. Everything about this family was respectable, until the day, news that his sons sold the allocated kerosene in black market, spread like wild fire. The man locked himself on top floor of his house. His family members also did not come out...

Deshbandhu well recognized this house and the elderly man ...but the cause of the cause of news was not recognized. "What caused good men to suffer thus, for no fault of theirs?"

The entire village and the entirety of its people were locked inside their minds... Distant glimpses flashed in Deshbandhu's mind ...little sparkles of brightness ...very far off ...very small ...light shrieked to enter into him... "Elders had to prepare vigorously to these changing times... They were failing in comprehension to give direction or even leads to their people..." In such shocking and hitherto inexperienced dilemma, even the people who invariably and otherwise were highly social, fearless, helpful and naturally evolved, did not visit the house of the affected neighbor. They just watched the non-proceeding from a non-distance ...frozen and struck by the horror next-door...

The man burnt himself to death the same very evening.

"...What is this?"

Deshbandhu's psyche was pierced. "What's this?" ...was the power blow... "What this? ...What? This?" Deshbandhu's entirety was shaken ...deep...

Deshbandhu did not talk to anyone about this. He had no words to frame his mind. He did not want anyone to enter his thoughts' domain. He did not find anyone worthy of discussing this. Nobody was worth discussing his inside. *"...The rule of paper was creeping into smaller towns of India..."*

While Deshbandhu's grandfather gradually retired to the smaller world of temple and prayer ...while Praveen made prosperity into real estate and into making wealth ...while Vinayak made inroads into money, into socializing, into upbeat education of Indian scriptures, into fame and respect, into being an extrovert expert on Indian heritage, into being a brand educationist, and into being a successful consultant on personal growth …Deshbandhu drove his life into streams of service to his motherland.

...And one day the news of his grandfather's death reached Deshbandhu. Someone, who had sought shelter in the temple the previous evening, stabbed his grandfather. The man had killed him for money. Some 200 rupees worth jewelry was stolen from the temple... "Poor man's ...need must have been dire..." The elderly commented...

"...What is this end of life?"
Deshbandhu was weeping today.
"...What is this?"

.....

He joined the Indian National Party office at the lowest level and devoted his time to follow orders from all. He knew he was constantly bull dozed. Every day was a new day for him. He conveniently forgot the ill-treatment of the previous day. For no reason he was shuffled to a new group for a new activity every day. For no reason he was sidelined when planning for the day was being decided. For no reason he was left alone while reporting of days work was being made. For no reason he was relegated as if he was a no-body. He understood that his so-called officiating executives lacked strength of character. Deshbandhu was never perturbed. This lot of working methodology was merely an external affair ...his inside was more disturbed with the irony of life in India ...as he witnessed.

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Soon his rich background, his truthfulness, his simplicity and his innocence were discovered. His steadfast docility took him higher up in administrative jobs of political circles. Deshbandhu was disciplined, dynamic and an original thinker. He believed in applying himself with sincerity. His genuine interest to be of service to nation made him a sparkling star very early in his newly found career. India desperately needed qualified and devoted youth and Deshbandhu fitted the requirement instantly.

Soon Deshbandhu climbed the ladder ...steps of seniority ...and suddenly one eventful morning he received a letter from the party head office that said that he was positioned into Mahatma Gandhi's personal administrative staff.

Deshbandhu's heart jumped... "Could it be true ...was he to get answers to his haunting thought ...what invariably caused good men to suffer for no fault of theirs" Deshbandhu could not believe his luck. It was a proclamation from out-of-dream-world ...being in vicinity of the Mahatma. Vibes of intense positivity were almost physical. "How much too learn? How much to grow? How much to grab? Were there upcoming fights?"

Mahatma Gandhi was such an unimaginably simple person. His faith in all religions was noteworthy. Deshbandhu was amazed to note that Mahatma took personal interest in teachings of Christianity with same thrust and with same trust, as he believed in Hindu Scriptures. Gandhi entrusted the faiths of Jainism and Muslims and Buddhists with same fervour. Deshbandhu was immensely happy to note that Gandhi developed instant liking for him. Gandhi would talk to him regarding his family. He told Deshbandhu that his father was a true ambitionless character - that he had no education, save that of experience. Deshbandhu would intently listen into every world of Gandhi as if it was a fairy tale. Mahatma would sometimes share his person too - 'I am by nature, blind to the faults of elders. My regards for them remain unfazed even in light of their failing - I have learnt to carry out the orders of my elders and of my teachers - I have learnt not to scan their actions.' Deshbandhu immensely wished to adopt all this as his personal philosophy...

Mahatma Gandhi always took sufficient time to grow and develop his techniques. He would explain to Deshbandhu, 'It is important to ensure that your decisions made an indelible impact and the need is to work on our people.' Gandhi was a master of gathering public opinion and utilizing it as a tool against the cunning.

Gandhi's honesty left Deshbandhu spellbound - It was brutal. "What honest strength of character... What honest kind of soul would have revolted ...in a foreign land affront the judge itself ...and that too in his courtroom?" Deshbandhu kept on visualizing repeatedly... Way back in 1894, in South Africa... The Judge ordering, 'remove your turban or I will punish you.'

Englishmen have the culture of removing hat once inside a room - For Indians turban is a matter of respect. '...This amounts to contempt of court - you will be jailed'. ...And Gandhi saying, 'you follow your rule ...please get me jailed...' Someone informing the judge that this man was mad, 'do not say "no" to him directly. He is not afraid of death ...he is ready to die any moment ...and he knows basics of mass communication.' ...And the judge getting confounded ...receding ...managing ...in typical elite style, 'a committee will look into this.' ...And Gandhi taking the vow that he would enter the court only after the court rulings and the law is changed. ...And Gandhi getting it done ...by just the support of people against the empire which ruled the entire world. Gandhi learning the first chapter on power of non-violence and of non co-operation ...and Gandhi's overcoming the fear of going to jail and Gandhi's acknowledging that if he had adjusted on that day he would have been adjusting all his life. 'I learnt that the British made the rules in London and looted in countries they ruled in the name of law.' The British were mere Act makers. Their only work was to make acts in their Parliament and plunder the world. This was the signature of their cultural form, their civilization's signature statement - "to pass pre-judged acts from cozy rooms of their palaces."

Gandhi would make Deshbandhu read the stories of America's freedom from the British and the historical details on European countries' never-ending wars. These were thousands of episodes of blood ...and war ...and mass carnage. 'Even we have paid enormous price. Now we have to be free', Gandhi would be enormously serious. 'We cannot afford The British and their means. India has to be free of their rule and their way of ruling.'

Deshbandhu's admiration for Gandhi was intense and personal. Gandhi was utterly truthful and Deshbandhu noted how Mahatma's this trait had helped him all through. Mahatma Gandhi won his political spurs organizing the Indian community at South Africa against the vicious system of apartheid. During this struggle, he developed the novel technique of Non-Violent Agitation. He also adopted an austere traditional Indian style of living, which won

him wide popularity and transformed him into the undisputed leader. Gandhi always ran populist movements in which men and women from all classes participated with great fervor.

In August 1942, Mahatma launched "The Quit India movement'"- 'I want freedom immediately, this very night before dawn if it can be had. We shall free India or die in the attempt; we shall not live to see the perpetuation of our slavery.' The British resorted to barbaric and brutal repression against non-violent *Satyagrahis.* The brutality of the foreign rule was horrific and the stability of Mahatma in action, in speech and in thought was mesmerizing. Deshbandhu was aghast ...his simpleton rural childhood was opened inside out ...his person transformed leaving his child and adopting his adulthood.

India achieved independence on August 15th, 1947. Sixteen years Deshbandhu was ripe young man to study the Mahatma. In addition, he wished to study the politicizing India with deepest fervour. Giving voice to the sentiments of the nation, the country's first prime minister, Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru said, 'Long years ago we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we will redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom. A moment comes, which comes but rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends and when the soul of a nation, long suppressed, finds utterance. We end today a period of ill fortune, and India discovers herself again.'

International newspapers made deep studies into lives of India, "India was free after two hundred years of British rule. The moment was historic not only for her people but also for the entire world. One more very large nation was out of British rule. "The face of political geography was to change now." To Deshbandhu it was so many colors to the same frame.

.....

Was Swami Chidananda to take *Maha-Samadhi*...?
"...What was that?"

India was not a big land because of its large area or because of its large population, but because India was a nation with longest known heritage. Britain had discovered India to India. Political world, because of two centuries of British dominance over India, knew now that India's religious heritage was unparalleled to any other such thing in the world. It was unique - unique in the sense that its people lived religion ...religion was not a mere ritual here ...religion lived here in all the living and the non-living ...even the sand particles here were religious ...even these were respected and prayed. Europeans had taken away the "Indian Knowledge Bank for The Entire Humanity - *The Vedas*." Learned historians knew pretty well that, robbing India of anything just did not matter - India had a magical way of recapitulating and continuing undeterred.

Entire Country and its men were in frenzy. Time was tough - very tough. India was literally burning. We were free - Freedom was hard earned. The price paid was unbearable. India bled right from the heart - She was divided into two. More than six hundred thousand people lost life and more than three million were rendered homeless. In India alone, two million refugees were already recorded. Nation's division and its aftermath were to remain a heinous scar on India's psyche for decades to come. The top Indian politicians knew about it, but they were drastically mistaken in their figuring up the scale of aftermath. Mahatma Gandhi was totally opposed to partition - but creating the partitions was a routine practice followed by the astute rulers. The decision on division was complex - in many Indian states - the peoples' will was to decide their future stance. People did not know how to will. Inherently, our people needed a leader.

Yet, the political machinery made the event memorable. They made the media make the event of India's freedom historical ..."Our People must be Joyous."

India's period of turmoil was not to end soon, Deshbandhu's mind witnessed glimpses of Indian upcoming future social scene crystallizing thus. He felt frustrated - fact was that he could not know about it - he did not have the requisite acumen to realize it.

The understanding of India's freedom struggle and of values and ideals that it represented was unknown to him as to most Indians. The glimpses, the tiny flickering left him destabilized - He needed to stretch his information bank - He needed to grow in his mind. There was pain in the thought of stretching himself - but the pain was sweet. *"Without pain, without challenge, without risk, and without search there is no finding, there is no growth, and there is no joy."* Deshbandhu could not recognize the visit of God to his domain, but he was happy. The purpose was meaningful now.

Mahatma Gandhi was not in active politics and Deshbandhu was always next to him now. He travelled with the Mahatma all over the country, for many months - watching the greatness of the man. Mahatma Gandhi was charismatic. He communicated with angry mobs, even violent masses in low hushed tone and many a times without even speaking - only his actions and eyes would communicate. The impact of his communication was always momentous. Gandhi was always heard ...he was always understood ...and always agreed ...and was always respected. Deshbandhu felt that he had started understanding the Mahatma. "Mahatma Gandhi was just short of being enlightened."

Gandhi was opposed to all that happened in the country then. Gandhi had his own complete plans on Swaraj. Gandhi wanted to build-up India into a nation based on dictates and wishes of those who had laid down their lives for its freedom - more than seven hundred thousand freedom fighters who had kissed the gallows ...and more than forty million people who had been laid to death by the British ...and the division of the nation. Freedom had been achieved at a huge cost. Gandhi was usually quiet. Gandhi did not want to have the British law in the country - he wanted it to be abolished the moment India had become free. Deshbandhu's glimpses were too true to be believed ...and why Gandhi was opposed to all that happened in just free India?

Rarely a man of such reach is born ...Gandhi had to just breathe ...there were so many who were prepared to donate their entirety to the new cause in India ...there were so many who

pledged their businesses to the nation - Gandhi had to just make a call. On one side, India was yet to be unified and on other side, Indian psyche was so utterly hyped which could cause further division. 'These over reactions are to be kept curtailed.' Gandhi would share his thoughts with Deshbandhu. India was already burning ...the national scenario was already ugly...

It was during Mahatma's sudden, unplanned and highly objected tour to Calcutta ...communal riots had turned ghastly and were continuing unabated ...the government and the social administrative machinery had failed to bring any normalcy. Strange were the mental faculties of great people, "Deshbandhu unexpectedly found him at the cottage of Swami Sad' Chidananda." The serenity, the credulity, the plainness and the austere ambience of the place filled Deshbandhu with unbelievably deep peace ...the telling awe. The place was full of birds and animals - birds of many bright colors of many sizes. Birds befriending animals - animals clean, healthy and beautiful. The plants, the flowers, the leaves, the trees - all were different. All seemed happy ...Happy? ...Relaxed, pleasing, enjoying ...enjoying naturally ...their own existence in presence of others. The silence, the aura, the stillness, the music of the place, of the wind, of the birds was enchanting - mesmerizing. Deshbandhu gasped. "What is this?"

Deshbandhu's being, was as if once again, opened up ...and would not close down. "How in the world - a place could be so serene? Untouched ...Uninhibited - Pious - Divine" He was unknown to such a phenomenon. He did not know why or how he had reached this spot. The dimension of time was lost. Mahatma Gandhi spoke to Swami Chidananda and he was intense - intent - not here, "We need you" was all Deshbandhu could catch of the slow rumbling that the two souls transpired. "Did Mahatma make any mention about him?"

Swami Chidananda looked at Deshbandhu. Deshbandhu was thunder struck - the look so acutely scanned through him - it looked inside him, his past, his present and probably his future - Not only that - The Swami smiled - Deshbandhu was

flabbergasted - The smile was absolutely, wholesomely disarming. Swami knew all about him, he knew what was in store for him in all of life that was to come. "What strength of integrity? How can one have so much faith in his intuition?"

The political drive that took the nation in its stride was, 'Unification of Indian States'. It was fantastic deliverances of Sardar Patel and marathon ...meticulous planning of Gandhi that saw more than 500 principalities of India join with Indian Union. In addition, there were disasters of nature, of rains, of floods and of famine. Our neighbor, newborn Pakistan starved. Its people, our brethren were dying of hunger ...of disease ...Indians were dying too ...it was question of only Rupees 64 crores to be sent to Pakistan... Gandhi was more than prepared to pass on the help ...but as usual ...it was not to be... Truth shows in many ways... It was an irony of a true kind... In-spite of so many differences of Gandhi's thoughts with the rulers of our nation, he was revered as father of nation and in-spite he being such a brutal follower of his truth, he loved these rulers as his own... He was a true saint... Also, Indians were divided on continuing with the British policies for nation's governance - While some wanted to run the nation as per dictates and wishes of the freedom fighters, the strong ruling forum wished to continue with the prevailing British systems.

"Seventeen years old Deshbandhu felt he was the luckiest being on the earth."

Gandhi truly said - Truth is God.

...And Mahatma was shot dead...

"...What caused good men to suffer thus, for no fault of theirs?"

"...What's this ...?" Deshbandhu was shocked. ...He was blown. ...The tremor had blasted very next to him. ...His inside burnt fiercely. "...What was his country? ...What were these men up to?" ...The Party top brass that rushed to the spot of Gandhi's assassination - was more concerned about whether the man who shot at Mahatma was a Hindu or a Mohammedan?

"Politicians shifted their paradigm of botheration." Instantaneously Deshbandhu realized that politics was an

out-of-universe career for him. Politicians could afford anything... "Could they...?" Or ...Could be that politicians were the poorest of the poor who could not afford anything because they could not understand anything ...because they could not value anything ...because they could not respect anything ...because they could not adore anything ...just because they were paupers of special kind who were to remain beggars all their life. He could not work under such a nuance. ...And he could not leave the office... His boundaries were being dissolved... He rushed out ...he ran out of his office ...he was a defunct.

Back at Kurl his father ...now ...mostly remained at the small family temple. He taught small gatherings of little children. Deshbandhu was required to be available in office much more severely. The Office could not be written off - It was the prime office for nation now - A place which Gandhi used for his services to humanity. Deshbandhu had been close to Mahatma - he was deeply involved with Gandhi and was one of few who were fully informed regarding Gandhi ways... The office was prestigious possession of the nation. The public opinion was too compelling ...moreover, it was required too. The polite letter from Dinesh Aggarwal, Secretary Internal Affairs - Government of India - The National Party, stationed him back at the office.

The marathon sessions of Indian Political Brass never seemed to end. Deshbandhu had that little feeling now that he was somewhat grown up. He felt that he could, at the least now, gauge the depth of situations and search through his gut feeling for some answers - some directions - some dictates. He was offered a permanent placement at the Prime Minister's Office. He was amongst the first batch of staff officers. The joining was quick; the induction was short; the initiation was absent; the oath ceremony was elaborate; the training was negligible; the secrecy clauses were ample; the responsibilities tagged were enormous and the risks entrusted were none and the nationalism was supposed to be impregnated.

India needed external support. Mega sessions took place in New Delhi. India's requirements were in bulk. She was a large

country and she was a populous country. Ordinary means of running a country would not work here. European nationals had no experience in handling the Indian situation. First priority was food. 75% of Indian farming was dependent on rains ...and India witnessed the famine. There was no food... Hunger and Disease were rampant. Wherever food was available, there was no means of carrying it to place of need. Logistics and roads were missing. Communication was absent. Nation seemed to be rudderless. Deshbandhu saw the courage of the common Indian ...he witnessed the self-respect of the Indian. Once free of British rule, his only wish was to live in pride. ...Indians could live thus - They died on the roads but did not beg ...they did not steal. There was no anarchy in the cities or in towns ...there was no law to curb excesses of no food but India continued in hushed silence ...waiting for better times ...singing songs of *Desh-Bhakti*. The businesspersons poured funds. "Just spell what you need." The women donated their jewelry. "My country needs it." The young ..., the adult ..., and the old all were united ...in cause ...and in action.

The revenue envisaged to be inducted was in mindboggling figures. The system was British but the fragrance was now Indian. Deshbandhu's inside was at razor edge, surging in search for peace. He was divided - his internal feeling that India was self sufficient in knowledge and acumen and that India did not, at all, need any external support. He remembered Gandhi's words. "Only sincere commitment is required for any development to come ...not the funds ...not the technology ...not the external support; development in case of any society is the question of internal vow of its leaders." But then ...Call was a call and Deshbandhu provided it unconditionally. Deshbandhu took his share of his paternal property; discussed with Vinayak and Praveen ...he donated his entire wealth into the national treasury...

Vinayak supported his younger brother ...but he had questions to ask. "Are you sure, our India needs the modern technologies with such rapidity?" Vinayak asked Deshbandhu in brotherly confidence. "So many of them exist to spoil our

national heritage and so many exist who could take our heritage to its newer flights. What is the guarantee that India will be delivered what suits it? Why we cannot believe that only obsolete technologies will be invested in India? ...Moreover, since when India has started accepting any technology without weighing its credentials? ...Should our learned sociologists and our religionists not be taken into confidence? ...The steps once taken ...cannot be retraced; directions once set ...cannot be diverted. What is in minds of our leaders?" Vinayak talked and talked with Deshbandhu. He kept on asking many questions. Deshbandhu now realized that his brother had his own enquiries, his own ways and his own means. Though Deshbandhu felt alienated, he smiled ...remotely he was reminded ...Gandhi also used to say that internal vow ...internal oath is a subject of integrity ...of character ...of strength of spirit. ...Gandhi used to be silent and sad ...he probably did not see the strength of spirit in his fellow travelers...

Praveen had been nonchalant but deeply concerned. He seconded his younger son's hunger. He recommended Deshbandhu to take active participation in nation building. He cited the famous words of Kabir *"BHOOKHE PAET NA HOYE BHAJAN GOPALA"*. Praveen took its meaning further - The Hindu thought termed physical hunger "a meager necessity" ...The Hindu thought understood life to be beyond the hunger of physical body. In Hindu context, the physical hunger is neither an acclaimed requisite nor a deterrent to ones prime objective of living. Yet this statement ...was it a milestone in Hindu lives? When Kabir declared, thus... was it a representation of a definite change in life style until that time? ...Was it the beginning of a new era? *Satyamev Jayate...* - "Truth alone wins... Truth wins alone... Alone the Truth wins... Only the Truth wins...Whatever wins ...is the truth ...alone... What wins ...is sustained ...removing the untruth... The untruth or the falsehood cannot win ...does not win ...untruth is not sustained..."

With such wholehearted support of his family, it was easy for Deshbandhu to set his self-ablution in the national cause. There were thousands who shared his stand …and there were

many who opposed his way of thinking. Deshbandhu could read-through the opposing kind of people. He realized that he had a knack to filter these minds ...especially the ones with cunning frame. And to his surprise he also discovered that, though he was still in search of his exact potential, he was a kind of expert in quashing moves of such minds. His this expertise was recognized in his office and now he was given the responsibilities to set right many drives of nationalistic movements ...and India had a plenty of them. When famine was managed ...there were floods ...and when floods were managed ...there were draughts... There were earthquakes ... there were epidemics ...and there were wars.

India went through all in its stride ...the constitution was formulated ...and five-year plans were launched. Famine seemed to be recurring very often - India fought back with green revolution. However, there was Political Hiatus. The over generous and over emotional and hyper sensitive tycoons of India felt cheated as they were not part of nation's main stream now. Our leadership did not afford to keep them in the fray. These patriot nationals were of the opinion that the free India would be formulated on lines with the visions of its freedom fighters. India's freedom fighters of both non-violence supporters' clan and of aggressive way of domination had clear written vision for the country. They had jotted down manifestos which were printed and published in hundreds and thousands of copies ...their voices could not be left unheard. Surprisingly Deshbandhu noted that both kinds of these freedom fighters had commonalty in extract of their manifestos ...both did not agree to English way of administration ...both wanted the British Law to be abandoned ...both were for Swadeshi India. Moreover, to his further surprise Deshbandhu noted that the current Indian politicians were too busy to look into the demands of these agitators, as they called them. They were not only busy; they did not seem to have right acumen to investigate into the requirements of these patriots. The leadership machinery was fast learning to pay a deaf ear to all such agitators.

This caused the roots of social problems. Deshbandhu did not know about the past of India. Our schools did not teach

history of India ...they taught history of India as written by the English. ...Deshbandhu could not know about present of India ...his work distracted him from reality. He knew India only as he faced it.

There were business houses which made riches ...there were new generation rich in India now. Deshbandhu silently observed and worked as directed. Dinesh recognized Deshbandhu's integrity and organized for his climb up in the officialdom ladder. So stupendous was Deshbandhu's growth that now he had a direct contact telephone access to Prime Minister of India.

Deshbandhu was married to beautiful damsel, Geetanjali from Himachal Pradesh. Santa Singh was her lifetime-escort from her childhood ...Santa accompanied Geetanjali to her new home after marriage. Praveen and Vinayak appreciated this unique traditional bond. A person devoted to a soul as a lifetime escort ...guardian. Geetanjali, to Santa, was a little goddess. Deshbandhu respected Santa Singh as a noble soul. Geetanjali was a family girl ...righteous and pious ...all she needed was a home. Deshbandhu instantly understood that he had acquired a sacred soul as his life partner. Geetanjali truly represented the purity and magnanimity of mountains. She was as earthy ...as peaceful as snow. Deshbandhu did not know what life had in store for him. He still awaited his potential to surface ...to bloom.

Deshbandhu had been a loyal executive. He had been an intelligent administrator. India was to witness the Industrial revolution now. The white paper was ready. "There was no other go. India could not stop. The world looked at India and India had to respond." Deshbandhu had important role to play. Along with Industrial revolution, there were political problems in the country. There was public unrest in the country. People were reported to be looking for the performance from the government. The poverty was on the increase. The national health was a disturbed quotient. There was general deterioration of values in the country. Neither the businessperson nor the service man was happy. The social unrests were not containable. Government people were getting richer ...not the country. Government

sponsored businesspersons were getting richer ...not the national infrastructure. Quality was absent. Productivity was abstaining. Return on investment was uncalled-for. Value for money was getting thinner. Nation's needs were piling up. Nation's desires were on the upswing. New culture that mushroomed in the society was that people needed money ...and did not need to think of working to earn it. Unearned money was acceptable to society. Deshbandhu seemed estranged...

However, his family was nationalistic. His brother was acclaimed in the business circles and in Government's administrative spheres. Vinayak had rightly caught the nerve of the polity. He had made inroads into the Government machinery. His word carried weight. He was instrumental in decision making in subjects of large investments. Vinayak had rightly en-cashed on Deshbandhu's serving sincerity. Vinayak was so awfully feared in the business community; his words were the last say in so many cases. Deshbandhu too was respected ...Vinayak was the engine of money and wealth and respect in their family. Praveen had grown to be the most respected teacher of Kundli. He was guest teacher in all schools. He lamented the degrading respect for nationalistic values in new generation students and teachers alike. He seemed weak with pain ...his growing was not in-line with his intentions. Geetanjali took charge of Vinayak and Praveen too. Geetanjali saw to it that their family was well knit. Within his internal self, Deshbandhu was a misplaced identity ...but as a family man, he was happily married.

When Dharini was born, Deshbandhu's ecstasy grew Himalayan in splendor. Certain occasions must eject your esteem into that elevated strata - Deshbandhu sincerely wished so. "If your intent is powerful, if your demand is ethical and if your wish is pious - you are bound to meet your sublime destiny. When nothing changes your stance, some godly act does it for you." To him birth of Dharini was that blessed occasion in his life. It was a great occasion for the family. Since Vinayak had not married, the family was always, kind of, lonesome. Addition of Geetanjali had been a great respite ...but then Geetanjali was the bride ...a

grown up girl from other family ... Dharini was their blood ...their own blood. Now their larger family was complete ...happy ...and thankful to God. They, as family, were rich ...wealthy ...influential ...and powerful. Deshbandhu still awaited his solace...

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PARTRIDGE
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Chapter 07

Starry Seed

India ... dreamt

URANIA

The Sun ...The Moon …The Stars ...The Sky,
Into their eldest ….The Time ….They Fly….

So unfathomable their powers - So bounteous their beauty,
What quantum of energy, the celestial cousins Possessed...
Contained as if ….in some sacred fear…...in awful reverence,
To some sublime eternal dictum ….....They always Stressed…

With regularity so accurate …..As if in some Eternal Solutions,
They moved in and adhered to ……in Programmed Positions.

But She … The Lighting ..…would always scream,
She would make even the Clouds ……to Thunder.
And with relentless ferocity ……She would shrill,
And leave the eldest …The Time …….to Wonder.

No laws of universe could ever ……..Bind her,
Her fun-loving nature left all rules …..Behind her.

With flashing speed ……..…..She would always streak,
Because of her eternal fraternity …She loved to freak.

Dancing miles over oceans ……Miles over mounds,
Her exuberance recognized ……No limits no bounds.

What was this little creature ……..The Man,
So short-lived ……..…Yet! Reigning the earth.
Pursuing ……Peace ……Power …Prosperity,
Bearing bravery ……Passion to no dearth.

Gravitated ……To this courageous endeavor,
And to …….Mother Earth's ….Sweet Smell.
She Roared ……..She ……..Tore the Space,
Attacked to Kiss ……..Charged her …….Spell.

It is all fun ….Yet her cousins frowned and were stern,
Was she too not celestial? …When were they to learn.

"If by silent prayers and deepest meditation,
They maintained their proclaimed profiles…
Then the man's prolific journey too,
Was sure worth a trillion smiles…"

And he, Benjamin Franklin watched her Contemplating.
Erect ….His head ….His Chin …up …His hair falling back.
How was the celestial She ……..To resist the temptation?
Echoing - Shrilling - Hissing - Murderous was her attack.

Was hers a moment lost……?
The bolting She …Astounding was her Rage…
Was his a moment gained……?
He clocked her in a metallic Cage…

Today …….She runs in metallic cables,
Controlled by buttons, switches and fuses…
Her potential, her characteristic - Segmented in slabs,
Even for moderate mortals' uses…

The Sun - The Moon - The Stars - The Sky,
Into their eldest - The Time - They always fly.
The sacred dictum ……They always Stressed,
'What even if you are from the Celestial Crest...'

Dharini was seven years when she scribbled these lines on eternity. She shared her composition with only two persons.

One with Santa Singh, who followed the hidden meaning of its content almost instantaneously …his understanding was so total that he did not appear to follow a word of it. For Santa, it was so truthful a fact that it did not call to be communicated in expressions. And two, with her father who was spellbound with the depth of her insight. He was astonished with her power of expression. Deshbandhu hitherto had not discovered himself to be looking into his little daughter in any detail of an expressive persona. She, to him, was just a little bud.

Though Deshbandhu was mesmerized with Dharini's hidden talent, yet to him, nothing of her being seemed to follow any of what she had composed. She was so small, so childlike, so much a kid… This was Dharini's latent talent …a cry from her inside. It was to be her patent - "What even if you are from the celestial Crest". It was her question to the world …and it was her suggestion too.

Her composition was published in "EYC…Declares". Deshbandhu was thrilled to core. He was compelled to look into his daughter's mind. He felt blessed ...proud father of a child with such insight. This output from Dharini emerged as a sort of respite into his otherwise ambiguous career phase. This was something to be enjoyed.

…Deshbandhu had spent some memorable moments with his daughter. "…Once, he was talking to Dharini about Gandhi …when on one occasion at Sabarmati Ashram …G D Birla asked Gandhi, 'now that India is free …what will you do …against whom you will fight' ...Gandhi had answered, 'against you' …and had gone further to explain '…getting freedom from Englishmen is not a big deal …it is only a beginning …the real freedom is to fight and win against you …the system of Englishmen has to leave India …the fight against this has to go on …and sure, this one is a bigger war.' Birla had asked, 'When you will rest?' '… Only when the last person in India is happy…' was the prompt

reply from Gandhi. …Dharini had looked up at Deshbandhu… …Her look communicated that she knew it. She had heard the statement of Gandhi. Deshbandhu was left perplexed …gauging …guessing.

Today, sure it was a celebration time for him and Geetanjali. What more could they ask for? They hosted a little party, a get together with their close friends. "Systems - their core understanding - deep regards for them - unquestioned adherence onto them was the basis of living. Dharini was propelled to instant fame in the Indian politburo. Conformance and adherence to sacred dictates was so much necessary for any nation to grow. She was the lovely child of the nation - a protégée."

It was summer of 1966. 'India is barely over the period of its physical distresses' …the learned said so. In addition to the two wars that left Indian dream of self dependence devastated, the phase of political unrest was reigning our times. Troubles in Indian think-tank were deeper than common Indians would ever know. Earlier crisis produced heroes at local levels and of national fame. The irony of the tragedy was seen in emergence of fact that - Once India was free, national patterns had not been woven on ethical credentials but on blind followership… Religiousness of players was kept at bay according their roles. It seemed to have been a total miss. Limitations were perennially surmounting. …In addition the new born aspirations of the leaders, even of national stature, and of their core populace were unheard off … unimaginable aspirations were cropping up …and these breed were blatant in meeting their demands. Political stature gave certain amount of immunity to its players …immunity from public opinion on their every day workings …immunity from public conforming rules …and immunity from law enforcers. The unsaid was planned to be used drastically… The aspirations were not mere desires or demands of personal nature which would not harm national interests …but were of collective nature which intended to buy the country and sell it to big-wig buyers. The pain for many nationals in government offices was deeply seething and

personally agonizing… They invariably found themselves helpless and on the tread-mill.

Deshbandhu instinctively felt that Dharini could be a strong healer for India's coming future. "Was it a logical feeling or just an overwhelming emotion? Or it was just a deep unconscious desire that had sprung into his subconscious and made the feeling to surge? Or it was an anticlimax of the deep helplessness that he realized day in and day out …and like a weak person, looked for the solution in his children. Or he was overcome by the recognition of insight of Dharini of such universality?"

Santa had taken custody of Dharini the baby from her birth. He had been Dharini's childhood. There was an unsaid understanding on Dharini between Geetanjali and Santa Singh. And it was Geetanjali the pious soul who was Dharini's mind. She was the power behind such universal thought. Praveen had already prophesied, 'Dharini was no ordinary child, she was only short of a goddess' Deshbandhu decided to expose Dharini to the seasoned educationists of the country; however he reminded himself that Geetanjali must be the personal mentor to Dharini.

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Young Dharini was exposed to the formulators who were entrusted with entreating India to her heightened esteems ...the educationists …the political dignitaries ...the industrialists …and the national leaders. Dharini was not at ease with the educationists - They did not teach the nation well …and to Dharini that was the main reason for her country's such irreversible downfall. They did not teach well because they were not taught well by their teachers …and their teachers were not taught well because teaching in India had been turned into a routine mechanical chronology of written facts ...such fabricated facts which could neither be defied nor be accepted as concocted and useless. To

little Dharini these curriculums were purposely designed in order to consume all available brain of our children …there was nothing left to questioning …education was only receiving and getting consumed by order of getting filled up. She could not stand the industrialists, for them money was everything …for them speed was everything… To Dharini's understanding, both money and speed did not suit India - as per her personal thought, India needed to be slow, consistent, thoughtful and wholesome. Burdening India's psyche with hurriedly brought technologies and overdrives for money did not suit India…

Dharini chose to be in the company of national leaders and political dignitaries. She was the charming child at the political meetings. Deshbandhu kept a concealed and a heartfelt concern on his growing daughter. She was about …flowering now. The feedbacks from the Party dignitaries were very encouraging ...they saw a future leader in her. Deshbandhu kept a strict vigil on her. Santa Singh was her personal escort. Deshbandhu must find her an official escort. He found Major Jai Chand. Major Jai Chand was pulled out of AHQ. National Security Analysis Wing was created and was added to his office. Major was promoted. Colonel Jai Chand was official escort to Dharini now.

Geetanjali was her constant company. Dharini was a quiet child with lots of potential that awaited eruption. Geetanjali was able to see through her daughter… Geetanjali's only concern was that Dharini did not overrun her race. Geetanjali knew means of keeping her daughter's outbursts at bay. Dharini's potential was ever kept lodged deep in crevices of her being because of constant administrations of her mother. Geetanjali coped up with the situation of being mentor to such original and genuine force in deep dignity.

Even if not discussing "The life in Indian streets" out in open, Dharini made it a point to discuss with her mother the deterioration of Indian cultural and ethical values …Geetanjali would respond with a nonchalant opinion. Geetanjali projected the decaying of ritualistic India as completely a subject of non realistic value …however Dharini observed the same with

immense concern. Geetanjali would expose Dharini to India's little girls giggling …smaller girls blushing …younger girls dancing …married ones swaying …elderly women enjoying … and to old women in merry times - so many festivals - so many ceremonies - so many events - so many colors - so much glitter so much happiness, 'There is so much of health of spirit - so much of wealth of soul.' The duo, together were a relief to each other in otherwise Geetanjali the woman with no concern to what happened in the distant world and Dharini the enlightened child who was concerned with all that was happening around. To Dharini, these upheavals, though distant were slowly coming into her beloved country. But then Dharini was just a child. Her growing stature had to get drenched in her developing personal instinctive style. She wrote following lines -

A SWIG

I always feel I am so small ……..And the people so …..Big.
Their achievements ...Their magnanimity …Truly a Swig.

Luxuries they harness ……Knowledge they possess ……
Ironies they portray ……Possessions they display ……..
Ethics they share ……..Inklings they care ……
Intelligence they reflect ……Acumen they project. ……..
Concerns they dwell ……..Mannerism they spell ……

Their corruption - Their snide - Their penchant ….To Snig ……...
All makes me feel so small …… And the people…..So Big …….

My city …..Built by its people …..Rose by their labor ……..In ages ….
Buildings - Amphitheatres - Universities - Museums …In stages …
Splendid lakes - great rivers - wide roads that ran miles and miles ….
Industries - Process Plants - Factories - Institutions ……..All smiles ….

My degree of smallness is ever on increase. ……
The more I grow ……The more I cease ……..
My desire to break the shell is intense and deep ……..
Neither I cry ……..nor do I weep …….

Freckle! My temerity tonight is ……on lightning race ……
Physical commotion? Emotion? Feeling? No …No trace. ……
Lovingly ……..I am raised off my bed ……..

To unknown destiny ……I am sped ……
Weightless as I am - meseems - with power of thought. …….
I am catapulted out of the world ……..……..So wrought …….

Splendid lake looked like a bowl ……Great river a mere stream ……
Huge buildings like matchboxes ……..
Wide roads narrow ……The city a twinkling dream ……
The higher I was lifted ……..The stranger was the sight ……
Vast countryside - a landscape, mountains - clay models of no height …….

Instinctively my mind applied elementary laws of motion ……..
Rules of statistics ……..of dynamics …….of gravitation ……..
High school mathematics …….
Postulates of energy ……..and of mass transformation …….

And suddenly I realized ……..
Of what concern could I be to 'mother earth …….
Our empires …….Our living ……Our lives …….
Our likes, our patterns, our quarrels, our worth ……..

Visions so delightful of bounty beauty of oceans and snow ……
Of thick precipitating clouds, multicolored …….Is all I know …….
……..
Was the view obscured?
Was it mother earth's pretty face?
I perhaps prayed and wished and skewed for retrace ……

Some wishes certainly are from virtuous hearts ……
My vision scattered all around in parts ……
The gush of beauty, my eyes could not withhold …..
Of million stars, orange, golden, and crimson - sun in thresh hold ……

Simultaneously I was witnessing the days and nights …….
The travel of shades, of energy bands and of lights …….
One - Mother Earth - The embodiment of most that is physical ……
Other - Mother Nature - The essence of all that is essential …….

Elder of two, 'Mother Nature' - A ninny, nitid, existing since eternity ……..
Younger sister, 'Mother Earth'- juvenile, exuberant, master of dexterity …….
Engulfed in strict rules of destiny ……
Sisters engaged in love since eternity. ……

Obscurity vanished ……..I heard them speak …….
I trembled - shivered - my inside went weak. ……
Terrorizing - tempestuous - tempean faces ……
Serene - empyreal - pious - kaleidoscopic traces ……..

Together they smiled together they wept ……
Moving in unison, their promise they kept ……
Elder one could not end. 'cause she would be what she would be ……
Younger one, vehement, discussed her anxiety of what she could be …….

"Nemo in my billion years dared on me such gruesome acts ……
Never this 'BACTERIA' thus messed up in contumelious facts ……."

"It dwelt - multiplied - died but lived a natural life,
Of late it has started drilling life out of me, in its contemptuous strife."

"It burns my core ……..It kills even my constituents …..
It skins my skin ……It incinerates even the remnants ……..."

Then she showed her elder sister ……
Her body parts amputated, tortured and burnt. ……
Massive decay of her flora and fauna ……
Species annihilated to no point of return …….

I shuddered; I could not see empyreal mother's such plight ……
My vision restructured, I was lowered, fuming with freight. ……
My heart weeps …wonders …..What did I Twig …….
I am so small ……..And the people …..So Big ……

To Geetanjali the composition was just a compilation of some beautiful words. Of course the words were intelligently placed. The thought behind the expression was theoretical and meaningless.

The reached political gurus declared that Dharini had the answers hidden within her - "If the questions had come to surface the answers were to come in time. Inside a being …the answers come first …then the questions arise …the questions are mere proofs of the hidden answers about to erupt." 'The girl has delivered her insight on country's situation in apt and clear vision. Of course the nature of her insight is unidirectional and to a large extent, pertaining to her personal attributes. Also, in times to come, Dharini was to out-grow from a universal thought to a highly personalized force and then to a tremendous national character of India.'

"What is her prime drive? Is she too poetic …a wordy character? Is she far from reality ...an idealistic dreaming young lady?" Deshbandhu pondered seriously. "Was his daughter developing into a soft linguistic philosopher kind of beauty? Was it not the right time to take her out of mentorship of Geetanjali and hand over her charge to Vinayak? Yes! Vinayak must be the officiating mentor to Dharini now-on. Geetanjali and Dharini together would be better oriented by this. Geetanjali had much to learn about the life outside of her world of prayers. Dharini had much to gain about the life outside of her world of poetry…"

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Schooling began for Dharini with Vinayak; schooling that ornamented her with information that she did not want to be decorated with; schooling that was not planned to transform her into what she had wanted to be; schooling that did not make her work towards her realized potential. Vinayak was the master player of modernizing the elite into the most haunted stable life sought by every Indian and everyone who happened to be on Indian soil.

Geetanjali was not with Dharini all the time now …Santa was. Santa was like her shadow; he was possessed with Dharini.

He prayed her all the time in absolute silence ...prayed her ...prayed for her.

Dharini's mind was full of India. She was as if, hypnotized with India. She was continually beckoned being urged into action by some surging energy. She mastered ways of managing her intended programs simply. She would accompany politicians of India in their multi-task errands. She was always welcome and accommodated. Some groups took pride in her being with them; in some groups she would join as nobody. There were some other groups which took advantage of her presence in their retinue. She managed to travel to many remote parts of India. This enriched Dharini with much sought in-depth knowledge of core problems being faced by Indian populace and the politicians. It seemed devilish to her that her great country should be entangled by so much superstition and outworn ideas.

She was being seen as future political star on Indian horizons. Opinion of others mattered little to Dharini …her schooling was on the move. Geetanjali never accompanied her. Dharini kept her informed of her distant trips and discussed with the mother at length about the plight of women, about social crime in Indian villages. Deshbandhu brought lot of socialite works to home for the daughter and mother combination; Geetanjali rather maneuvered these jobs.

Vinayak spent time with Dharini. Dharini would report her understandings to her Vinayak Uncle.

Once during a labor union strike-dissolving-trip, while being in the national team from aviation ministry of India, the Chief Editor of a national daily bragged about his article on amount of daily losses being incurred by Indian Airlines due to All India Strike, Dharini questioned the Chief Editor on Indian policies on which the Indian Airlines was formed. "What was the national interest in our Government's investing on Indian Airlines? Was it only monetary gains? Was it under some policy or mere economic plans that the Indian Airlines was not thought to be privatized? What has been lost in terms of the All India Strike? Can all this be summarized to mere monetary loss on daily basis?" The

secretary from Aviation was happy for the reason that someone had silenced the bragging executive and for the reason that he had a thing to report about the little damsel…

Vinayak taught Dharini the ways and means of en-cashing such situations. "It was in appropriation not to question others on their philosophical moves but to earn from such deliverances… People are emotional fools, the higher up they rise in their careers the more emotionally egoistic they become ...and India is full of them." Vinayak deliberated on accumulation of wealth in gold, in land and so on.

Dharini disagreed. "It is question of where the spirit of education is lost."

Dharini would talk about the strife of Indian women for the trifle. "It seems heretically men have exploited the women …all the physical labor is planned to be done by the women folk while the men did comparatively much lesser effort requiring works." She would sum up a tour through villages of India. "Also the women in their own stringent acumen have developed means of making the lives of their men miserable."

Vinayak would elaborate on practicality of the world vis-a-vis the literature. "Practicality constituted of the truth as it prevailed - a succession in the process of evolution, where as literature constituted of truth as is implied to be prevailed. Documentation is necessitated for means and meanings of the rulers."

Dharini was unconvinced. "It is question of where the spirit of religion is lost."

Dharini would inquire Vinayak about the population boom in the country. "It is the question of where the spirit of Yoga is lost."

"What amount of pain in our lives is a necessary requisite for healthy living of the society?" She was ever demanding. "If the amount of pain exceeds this amount - what is the resultant of the pangs thus experienced? If the amount of pain is lesser than the necessary requisite - what are the expected losses? If the amount of pain is such that it is slightly above the bearing capacity of the individual and if it persists for a longer period is it advisable

for growth? What are the strengths of our cultural heritage? Have social sciences anything to strengthen the cultural heritage? Whence India started slipping from its golden era? What is the chronological sequence to our present state?"

Vinayak and Dharini discussed perennially. Vinayak was experienced; affluent and connected …he mastered the means of expanding avenues. Deshbandhu was an established anchor at Delhi and Dharini was the phenomenon in the making. Vinayak was the magical solution provider. Dharini was ever exuberant, overtly aspiring, enigmatically docile and seamlessly apprehensive of logic. Righteousness - was the constant topic - Dharini stretched it up to the hilt.

"Where in India the general hygiene sense has evaporated?"

"Why villages after villages were observed to be gripped under strong shackles of addiction to all sorts of narcotics and drugs?"

"Why villages were driven invariably by mad rush of feuds…? Why these nationwide rural feuds were found to be uncontrolled?"

"Why exploitation of the poor and the weak was observed to be rampant beyond imagination - physical abuse of the down trodden - even death in so many instances were so thoroughly existent. Had this become their way of life?"

"Were the concepts of Indian philosophy mere illusions?"

"What killed the phenomena and reduced us to such a state?"

"Why in India the poor kept on becoming poorer and the rich kept on becoming richer?"

"What is planned and advised difference in terms of facilities of living available to our nationals?"

Vinayak was immensely impressed with Dharini's progress. Acceptance of diversity in opinions of self and of others was a sure hallmark of future success - Vinayak kept Deshbandhu informed. Geetanjali was superbly enchanted by her daughter's mannerisms and behavior. Now Dharini was going to be fourteen years of age. She had to be enrolled into a proper institute. Geetanjali decided to celebrate Dharini's forthcoming birthday in a big way. It must be a royal feast…

……..

Deshbandhu had his own set of problems… He was pressed against the wall …there seemed to be no escape. India was witnessing the worst of her times till date. Religiousness in India was at rock bottom… Our lives have been a beautiful story of tragedies. When India became free, we were already a large country - a strong head count of more than three hundred millions. Freedom came to us at a huge cost of partition. Our freedom struggle had continued for more than hundred years - last twenty years of struggle for freedom were at full country level. We were blessed with a strong political leadership that was formed of people of character and grit. Divisions and unisons throughout the regions of the country were random yet we were one …fighting and growing together… Something very drastic was killing India slowly - the stride of the incineration was slow …difficult to record, but it was coming. It came slowly but its reaching was sudden. There could not be anything worse that the religious unrests. Whole of India seemed to be on fire. Never in history of our country had India witnessed such wide spread religious rioting. It was worse than even the Hindu Muslim riots of the partition period… Today it was the internal infernos of the politically unstable forces which were in garb of religions… The known religious leaders were dragged into it… Their simplicity was exploited …their words were made to be unheard in the din created by the new generation rampaging politicians. Even the religionists cried for help. "The polity could be sorted out ...it could even be crushed if needed ….but what could be done about misplaced religiousness in India…" The internal social wars were projected as religious outcries against each other… The demand in return was pieces of nation… This was a typical socio - political - religious situation in which political unrest was colored with religious shades. The administrative machinery of the country had failed… Government considered and debated the use of defense forces to curb the internal situation… Indian democracy was at stake… The foreign media shouted at top of its

voice. It seemed that the goons wanted to take over the politics of the regions of their operation. Deshbandhu knew that it was an outcome of his own Party's soft handling of the reported scenarios in the country.

Deshbandhu was in deep thoughts …worried …disturbed …Colonel Jai Chand had lots of work to do now. Deshbandhu was silent for hours …whole of the evening he had been quiet … not pondering …not thinking …not investigating …just quietly groping into the nothingness …just looking for the distant call …when suddenly it occurred to him - *"Terrorism is the new giant looming over our coming period …groomed and nourished at some distant locale"* His eyebrows contracted - It was new burden on our already unborn resources.

Deshbandhu remembered Gandhi visiting Swami Sad' Chidananda ...he had accompanied as a child… He knew that solution to Indian problem was with Swami… "Was it? … Should he approach Swami? …Could a silent Sadhu deliver the impossible? …Why Gandhi believed in Swami? …If Gandhi believed in Swami Sad' Chidananda there had to be something very special associated with him." Deshbandhu concentrated for focus - "…Why Gandhi took me with him?" Deshbandhu zeroed …his hands automatically reached for the red phone.

Human Resource Development committee of Indian National Party was to represent the felicitation of Mother Teresa ceremony at Calcutta. The Catholic World had begun to honor Mother Teresa publicly; she had been awarded her first Pope John XXIII Peace Prize, commending her work with the poor. Dharini arranged for her place in the representation… Deshbandhu accompanied the group… He planned to be with the entourage up to Gorakhpur from where he would depart to have blessings from Swami Sad' Chidananda.

When the train left at Gorakhpur, she was with her father. "…Dharini wanted to know what her father does… How he tackles typical situations …how is his field working expertise." Deshbandhu did not know how to react… He did not know whether he was happy or puzzled at Dharini's maneuver. Gandhi

had taken him when visiting Swami …and Dharini had joined him when he is visiting Swami.

Dharini was quiet throughout the two hour bus journey to Debaria. Deshbandhu was apprehensive… "How was he to approach Swami? …What he was supposed to do? …How he was to communicate?" Deshbandhu felt that he was not going to Swami …he was being driven to him… "What was it that drove him thus ...what compelled him to undertake this trip?" Deshbandhu felt the burden of being concerned …he had shared his understanding that India was on the way to witness the internal and external terrorism throughout the country. Deshbandhu also had informed that since new generation politicians were fanning these unrests in utterly unruly manner and since its initiation had been shaded in religious colors in utmost criminal methodology… he proposed to meet Swami Sad' Chidananda. The religious factor should be taken out of it. Rest of it could be handled by our administrative machinery. He had been granted the approval instantly. Dinesh had supported him profusely. Deshbandhu was pensive. "…What must he ask Swami? …How Swami could help? …Was there any logical proposal that he could make to Swami? …Will Swami grant him the permission to meet him? …What was the right time to meet him? …Why he had not sought any appointment prior to taking this journey? … What was the way to meet him?" Gandhi had just walked to his hermitage. Deshbandhu thought he knew the way. He could not forget that look from the revered saint …that penetrating look …that concentrated look which in one moment seemed to have seen through his past and his future …the effect was etched on Deshbandhu's psyche. Deshbandhu shivered... "He should have visited Swami more often. …What is in store for him?" …Dharini was quiet throughout the two hour bus journey.

And Deshbandhu reached Swami without asking anybody. He knew the route ...the passage ...the way was clear to him as the back of his own hands ...he had never forgotten it. "…Why everything about this place is so smooth? …Why every aspect of this place is so telling? …This place is so untouched by the

cunningness …deceit …even intelligence… What prevails here can be termed only …silence …and wisdom."

And Swami knew that he was coming. And Swami was smiling. And Swami was silent. And Swami knew why Deshbandhu had approached him. Swami's look said that. Swami had recognized Deshbandhu …and Swami knew about the purpose of his visit … and there was complete assurance in his look ...it was not the real matter of worry. "…The simpleton carriers of truthfulness were dragged into it. They had been misguided and misinterpreted … and misrepresented. The real matter of worry was the conscious degradation of Indian psyche and the rulers allowing it ...not only allowing it but even participating in it. The real worry was the rulers not doing justice to their role and falling prey to ill fetched thoughts of the foreign lands." And the look said that Swami was waiting for the time …that he was stationed in the waiting ...and the society was ripening at its own pace …and the right time was just next door…

"Did Deshbandhu listen correct?" All this was communicated in that one look from Swami. And Swami in fact, was looking at Dharini. And Swami in a way bowed to little Dharini in reverence. And Swami was not only smiling but seemed happy to look at Dharini. And that look ….that penetrating look …and that attraction in it …that beseeching requisition in it …and Dharini's sort of acknowledging the call. Strangely, Dharini did not appear to be present there …she appeared to be in transcendence ...glowing ...and calling the call ...and Deshbandhu being quieted by the silence. And in that deep silence Deshbandhu hearing that Swami would visit Delhi… All will be sorted out …that Deshbandhu need not worry. ...It is all destined. ...It is all just obvious as per the justified chronology … and so un-natural only because of man-made laws ...but placed in absolute naturalness…

Deshbandhu returned. He did not know what the outcome of his trip was. He did not know what he had been granted by the sage. He did not know whether the purpose of his visit was met or not. He did not know what he was supposed to do now.

Dharini was smiling, 'Papa, you please organize for the all India Sadhus' meet. Arrange for all religious saints to assemble at the parliament house. Swami Ji would address the assemblage. Your problem will be sorted out.' Deshbandhu was quiet. He was furthered in his silence. "…How was Dharini to know about all this? How was she to come up with this conclusion with such firm trust? Was it possible to have a system in society wherein its children developed faith in their deeds? …What was faith?" ...Deshbandhu was worried. "...Dharini was spying on him or what?" ...All the same, he was relieved.

In the days that followed Deshbandhu arranged the all India Sadhus' meet. To his surprise Swami was in Delhi. The Sadhus knew it. Swami just addressed the august gathering with a fleeting smile... His address was of utter silence… The assemblage of five thousand religionists heard Swami Sad' Chidananda in silence… The air hummed to the reverie of piety… There was fear in the eyes of the culprits …one …and last time pardoning was asked and granted …subtle promise that India was a religious country was made …and India was free of religious infiltration in bunch of its socio-political unrests. The religious leaders simply walked out of the local disturbances. These unrests were trivial for them now …just a passing phenomenon… They simple laughed it off… It was too small an issue for them to call for their concern… The disturbing elements were exposed now… they simply stood naked in front of the administration…

Deshbandhu was proud of his move. He talked to Colonel Jai Chand about it. National Security was to be reviewed with new vigor now… Unrests were there …political misbranding was there… Rogues and goons were there. Politicians had bred the goons and now the same goons wanted to be politicians themselves. The money, the power and the immunity available to politicians was enormous. Jai was to collect the information.

……..

The disturbing elements were exposed now… The iron-hand easily subdued the voices of the right people ...the same hand so

simply joined forces with the clumsy people ...the same hand so abstrusely clubbed with clandestine powers to distribute and share the outcome of national outputs ...the same hand, in its utter cunningness, saw to it that the common man of India did not have enough to be able to think of nation or society at large. The common man should be always wanting and dreaming and aspiring… The educated man should be a common man in all his traits plus a coward… The employed executive should be an educated man plus a complete fool. The common man should not be able to see the root… The educated man should not be able to read the root… The employed executive should not be able to understand the root. Deshbandhu did not like it ...he was just a pebble in the ocean…

……

Geetanjali made big arrangements for the party. Dharini had completed thirteen years. The maturing child had to know that she belonged to a royal family …Deshbandhu shared the same opinion. Geetanjali, these days, had learnt to share changed opinion on living …these days it was Geetanjali who was calling the cards. It was a happy time. Praveen and Vinayak must know how well they were connected with Deshbandhu …he had never done anything for his family whereas they had willingly stood by his all decisions… They had willingly agreed with his decision to donate his part of the paternal wealth to the national treasury... They had not taken even a second to declare their decision… He was grateful to them …he was obliged to them.

The get together was a bright and successful affair…

Dharini registered her feelings with following lines -

Glimpse

Tonight ……I am over thirteen,
I do not know ……Why I thus dream.
Whether I am budding or unfortunate,
I just …….. Want to scream……

My body aches,
Tired of reciprocating forced smiles with no pleasure,
In these presents,
These Studs, gems and perfumes ….I find no treasure….

All this silk, gold, this skirt, this blouse,
This jewelry ……Oh! This entire Gleam.
My skin itches - frustration dwells,
I just …….Want to scream……
The tinge alongside happiness on my mother's face was devious,
To the unaffordable cost of my b'day dress - she was not oblivious…..
In search of which happiness ……...…Thus she stretched her means,
Was the first question recorded in me, on my entrance into teens…

Shall I grow into ……such another mother,
Virtuous, pious ….Yet, funnily, not righteous…….
Yes! Of' course ……With no flutter,
Caring stipulating …..Still being just another……..

If righteousness is a life built-up to do good ……and cultivate all that is good,
To be capable and fight the bad and enhance what is rightly understood….
If righteousness is being a part of society ….That develops towards growth,
Then why in my country ….We intent so much …….There is so much sloth……

Women ….Their strife for the trifle,
Dried up Tears …….Capped - in steam…….
This dress …..God! My skin itches,
I just …….Want to scream.

I think of mountains, of rivers, of jungles, of ravines at large,
Of animals, of birds, of insects, of reptiles and fishes at barge…..
With only instinct ……'Eat and Reproduce'.
Why in mankind this instinct is so naturally wild,
Like wild bushes, wild grass, wild dogs …….so unnaturally styled …….
If each one of us has the God in us and infinite capacity to create,
Then what killed the phenomena and reduced us to such a state …….

We're just multiplying. Are we bound so? I just can't decide,
In analogy to this stupendous growth, we learnt all rules to divide ……
The luxury of effort has vanished,
The virtue of patience is no more …….
The artistic minds so alert have evaporated,
The harmony of thoughts is a big bore …….
The piling of schemes is selfish,
The stability of vibrations is a bookish chore ……..

So conclusive - so penetrating - so devastating,
Has been …….The division rule …….
The inkling of self is now extinct,
The spirit of nation is out of schedule ……
The pride of heritage is now a rare feeling,
Joy of life sorrow of death, power of brain - all fleeting ……..
What is music in movements?
What are dancing mountains?
Do we know now the stationary lights?
Do we hear the silent waves?
Where are the turbulent emotions - passive currents?
Essence of belonging ……..Oh! My dream …….
This dress - God! My skin itches, I just want to scream ……

My uncle's look - appreciation, mechanical and so deep,
Effusing richness - even to my mind was so steep ……..
He ……A consultant on the blessed soul,
Me ……Now sure had to play my role ……..
Deep into him ……..I studied with zest,
Forgoing all alarms - My brain at its best ……..

In one's own mind ……No one is mediocre…..
Understand his passion, entice him to grow …….
Pragmatism, extremity, resoluteness, human discipline ….
Nudge him, budge him …….Start the tow ……

Raise his levels to desire the abstracts …….
Discover for him and attack his soul …….
He neither wants it to be ruled nor guards it ……..
Was the …….Golden avenue to my Uncle's role …….

His greatness, his power, his ability, his strength, his knack,
His vigor, his prowess, his contacts, his finance - Laid his track. …….
Talk of gains …..On each one ……Show him the way,
In nascent, unstable process of development - lead him astray ……..

When you make him find his way, he will come back to you,.
Not for his soul but for his fears, his insecurity and his ego in lieu ……..
Thus you would have enslaved …….His soul at the very infancy,
Dreaded, thus I read in my Uncle's eyes the trap of his consultancy ……

Perish his soul ……..Further I read ……Teach him extremity,
Don't let him learn optimization, give backing of practicality ……
Optimization is weak man's criteria, a bi-escape, an internal fear,
Extremity is strong man's virtue - of men who steer and cheer …….

A weak mind cannot be resolute, cannot change a fickle,
It means end of growth, end of living, life worth a trickle ……
Essence of happiness is happiness at a distance - always beyond thrust,
Never let him be happy ……Entice him by enigma …….by lust ……..

Make the concept of happiness vague …….Never let it be distinct,
Bring-in big terms like intuition, floating memory, e.s.p. and instinct …….
Don't let ambition become his private issue,
Share it, shoulder it, pollute it ….Make it skew ……
Patience is primary tool of vigil …..It pays to wield procrastination,
A synonym of great men …Cause of low man's life time frustration …….

Then bring in his ego ……Subjugate and …….Preach ……..
No great man waited for opportunity, he only fought. …..
He always created it …..In his own color …in his Bleach ……..
Do not let him know ……Refrain from the thought. ……..

Riches ….Comforts …..Security ….Status ……Contacts,
Obediently follow my Uncle ……He enjoys his Acts …….
I shudder …Would I ever change to desire …….Such a Realm,
I feel heavy like lead …. My head Floats ….. I just want to Scream…..

My Father's Blessing Kiss ……Was my sole Sublime Pride,
An Ideal of Selflessness……Yet! …….I dare Throng Inside …..

His Unfathomable Helplessness ….In doing what he would like,
His Life Tickling - In Compulsive Emergencies to no one's Stride …….

His Helplessness …..On the Times' chiding at him ……
Ever …..Even if he Sang a Song ……..Or hummed a Tune ……
His Exasperation on his surroundings' unconcern to ….him ……
Even on his Finishing ……His whole for their Fortune …..

My God! What a life?
He blessed me ….Called me ……Stream …..
This is Pure Helplessness ….
God! ….I just ……Want to Scream…..

Dharini had made her signature. She slept …tired. Deshbandhu read her composition. Twilight that was destined to witness the ultimate luminosity of Truth slapped Deshbandhu on his face.

Dharini was a true rebellion. Her inside was genuine … pure fire. Not that Deshbandhu did not understand it …it was pure religion …but Deshbandhu could not afford it. Dharini's truthfulness towards her mother and her uncle were a deep blow to Deshbandhu …nothing was particularly wrong with it … not that Dharini was ever disrespectful to her family …not that Dharini had not shared her difference of opinion with them … but the fact crystallized affront …the truth was unbearable to Deshbandhu… Dharini was just a kid …she needed to grow a little bit more …she needed to mature a little bit more…

"What is this?" Deshbandhu was jolted in his psychological roots.

"…What is this?"

"He knew it... He knew it all the time... He had known it coming… He just had not recognized it …he just had not registered it …he just had not acknowledged it… Had Dharini recognized it? ...Had she understood it? ...Had she acclimatized

herself with its coming? She was just a kid. …She was not prepared for it. …She was too small…"

Deshbandhu was driven by his personage of unparalleled strength of character and sacrifice…

Dharini could not stay in home… She must leave…

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PARTRIDGE
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CHAPTER 08

Compulsions of Evil

India ... framed

Even at nine years of age Sonu had developed a visionary clarity into the realms of crime. He was made for it. Crime came to him in all sincerity. He had an understanding that crime came to India in utmost simplicity. As per Sonu, the wheel of crime was to run over India with infinite inertia and it was going to be impossible to stop it.

His girlish looks and cunning mind aptly visualized that the flow of subtleties and the life of high abstracts also followed strict rules of whatever was called science. "If Indians were simplistic in their approach towards life and were also opening up to the outside world, something exactly opposite to their current attitude was sure to flow in." There was nothing like being simplistic … it was being a mere fool. Being simplistic was just another word for being ignorant and being ignorant was surely being foolish …and even being stupid. "If social justice and social benediction was the scenario around till date, now it had to be social injustice and social imprecation... If political ethics were the essence of ruling administration till date, political degradation was to be the next phase... And a whole re-coloring of the national fabric was written all over its sky." Sonu was clear, "What, as a believed matter-of-fact, was considered nationalistic before independence was now termed crime."

What Sonu did not visualize was that it was he who was destined to evolve into a fierce force causing ultimate dents into the Indian psyche. Soon …Sonu was to learn this irony.

All Sonu remembered of his early childhood was that he, with his friends, stole coal from the railway yard. Even as a child, though frail, he was the expert at climbing on moving trains and quickest in de-latching the fabricated iron shutters. The coal fell along the tracks and his compliances, picked it up. The operation was carried out in dark of night. The pick was the fuel for survival of their people. Either you use it as your kitchen fuel or you barter it for food and other necessities. Risks were not less - the Security Guards, the Local Police, The Railway Police and the competing gangs were always on prowl. The compulsive play continued and flourished. It had to. The question was of community's survival and up-gradation of personal traits.

Sonu did not know why he always considered his friends younger to him… Even they always considered him as their senior. He was soft in physical build-up …and had the knack of developing connections with those in authority of operations. Their seniority was defined only by their being in the business earlier to him. Sonu's seniority was determined by his undertaking the most critical parts of the operations and still let them have their seniority acclaimed in the gangs.

Soon this running along the steel tracks, embarking and jumping off the steel cartridges evolved into working on the passenger trains. The experience of working in dark was unmatched by the local authority personnel. Which classroom training could match the lifelong bare-foot running in dark … on rail tracks …and handling moving steel carriages? This was simpler game than the ever-mushrooming previous play. The contacts extended to adjoining areas. Soon workings of looting in night and during the day graduated into stealthy stealing all that was costly and luxurious. The returns were enormous. Money, though such a scarce commodity, was so abundantly available… "You just have to take it. Somebody owned it till some time and

then you owned it for some time. …What a mockery?" Sonu's eyes showed only a far-off glitter.

Sonu was a back-stage-player. He mastered the art of planning and communicating… This he did with tremendous ease. Sonu noted early in his life that different people had different knacks and they wanted to operate in their comfort zones alone. People did not have any inclination to develop into any other field of expertise. People even in his trade, lacked ingenuity …they stuck to repetition of actions …and conformance …and reporting … and stealing a little in every element. Sonu realized that it was justified to be into the background ...and be into operations of man management. One of his senior contacts took over as the new chief for this new chain of operations.

Once a passenger died …the helpless idiot …and the unlucky one… The altercation and the aftermath was total non-call-out. The incident went past without any rumbling, without any tremor whatsoever. Soon the operation-in-chief, his contact, was summoned by the local transport mafia. The meeting resulted into just another strong friendship. Sonu's name went - one layer hidden. His friend was to lead the local city affairs. The Coal and its black trade, the store houses and their hoarding markets and the roadside illegal businesses were to be controlled. Cash, gold and clandestine contacts grew manifold. The arena was much bigger now. Blood was an occasional affair …it was kept hyped by the companion goons. Sonu was the hidden force behind the mafia as well as the operation friends. The coal black trade was extended to kerosene and Liquid Petroleum Gas …all home fuels …and homes - arena where Sonu was strong. Hoarding of essentials commodities for price control and black marketing went hands in gloves …homes suffered ...domesticity was depraved of means of living. Road side illegal businesses converted into highway houses of illegal trade… It was homes alone which were broken ...it was femininity alone which was degraded ...it was ethnicity alone which was depraved. The influx of easy money never excited Sonu …there was no challenge affiliated to this play. It was a dry sport. Sonu could not live in this yawning one sided game.

The new game was money lending in domestic regions and money lending in market place. Money lending in domestic regions meant a direct insight into the feminine psyche of homes ...a direct control of the living places. Money lending in market place meant direct inference of the male psyche of homes. The play was managing team dynamics for revenue collection and controlling business diversity of the market place. Sonu had the requisite work force to actualize this business. This was the root necessity of the urbanizing society's masses. Sonu was long attracted towards this kind of partnership with thousands of poor, incapable people in each town and each city… Sonu knew that their numbers were sure to rise multifarious …they were to be a big market.

It was not merely for money ...money part of the game was taken care by his team… His team was equipped with necessary temperamental strength and infrastructural support to manage this part of the game. The real challenge was in controlling living dynamics of the lost ones… Sonu was fervently excited about this - "It was manipulating the lives of the unprivileged ones - The underprivileged were to be left to politicians and the politicians had to be left to actuators of dark arenas…"

The real challenge was in manipulating the mass movement of these people overflowing with insecurity. The exciting challenge was in playing with the emotions of the ignorant youth from towns filled with uncertainty. The game was in exploiting the judgments of over confident youngsters from cities filled with hopes. Sonu could see that each Indian town had to have a large floating population… The ecstasy was in toiling through this human sea of the destitute.

And there was always a large proportion struggling in hospital court yards and queuing up in courtroom lobbies. "Domestic region was more engrossing than the market place …and the market place was more absorbing than the domestic region. Each was to be left to its own destiny - Only the juice of whatever was money and life in it was to be sucked." Rest of it was simple - The final outcome of this bunch of destitute was already defined. The

substrate principle was to own massive human workforce - make unparalleled earning from it - manipulate it on social front, exploit it on personal front and by this process create the invisible bank of strong links. Whenever required, these links could be clubbed into a workable chain. Also, this chain could be formed and dissolved at will. And most important - a multilayered functioning of working forces could be created - each layer being a complete blanket having only a tacit connectivity with another layer.

Now Sonu enjoyed a large number of his personal contacts and influenced a large number of local mafias who ruled a huge multitude of Indian population with their raw animal instincts. His innocent looking eyes and his lean beautiful body were most deceptive even to these intelligent masters. And, Sonu was not a child anymore. He was sixteen. The adolescence in Sonu was not satiated by manipulating the masses alone. His criminal appetite, in its growing adulthood, required him to dent the Indian humanity in a much deeper manner. It was during periods of early nineteen seventies and Sonu's later teens that the real devil in Sonu was beginning grow…

Free India was twenty five years old - young India had already lived its years of initial turmoil. The first generation of old and venerated mentors of the nation was getting over. These mighty rulers with servant-like-intents had been rich, powerful, of unmatched grit and of sacrificial characters - They had an influential kind of effect on streams of people. They were a group ...a large group of friends …so called leaders, politicians, rich businessmen and wealthy kings. During their ruling India outlived massive famines, devastating floods, disease and epidemics and wars …and all disasters. The world watched India in horror and was awestruck by resilience of its people. Indians would not lose their spirit …they would not even borrow even when millions dropped ...roads, villages and towns were littered with corpses …the human bodies rotting ...Indians withered and wept …still, India remained composed and calm and religious and humane …a strange breed of cultured civilization. And in the ruling of these rulers, India took first steps into industrialization…

These respected mentors, though they represented the political rulers of the nation, were not politicians in the worldly sense - They took charge of their working whole heartedly ...and personally. Their adherence to their designated fields of work was so relentlessly personal. The guardian of the family was not to share his bunch of problems with his home mates ...specially, if they were dependant on him. The common man was not touched by the politics …and the politicians.

Now a new India was emerging. Leadership combinations of old and new were the nation's up-swingers. The old leadership was only too eager to handover the charge to their newer counterparts. Retiring from active services for passing over the regime to the next generation and getting into the world of internal contemplations was in vogue for them. The Industrial base had been laid down for the nation from personal foresight and donations of the old bunch of Indian politicians ...and from establishment of financial ties with foreign collaborations under expert guidance from international consultants.

Skilled workmen were the need of the hour. India was on recruitment drive. She needed executives, managers, technicians, machine operators, draftsmen, engineers, quality inspectors, administrators, human resource personnel, process controllers and the whole lot of them. It was the time of technology bought-outs. India needed technology borrowers, technology acceptors, technology adapters. Products needed to be indigenized.

India's need was neither well defined nor well laid down. Her leaders had their own practicality to the approach …their requirements of the envisaged path were totally on a different platform with regards to the struggle that it brought along with. India had to be put into forward gear - Two hundred years of planned social and economic savagery against Indian masses had put the country on a near irreversible track. Patriotic speeches in the air were more vociferous than the understanding that these generated… Masses in India expected miracles …they could be easily misguided …they were already bubbling with readiness to be distracted.

"Here lies the trick." Sonu's raw penchant lurked. For Sonu, it was neither a fable statement which would lose meaning soon nor a far-off song which would fade in its music soon …nor even a distant dream which would vanish in the morning, "Did the world have right products for India? ...Did the world have right technologies for India? …Who had the ability to study the Indian context?"

"The business that was to fly-in was enormous and exciting." Sonu was mighty ecstatic… "Also, it had challenges. It was a risky affair! Indians were intelligent and emotional. Intelligence and emotions do not live side by side for long - Intelligence is the power of discrimination and emotion is sticking to accepted principles without logic and driving pleasure out of it. Indians enjoyed the unique privilege of living simultaneously in both."

Sonu's clarity of thought into crime climbed its first peak in hilarious pride; it was breath taking. The involved risk was, in fact, the provocative pensive gush - It was actually the driving motive and in itself the conclusion unto him. "This chapter had to be only a part of his continuity. Soon he will change his path." Never the less, the times on the move were to be beneficial.

The crisis that challenged India was the shortage of skilled manpower. Huge investments had already been made - national scanty resources had been poured into mega projects. Steel, Electricity, Railways, Aircrafts, Highways, Ship-building, modernization of Defense wings, Automobile, Heavy machinery, Food Grains, Water Harnessing, Law & Order, Uplifting of the poor classes and allied industries were the national priorities. Big government public sectors had emerged. Undisputed kings of Indian business families were in the foray …like political rulers of India even rich business houses and royal kings of India got replaced by next generations. The business was never a nationalistic drive, the core was never same as the mask that it was and the language was never the meaning that it communicated ...and now even the intent was not nationalistic.

Domesticity in Indian city homes was to witness a sea change in its life for the first time. People were simply pulled up for the

jobs. Plain under-graduates were absorbed as professional trainees - Graduates with little or any exposure were selected as executives - Science graduates were technical managers - People with some experience were appointed at senior positions - Technicians were senior managers - Trade diploma holders were The Chief Executives and The General Managers - Graduate Engineers simply took up most responsible positions as Operation Presidents and Director Operations - Management graduates were Chief administrators and Financial Heads… Sonu had the role to play.

Psyche of these educated people and its reflection in the service class society changed overnight. These avenues provided unconditional security and lots of money. The country's masses started looking towards these jobs. Sonu was aware of this change only marginally. "But the hawk eye watched it in an impressed manner…"

"By just joining these posts these men had done the nation a great favor …as if one had sacrificed his life for his nation. Their joining these services was a source of extensive internal pride to them - The new born executive pride. Whatever this newly appointed executive class did was deemed right. This breed of class professionals did not have the necessary technical acumen either to acquire the technology or to perceive it, forget their understanding into indigenizing the technology …forget about their capability to modifying it or ever upgrading it. The work in offices meant crisis… And crisis handling developed as the sole style of this new community - crisis management defined their capability index. In virtue …their deep ignorance …created the crisis and at expense of their huge capability …they solved crisis…"

Sonu slowly envisaged some clarity into coming times. The executive and management class of Indian office professionals were not to have any inclination what-so-ever towards quality, productivity, efficiency, cost effectiveness, design awareness or safety …in their professional field …and in their lives. These and allied technical terms sparkled in his mind almost instantaneously… The sole role of this breed of executives was to

be in offices for eight hours sincerely …complete the designated jobs as and if trained to do …do it in a copy book manner if all infra-structure was available as it had been planned, which seldom happened. Their other job was to dream about their future on quarterly, half yearly and annual basis …and blame the infrastructure providers and the planners and the government for their non performance. Another important all-time job, the successful ones of these educated executives, always planned were welfare of their families, up-gradation of their social lives and comparisons of their life styles with lives of other employees from public invested industries. This class was new, learned, rich, outgoing, exposed and experienced. Their education had the real meaning …others were deemed uneducated. These classes of officers were exemplary back-bones in their home-towns…

"The hawk eye watched the birth of the new class of Indians with clean intent." Sonu was not only an accidental starter - He was a determined propeller who genuinely and surely wanted to take the drive to other side of the light… Most accidental players of this game became Sonu's friends …in time. Others were removed from the game of nation building …tactfully.

This newly educated class also exchanged lots of emotions which were documented for their individual growth and their personal betterment. "India had always been rich and God fearing… In India God had to be always delivering to the people... God was always personal, always bestowing, always taking care, always delivering… God had always kept his special sanctions for people of this land. Here people got everything without working for it. People did not work ...never …neither consciously nor unconsciously and the dividends for certain chosen ones were magnanimous… God bestowed these blessings on them …all of a sudden …for no known reason… God was so utterly bestowing …even in spite of nightmarish plight of most Indians due to the aftermath of independence and partition. Some people became rich and secured …and were declared learned… God had always been so for the poor masses and now God's grace showered on the same basis for this class of learned

professionals too… They were the blessed lot… "The Hawk eye made the paper on Sonu."

The more devoted professionals had one more important job profile added to their work content - to get more professionals appointed. The vacancies expanded much faster than the intake. The requirements just did not fulfill - It became a self propelled …ever hungry monster. Who was better than Sonu in the business of human trafficking? The demand simply exceeded the supply. The eagle studied - The business was professional placement, profile management, human resource management. It was not skill development. For that part there were no funds in India… It was the business to come in next phase… Let the funds be gathered ...accumulated first to raise the capital expense requirements …then the current expenses' requirements were to be gathered.

Sonu made riches - His investments reaped wealth and depth. He never forgot to remain behind the screen. Wealth was re-invested with his associate contacts and depth kept him living a plain life of unknown mediocrity. He had surrendered to his destiny which was to be utterly …ruthlessly ...cruel. He knew that he was destined to take a dive …deep into darker side of the life from innumerable angles and that he was to touch experiences with many people …and that in each particular field there were to be most who would fall prey to his strides …and that in each field there were to be some who would be odd …peculiarly ethical kind of idiots… And also that that each one may by idealistic in one field …but will be a sure fall in some other field. Sonu was clear that such ethical idiots were better left alone. He had no desire for any idealistic perfection. He had no problem either with them or even in waiting for his chance.

Sonu turned his focus aside… "To complete other formalities of life which were essential in order to be believed to be a civilized citizen of the society." He did not know about his parentage. The man known as his father was his senior associate since a long time …he started to live with Sonu for some particular reason and for no particular reason …people around in the locality started referring

him as Sonu's father. They believed so… Neither Sonu nor the man objected… Now the man was a dead associate …he did not know anything about latest movements in Sonu's business …he did not have to know. Theirs was a bond of perfect understanding. Sonu did not know anything about the woman called his mother. She was a co-associate of his father …the man had once informed so to Sonu. His father got him married to Shalini.

Shalini lived ten houses away. She was a sober girl … bubbling and full of life. As per that perplexing irony, the virus of current India had not deemed to have entered into Shalini. She was unaware ...ignorant ...unconcerned …unbothered ...about anything …about her country's life. She was a teacher in a private primary school. "That represented the beauty of our system... A young girl had her own never ending list of necessities …her own desires …her own sensitivities which were so completely justified …she was full of her own wishes, which were always so fully incomplete …she, like millions of Indian young girls, was herself so wholesomely aspiring and demanding and praying and wanting and concealing and sacrificing and abandoning ...and still …girlishly bubbling …teacher." Girlish Sonu and bubbling Shalini made lovely couple. After marriage she left her job and turned a perfect housewife. Sonu's parents moved to another house in the vicinity. Sonu's family was totally defined.

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Deep in his heart Sonu knew that he was not made for such petty jobs. This set of jobs was not at all challenging …or even rewarding. His inside reverberated with continuous drumming of some distance beats which slowly and steadily were getting closer to him… Every moment ...every passing minute, Sonu was getting closer to his destiny… He heard this promiscuity of the accident…

…Tyson… on behalf of the "Hawk Eye" had watched Sonu with deep interest. The unaware Sonu recognized the clash about to take place… His urge was intensely dominating… Sonu knew that he urged to clash with something mighty…

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While Caste Wars already …stubbornly promised never to let-end the social turmoil on domestic front, one more war with Pakistan crumbled India's thrust-efforts to economic growth. However, the entire national politburo was still united …and the countrymen still stood behind their leaders.

It was during these times that the beautiful looking Sonu made the only mistake of his career till date. He was so immensely propelled by recruitments' side of his empire that he was led into trying his hands in Defense Sector. As the luck had it, his very first attempt was an utter blunder - It was a small deal of recruiting a few Jawans in Indian Army on a totally personal basis. Sonu kept personal eye on the officer-in-contact. Within one hour the officer in-charge had informed Major Jai Chand and had taken orders to take custody of the contact point. Sonu got a glimpse of Jai Chand *"...The drive in the man was physically radiant."* Within same one hour Sonu had planted his duplicate as carrying out the project and shot him dead. The set of information gathered by the Army detectives was different, "The man found dead wanted to use tool of bribery for influencing decisions in favor of a few candidates who were to appear for Services Selection Board tests from this recruitment office." The officer in-charge doubted that the man found dead was actually the man who had contacted him… He informed Jai Chand, 'Our contact person was beautiful in looks …almost girlish.'

It was a miraculous escape for Sonu. He should not have tried his hands in Indian Army straight off… He should have tried police first …he should have gone via the state reserve police and central reserve police. He was adult now... This was in first shock of his life …real shock, "Why he committed such an error? Was it because he was alone in his drive? Did he need some kind of security?"

While Jai Chand …and war …and India moved on, Sonu sat down and learnt the new chapter of bribing in public by

public. And it was at this juncture that Sonu was approached by Tyson and was made the unimaginable offer - "to run the public oriented crime world in whole of India."

Sonu was removed off his ground. "His time had come. He was to clash with the mighty now." It was an irresistible offer, "It was not ruling objects …not ruling areas …not ruling industries …not businesses …not jungles, it was pure total control of people …public oriented crime…" Sonu instantly registered his agreement. "Decisions are taken in a flash of second …second thoughts never arrive."

It was not in nature of Sonu to be tied with anybody and yet he agreed …and that too he agreed delightedly. For once …Sonu was ready to work for somebody else …Sonu was appropriately communicated that it was not working for somebody, it was like working with somebody - Sonu was convinced anyways. "It was a pleasure of some super kind …to be in effort against your nature. It was mesmerizingly funny to be tied with someone else …like marriage." Sonu had considered and agreed - It was an independent working after all …and now for sure ...at the national level.

Tyson was curt and terse like Sonu. They made good company instantaneously. Money and links were not to be counted anymore. It was like a kind of infinite power to extinguish the feminine psyche of India. It was a full-fledged game to severe all that was pious in India ...to remove all that was humane in India …to excoriate all that was Indian in India. "Growth only means misery. India cannot retrace now. India had to grow and so had to grow the misery of its people. Each pleasure was to be compensated with an equal amount of pain. That was the law. For long India had enjoyed pleasures of unlimited contentment. Now it was her turn to undergo the pain. India's pleasure trips had been unaccounted. Now her pains had to be unaccounted."

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Tyson was stable in behavior. His lightening speed of thought and his clandestine worldwide connections did not reflect any hurry in his mannerism. He spent the entire month with Sonu.

Tyson had been operational in India for more than a decade without having made any notable beginning. Tyson had established the nodes …he still needed to create the force. Tyson had discovered the colors …he still needed to paint the fabric. "Right from period of Indian Independence, the richness of India was planned to be sold. The next generation ruling was not physical ruling, it was not ruling over lands… It was economic ruling." Tyson had spent years trying to speculate a workable method to penetrate into Indian psyche but people here were too poor in their intellect for any practicality in the job.

"Though Indians came in all colors and all sizes, though they were highly individualistic in their approach - their rigidity in ideology was obstacle in their personal growth. Indians were all drama …lofty ideals …unreasonable ideas …out of the world imaginations …unnecessarily dreaming …and a whole of such lot. These people were too stuffed with emotions and were blind to any logic. These people despised reaching any conclusion."

"Either they just floated rudderless or just displayed their price tags. Both these categories were stupid for any serious business. It was frustrating to play with them; it was like playing against a very weak opposition - even your game turned weak."

Tyson had tried hard to place a pointer at this non pragmatic attitude of Indians. He was at total loss; he could not gauge the why of it. His failure to understand the root cause behind this frustrated him. In his initial forays …all Tyson could inform John Mark was that Indian women draped themselves with an unstitched cloth called Sari which came in millions of colors and fabrics …and that the regionalism of these women could be gauged from how this Sari was draped around them. Tyson also did register that Indians did not believe in studying …they did not depend on reading. Indians neither studied with any purpose nor looked at study material for any solution …Indians never went back to books for resolving any personal or even professional problem. While in north India people stayed away from books …in south India people stayed with books for reasons of time-pass, story reading, and for reasons of avoiding others'

intimidation. Sonu was uniquely different …he was apt for social interactions …he had the necessary cunning and showed the right temperamental aptitude.

"Time bound tasks always made people think narrowly. Invariably it had to be targets which drove their thinking. Convert the task into a special task and that will convert people into self-centered beings." Tyson had learnt this dictum the hard way but Sonu already worked on this magical formula with stupendous results.

Sonu was Tyson's find.

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Tyson's studies had been extensive. "In case of India", Tyson had observed, "the problem was not masses, not lack of education - it was what they called Dharma." In last few years Tyson had tried many tactics to grasp the core meaning of Dharma. He had called for the audio explanation on it in Royal British English accent for clear understanding of what Dharma meant. - It fetched no meaning. Tyson collected data explaining Dharma in his own mother tongue, he gathered and lived with books, clippings and slept with them …but to no avail. It always came out funny - so inarticulate. Tyson did not leave any 'vie' hour when he did not try for some clear understanding on the subject of Indian Dharma "...luck may strike some moment …but the subject remained an enigma for him."

His constitution and his upbringing did not equip him with the requisite faculty to take up any work without clear understanding of the subject. "Understanding Indian Dharma was necessary." Tyson fumed. "In their language they call it Dharma …in English the word that reached closest in meaning to Dharma was religion. Dharma is way of life that is more accepted and more acquired than religion. Dharma is set of principles proclaimed in power of faith & belief …the truth of Dharma is enjoyed. Where religion is constraining Dharma is exuberating. In case of Dharma the infinite diversity is acclimatized…" It all only added to his confusion. "…Indians had sacred cities where gods resided."

The Hawk eyed Tyson had no intentions to let his effort subdue. His study took him to Hardwar. He was flabbergasted to see the evening Aarti at the sacred city. "How this multitude of people was controlled? What technology kept such a large assemblage devoted in their divine ecstasy …secured …and safe? How in this moving cluster of devotedly praying, playing and bathing men and women and children ...which on the surface seemed such a haphazardly managed affair, never anybody was lost? How in this daily ceremony no accident was ever reported? What was discrete behind this festive mega event of wet women, naked children, scantily clothed men and a score of saints and pundits?"

What confounded Tyson was that if this event represented some element of Dharma in India then there might be a clue to his venture right here. He stayed there; he watched there, he planned there… One fine morning, in early hours ...a young child was kidnapped ...stealthily taken away ...the child cried ...like just another crying child. Within one holy dip he was away …not seeing the son the mother cried too …the child was not to be seen in the tumult. Tyson observed ...within same few seconds …seemingly iron hands of a Sadhu caught the abductor …freed the child. A woman carried the child back to his mother …this Sadhu was joined by two more sadhus shouting "Jai Sad' Chidananda ...Jai Sad' Chidananda." The abductor was abducted off ...Tyson did not know what happened. Tyson's deep intent to understand Indian Dharma was not subdued …it vanished. It was a risky affair …Tyson had important jobs to do …one life was not enough to read even one word of Indian psyche. Not important …he must go on otherwise …professionally … schematically …practically.

"Indians came in all colors and all dimensions; they spoke in so many different languages and wrote in equally different number of scripts. They were of so divergent cultures and of such varied patterns of living. They were divided by states, by geography, by seasonal temperaments. Indians were too individualistic, too diverse and yet too united. They travelled across this vast country

in prayer and song. In India everything was personal; nothing was official …in fact there was no officialdom in India ...it was not required ...it was not accepted… Officialdom existed in India as a separated identity …not a part of the main stream. It was necessary for two reasons - one to bestow favors and two …to reprimand. It was a kind of an upper dictate which showered gifts and punishments as per some hidden root cause… Indian logic was understood not by Tyson."

Tyson had the technological back-up waiting to be launched but the eternal Indian thought disturbed Tyson to core, "There was no beginning to Indian thought." All Tyson had been able to plan and execute till date was that many commoners from friendly countries had been made to stay in India on their governmental scholarships. "There was no official guidance to these pilgrims to the east; they were supposed to live in peace and enjoy in divinity of Indian spiritual life. Their work was to dwell in Indian thought personally and study it thoroughly and in as much detail as they could. It was expected that they made weekly reports of whatever their living has been." And Tyson had been able to find a handful of Indian literates who ably translated Indian scriptures in foreign languages and made frequent trips abroad to explain what they had written. "Of course, this bunch of idiots was never to understand what they did." They were too elated by foreign assignments and foreign trips. In any case, India was too rich; she readily divulged her exact knowledge on living absolutely free of cost. The accumulated data was huge and still piling up but it was of no real use… Otherwise, Tyson had been successful in identifying many contact points for different job aspects in India; but this bunch of super intelligent and hyper idiots needed to be handed over to an Indian burgeon… Sonu was this force. Sonu was his discovery.

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It was tricky challenge to impinge materialism into Indian psyche. Tyson ably guided Sonu. "The effect of this exhaustive and long heritage of India and its people should be understood

as per the results of famous Charlie's experiment on chained dogs …there comes the point when the dog stops jumping in fear of getting electrocuted." Sonu was immediately convinced. The goals were clear to Sonu - "Indian geographical paradigm was to be shifted, Indian cultural values were to be re-defined and Indian individualistic living psyche had to be ruptured. The unison of Indian Spirit was to be broken at the psychological and the psychic level by physiological means."

"India holds the key to world market. It is full of a vast ocean of rich, intelligent, emotional and beautiful people who could be led into miseries of unforeseen nature. India, because of its long continuing civilization, was culturally rich and heretically wealthy. That meant that there was unbelievable amount of hidden wealth with Indians - This unimaginable amount of wealth needed to be extracted. That also meant that there existed immense shrieking hysteria in Indian psyche which awaited its propulsion - This hysteria needed to be watched carefully. That also implied that Indians belonged to that undefined specific specie which would recoil and come back many times …they would be able to withstand almost infinite amount of agony and deterioration …they would take uncountable numbers of different forms …each form stronger than the earlier one …each next form more capable of taking more pains ...each newer form more adaptable to more deteriorated norms …and this breed was capable to take more leaded air and more polluted water and more corrupted relations and much more derogative psyche - These newer forms needed to be established."

Sonu's last important lesson was bribing in public by public. Tyson made the elaborations and the plans to induct Sonu … now he was more connected and much more aspiring. "Bribing is not only giving money for your immediate requirements …it is getting your work done by enticing the other one by fooling him. For 'Bribing' to be justified in its effective stature …your requirements ought to be meaningless …your needs have to be unwarranted …and your desires must be of no real use to you." Not that bribing was a new invention, it existed since the dawn of

humanity - bribing was a tool of officials in king's office ...it was sanctum in a pimp's trade. Bribing in Sonu's India was not to be a process for solving a problem, it was to be a play …a habitual game …playing which man's failure to accomplish anything in life through real or positive work was subdued. "You bribed ...you added your shit to the polluted surrounding and within yourself you were proven to be intelligent …even your near ones raised their eye brow in appreciation. Bribing was to be an unsaid system driven dictate which was a compulsion of living. Bribing was to be inbuilt part of the Indian psyche." Sonu was thoroughly excited …he was only too satisfied to take the new launch...

Sonu jumped into the 'Narcotic Drive'. It was as if, his long cherished dream had got fulfilled. Tyson was instrumental in manner of big brotherly and logistic support. Soon Sonu learnt that it was no fun wasting energy on whole population of India. The old ones and the adults refused to fall prey to this act … these Indians understood the hidden malicious designs behind this commodity in the market… However, the young ones were the easily available pawns. Sonu and Tyson amended their ways immediately… It was fun for them watching the young characters from affluent backgrounds splitting apart without any strong compulsion whatsoever. "How unimaginably foolish were these so called brilliant students of India?" Sonu whistled to success in his this drive. "What these super idiots were up to? What was this education up to?" Sonu had no personal gain from this drive. He simply enjoyed it. He simply set it in motion …and then repulsed from it. His contacts were of immense use …his friends sore to riding over piles of money. For Sonu it was indeed the dream which was wonderful as he slept and even better over the moment as he woke up.

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Enticing Indians into craving for 'Foreign Gadgetry' was next little respite kind of drive for Sonu after the most profiting drive of narcotics. Tyson was an ocean laced with jewels and Indians were true jewel loving people. Plastics, waxes, resins,

epoxies, stones and stone dusts, metal powders, woods ...colors …lights …glitters …sounds …motions ...images and falsehoods created the real craving. For long India had been always organic and classical, for long artifice had been for the child in a child …the drastic exposure to delicacies in unearthly forms was instantaneously attractive. The common man craved for show pieces, toys, gift items and all that was small and cheap, women craved for cosmetics and fashion accessories, executives longed for foreign electronic gadgetry and the rich longed for foreign cars, diamonds, home appliances and home furnishings. Indians were always wishing to acquire anything that was foreign. To Sonu … Tyson was gem of a person, ambience glittered in his presence. They both were back stage directors. It was more of marketing of hidden delicacies that drove Indians into the mad craving. It was more of clandestine entry into connected homes that punctuated Sonu and Tyson into realms of shaded success.

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Indian women had to be styled anew …they needed to live in the world of fashion …they needed to be glamorous. Women in India were required to be outwardly expressive, appropriately demanding, individually bold, academically literate, economically free and personally reliant. Indian women were supposed to be … not down trodden …and not taken for granted …and not taken to task at all. Indian women had to be enjoying, they needed to be live and they needed to know the darker passions of life… Sonu Tyson combo was the genuine animal of the Indian women's inner world.

'Will Indian women ever adopt these styles? Will Indian girls ever wear such revealing clothes? Will Indian ladies ever step out of the prevalent cultural dictates?' Sonu asked sincerely.

'You wait', Tyson advocated, 'Just watch …these tribal looking women folk will turn most fashion hungry freebies in the world.'

Thinkers ...literates ...socialites …philosophers wrote columns revolting and advising against the drive. "Woman needs

to be womanish …she needs to be as feminine as possible. Our women need not to be influenced with the women's liberation movement of the Europe. Not that our women should not be educated, not that they should not have any say in the domestic and national matters... India has never lived by this philosophy. In India women have always been the powerful player even on the front stage …and they have commanded full respect in the green rooms …from ever. Indian women need not fall in trap of the modernization of broadcasted rights …they must not stretch to become manly ...it will be of no use to them and it will be of no use to our society. The Indian woman should be as womanly as she is ...as earthly as she is …as feminine as she is ….as delicate as she is - The best in the world. Yes! In spirit she should be a man …a wholesome person equal to her counterpart …even stronger..."

Tyson laughed it off over a drink. 'Friend, don't bother, they are thinkers ...their purpose is only to think and to write …these people get their satisfaction from writing …they get tired after thinking and writing. Indian Government does not run by their thoughts. In India, Government means - those in power "…those who have-to…" People in Government mean only those who are ready to be governed. Thinkers only designate avenues to these people in power for the sole purpose of avoiding and to have readymade answers for…'

Sonu was pensive for a long time… Suddenly he chuckled out, 'They want to create a Devi out of every woman… We want to convert every woman into a Diva.'

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And then it was getting into personal dreams of entire population of India. Sonu was so immensely excited by the whole drive …he was ably guided. The material from world of 'Pornography' reached every hand in India. It was available cheaply, abundantly ...in a hidden manner …very openly. Young and adult and old were all taken into its stride. Sonu was now joyous to have entered into minds of the people. He was happy

to corrupt these minds into thinking absurdity, imagining foolishness and contemplating stupidity. He was elated to make these lives purposeless ...if and ever these lives were to be out of the quagmire ...they were to be guilt ridden. Sonu knew clearly that it was only this generation which will carry the guilt of stumbling down in their internal character …by and by ...next generations will not even carry forward the feelings of their depravity ...they will be totally genuinely idiotic then…

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'Gambling and Lottery' was so lucrative a drive for Sonu. It was brilliant …getting the masses into addiction. People getting addicted was so beneficial …they turned so helpless … so pathetic ...so wandering ...so impulsive …so uninterested in anything other than matters of their choice. They so openly disregarded the society and its dictates. It was so effectively society breaking. Humanity just expired in the open ...slowly and in pace …families just broke. Femininity of India was so rudely driven naked on the roads. Sonu moved his contacts to make gambling and lottery legitimate business and spearheaded the industrialized mass production of alternate liquors all over India. Country made liquor was already known to rural Indians, Sonu brought this raw technology to urban India. It created dark localities in each town. Foreign liquors were in demand - Indian liquors were in larger demand. Young and old, poor and rich, students and executives, men and women, villagers and citizens, defense personal and vagabonds, people on the move and on the rest ...all were drowned in liquor. It was a matter of stature … of strength …of comradeship. Everyone suffered loss due to it. Everyone hated it, everyone preached against it and yet everyone drowned in it. Gambling could go away with age but not lottery - Lottery could go with age but not liquor. Liquor could go away with age but not the vibes of negativity associated with it. This was good …and important …and rewarding. Indians were well drowned …whether gambling or lottery or liquor …winning was important …everyone wanted to win…

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'Cinema' played a major role in Indian sentiment. Tyson hated watching the temperaments of Indian masses in and out of the cinema halls …he had always kept his feelings secrete … he had his own understanding about the effect of Indian cinema on her masses… Indian movies dealt with social sensitivities and cultural ethnicities. Dance and Drama were supposedly well knit… Cinema in India was a mass communication media which spread harmony and love in society… Tyson did never like it. Music and Poetry in this media seemed classical… Tyson detested this. This media had made Indian people ethnic and always singing and smiling. However Tyson had made his noting. "Cinema still is main source of entertainment. India did not take working in the world of cinema as an industrial venture. For Indians it was …passion …cultural eminence." Tyson could not stand it …he knew that breaking this nut would be a big breakthrough for him.

Sonu proved a well knit help. He discovered and created friendly contacts. Tyson soon discovered that this bunch was a group of ego centered vagabonds ...so called artists, technicians, producers and directors. Art was a part of their heart. They believed that it was because of their creations that society was woven in threads of poetic integrity and music. They also believed that affirmations of Indian subtleties were heightened because of their works. This bunch of artists, in their professional inertia, believed that they portrayed the reality of life, the reality of world …that they were real propagators of good …and genuine values.

Sonu's initial logic that the entertainment industry was to lead the country into newer markets did not lead to any big results. Tyson was not to stop at that - The sincere ones were amply replaced by the fake lot. Now Sonu and Tyson did not take much time to bring home the point that in reality movie making was not for communication of values, it was an industry for making money. Now, these both lots of marketed-intellectuals sincerely believed that they were creators of the superb kind …

also only they lived lives on their proclaimed values …and that they represented the peoples voice and the nation's views …and that they were the genuine mass communicators …and that they could hear the nation's heart beat …and that they could read the nation's pulse. Sonu laughed it off. That was the planned turning point. It all was true only till they were made to witness the cold truth in warm blood. Only two from the entire lot were shot dead.

"What you communicate through your abundance? Why your created heroes have to be saint like? Do you understand that renunciation is not the heroic act anymore? …Winning is ...Spanking back is ...and Hitting out is. You are time creators ...you are value changers… Sacrificial melodramas are out of date …comic is the in thing. The woman is not only an attractive showpiece, she is the lady ...and the lady had to be glamorous and bold and revealing and dubious and a vamp. She could be loud and thin and fighting and capable of quarrelling. You have to be truth creators as per the worldly norms - The truth that was cold and scientific. The truth that was objectively growth oriented."

The truth that Sonu's team demanded from them and taught them with all cruelty - "Women became the objects of desire. Objects became the need of masses. Masses became intended towards luxuries. Luxuries became necessities. Necessities became objective and womanish." Super heroes were created …one at a time

'Sonu, we have to sit on this for more time.' Sonu and Tyson were on high …late night in the hotel room …they were drained. Tyson spoke his mind out. 'Slowly the reason will set in. The reason will take them away from factual truth. These movies …this cinema will provide us with much support in all our drives. New image of women will be established …new fashion statements will be in the market …new values will replace the older ones. Money will replace every phenomenon …every aspect will be tagged. Earlier money could buy only commodities - integrity, respect, love and such aspects were not valued in money. Now these all will carry a tag on them. Slowly these subtle norms

of living will become tradable commodities.' Tyson took a large gulp of red wine. 'Sonu, believe me, one day all womanish aspects …which are known as feminine values today …values of much awe, will convert into commodities …and one day Indian woman will be a commodity…'

The duo fell on the bed. Sonu's mind kept ringing - "…Indian woman will be a commodity …The mother will be a commodity …The sublime creative strength will be a commodity…"

Many in the cinema-world started understanding the Revenue Drives …the Financial Amalgamations …and the Marketing Compulsions. "Entertainment Industry was never to become an industry but a parallel world …a world that breathed its own rules, its own dictates and its own ironies …a world which was a part and parcel of all that was shady and deeply colored …a world without which the gross could not exist." Entertainment was destined to set new standards in objectivity for the masses of India. It had to be as plastic as possible, as life negative as possible, as meaningless as possible. It had to be absolutely consuming… It had to be a glutton - A new-generation-demon.

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Tyson brought-in new technologies to India in 'Food Industry.' Hitherto, Indian food and eating practices had been immensely annoying to Tyson. Open, pure and organic foods were available everywhere. These foods neither looked beautiful nor were neat. Indian basic foods lacked variety; it was Indian cooking styles and mindboggling variety of spices that made thousands of types of foods here. Only thing that was of solace to Tyson was that Indians ate a lot and consumed a lot of cheese and sugar. "When Tyson would launch the raw ingredients … inorganic and artificial, he would achieve half his goal." Sonu was mighty pleased to drive this attack into Indian psyche - "….just look-alike foods …weighty nonchalant foods …slow poison like foods ...good looking foods ...packaged foods ...photographed foods …tinned foods …glamorous foods ...meaningless foods ...foods which replaced snacks and vice versa …foods that killed

eating habits ...foods that bit into the health, hygiene and habit. Tyson sprang up materialistic values into eating. He introduced new processing technologies that were never seen anywhere in the world …vegetables and fruits and grains and cereals grew overnight - These foods were more beautiful in looks and more resistant to crop weeds …these were more weighty and more industrial products than agricultural. These experiments of Tyson were more of trials on Indian culture. These foods were deeply effective in denting Indian cultural values of the day. Culture in India was predominantly owned by women. Women were linked to cuisine and cookery ...linking to health and habits …and back to culture. "India had its own …internal technology stealing mannerisms…"

Tyson and Sonu formulated channels to inject thought of what could be needed by the Indian masses. "Western part of the world needed it in the first place. In these countries business of production had over-grown …it had ripened … even it was on dying trend. Far East was taking on their bread. Far East had already captured the western markets…" West was compulsively interested into opening up in the developing world. India was to be the next market… Sonu had proved instrumental in meeting the need and the drive. Sonu was fabricated for such exigency. Sonu was a long time investment …he was connected ...he was the genuine animal.

Sonu within himself was deep appreciation for insight and meticulous working of Tyson. Sonu realized, though distantly but very palpably, the power of team working. India was a unique cluster of individuality and Tyson was ably supported by many. Tyson had effectively utilized his resources, which he had in plenty, to create the visible dent in Indian living. Every social aspect of India was bruised. The method and its impact had been planned …the injury was inflicted subtly but in a definitive manner. India would bleed for a long period now. India was pushed on an irreversible track - "Bastards wanted to develop so desperately." India was propelled to visit the era of materialistic modernization - Now there was no looking back. "Leave aside

those ethical idiots …each Indian was a self driven symbol of negativity."

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Years back Tyson was promoted to head Indian operations. He was so excited then. Business of curtailing infinite human faculty to rumbles sure had huge markets opened up for the propagators. Today, at near completion of his tenure, Tyson was comfortable …fidgety …and ecstatic. Results of his more than a decade of endeavors, piled over his organization's thirty years of unbroken efforts had emerged as a heightened factuality. Tyson knew he had hit the bull's eye.

Tyson knew that his boss John Mark operated from a private submarine that was their office. Then this office was abandoned …international compulsions …they moved to the new head quarters …a floating mansion …John mark had been offered 5% share in the new office. In ten years John was the overall in-charge.

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Sonu was invited to the headquarters.

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"Did any twitching of any involuntary muscle made him feel nervous?" It delighted Sonu to realize that he felt nothing of that sort. It was an irony that in his twenty eight years of arduous career into negativity he had never been to a police station. This irony was outcome of his meticulous executions of his plans. Sonu was proud of his cunning and intelligence. Today he was called at this police station along with Shalini. Their credentials pertaining to passport application were to be verified.

'You are Sunil?' The *Munim* asked …his left eyebrow raising …his hands doling with his papers.

'Yes Sir', Sonu nodded rather heavily.

'And she is your wife?' The Munim was smiling.

'Yes Sir, Shalini.' ...The photographs are in front of him, yet the meaningless questions…

'Where will you be going to?'

'Singapore - probably…'

'Why probably?' His both eyebrows raised now.

'Don't know where the company may send. The boss said something like that.' Sonu was complete innocent …a foolish kind of person now.

'She works with you?' Munim was toying with Shalini's papers.

'No Sir, she may accompany me, if I could organize the funds.'

'Okay! Give six hundred rupees.' Finality was so simple.

Sonu complied.

'Okay, leave now.'

'Thank you Sir.'

Sonu noticed when leaving that the *Munim* had already signed under prominent bold capitals … 'REPUBLIC OF INDIA'

Somebody will make enquiries tomorrow. Sonu had no problems. He lived in same house since last twelve years. Everyone in the locality knew him. He was a low profiled man. He worked with a real estate company. He had not closed his own property dealing shop. He worked overtime, after his office hours, in his shop. His parents lived next to him.

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Sonu's empire sprawled over all of India. Though he had not met many of his associates but their association was thorough and thoroughly prospering. The bonding of crime was stronger

than any other source …the crime was now a human affair in India. Sonu did not check on performance of his contacts … that was his nature - Tyson always kept the tag …that was his process. "Eastern mind lives by nature …it is inherent - Western mind lives by process …it is created." Tyson had bigger plans … he needed to keep his contact list updated and alive. All of Sonu's contacts had grown big in their field of operations and many of them had gone into the green room …directorial methods. This way, Sonu was more than three layers away from ground operations…

"…Did it sound of redundancy? …Was it the ending of his journey? He would be happy if it was confirmed so… Life needs to get further …and the only way to furthering is that the present must end." However Sonu knew that it was not to be so. "He was invited at the Head Quarters ...India was a big market."

Tyson came to spend a few days with Sonu. In all last four years, Tyson had spent very less time with Sonu. They were always on the job ...busy with newer strategies to be launched …busy in planning… Sonu remained busy in executing with dexterity and Tyson remained busy in thinking about further plans. They simply complemented each other - Sonu would correct Tyson wherever it seemed nutty and Tyson would append Sonu where ever their planning faltered. Basic planning of Tyson was never wrong and basic execution of Sonu was never faulty. 'In fact we cannot add value to our working anymore. We have to take up next level responsibilities. India has entered into the self perpetuated drive now.' Tyson professed. 'We have finalizations to pursue.'

'Self perpetuated drive?' Sonu looked up in askance. He did not follow at all.

'Means we have been sufficiently successful in installing manipulations in Indian thought …her people will continue to be driven into the web …their internal energy will produce the inversion thrust automatically. We need not work on this any further. In fact any external working on these now will be redundant and even harmful.' Tyson started thinking aloud. '…

It's a whole lot of weird wiring …a networking …a sequencing ...a chronology …monitored astutely. Sonu ...you have been marvelous and a lot depends on you now.'

'On me…? What I am…? Of what value I can be…?' Sonu's hitch was always true… "India was a big market."

'Look, it is like preparing for a grand feast. All ingredients have been put in order, all parameters have been set right, all method variables have been taken care-off and all quality aspects have been ensured. Now only last minute juggleries are to be set right. The feast ought to take place. We have to only add spice and watch for the uncertainties if any. We have to only add sparkle to it.'

Sonu was still at a loss to understand anything. Tyson made the elaboration in absolute personal and friendly gesture. 'Look, all we have done in last few years is that we have touched the Indian people. The young and the old, the urban and the rural, the rich and the poor, the learned and the uneducated, the wealthy and the downtrodden, the professionals and the businessman - We have directed them all into life …and we have furnished them with what we made them desire. This all is only bit about what would-be the drives in India; it is only something about the new educational versions. By educational versions what I mean is that what The India will be in years to come - Today's education of what life teaches you will produce the citizens of tomorrow.'

'The class of executives of governmental offices has already expanded into a newer wing of Indian society. Many private sectors have also emerged in line with similar ways of working and bigger monetary remuneration systems. Important factor that has emerged now is that the business society is looking for qualified youth …professionally qualified youth ...English speaking youth; Indian youngsters 'have-to-be' studious in order to qualify as right fitments. Is it possible? Can any 'have-to-be' happens ever …can a compulsion survive ...can a repression bear any fruits? How can a child be studious? He has to be playful ...he has to be inquiring ...he has to be wondrous …and the parent now wants him to be studious. The society punctuates so ...the

Child retaliates. His retaliation is same as the wife's retaliation to her husband who never cares for her and always behaves with her as if she is a mere means. She answers ...silently ...slowly …in violence of no amplitude …but of high frequency ...and makes her husband's life hell. The retaliation in both cases is beyond your functioning range. You repress and you land in hell. That's the golden rule. Indian parentage will repress the child and he will bounce back in the most un-understood manner.'

'Then there will be dire need for private tuitions ...to establish excellence of the child. The government school teachers and private school teachers both will advocate private tuitions. Indian schools will get converted into institutions of assemblage only …for the sole purpose to have market. Indian Students will be a market and Indian teachers will be businessmen. You cannot imagine what it will turn this society into ...Can you? Can you add any further acceleration to what is ought to come? You have already produced a generation of non qualified professional, who will now produce next generation of forcibly qualified individuals. This generation will exploit all sublimities of life; they will modify all systems and social dictates. Both government and private institutions will work less for their prime cause of education and will develop means of more earnings. Education will be industry with no results at stake. Parents will be offered packages for children suiting to their families' pocket. And the child of the family would have bounced back ...the drained parent and frustrated child. Job, parenthood ...and frustration will be the only definition of life for these new generation executives... The new education drives will ensure newer educational policies. So, much will be at stake of the educated ones? So, much will be the demand from educated ones? Such new breed of educated and employed wing will be generated which will not have time or acumen for life. They will be always apprehensive, always afraid and will be developed with a blind cowardice in their psyche. What happens to a society with its educated wing incapacitated?'

'Then there is gambling and liquor and lotteries and drugs and a whole host of them - the youth of India has been taken

up into its fold. The desires have been fabricated and injected into people. Desire …is all man is made up of and desires is all the man needs to fulfill in order carry his spine. Gambling is in man's brain ….every moment he wants to wish ...will he or he won't …every moment he takes the risk …gambles ...wants to acquire from the unknown. Liquor is in man's blood ...he ought to be hungry and eating something that ought to be intoxicating …that is liquor. Lottery is the play ...man needs to play. What you can lottery upon? It is all about 'can be' ...for which there is no answer …but it consumes you. And drugs ...keep you on the high …you remain elated …you do not need anybody for your journey …you are self dependant and independent …your individuality is prime.'

'The entertainment industry will take care of the rest. The man must be demanding from country what is seen in his bedroom screen. The unemployed man must get to avail all luxuries of life. The uneducated man must get to lay his hands upon all glamour of life. The educated man must be a coward and blind to any life. The Employed and educated man must be always in the waiting. Waiting on roads to reach office in morning and in evening to reach home only to watch television enticing him with all desires, waiting for promotions in office, waiting for more earnings to give to his wife and feel proud.'

Tyson looked into the eyes of Sonu. 'Do you understand? India will be stuffed with commodities ...duplicates and seconds …there will be foreign duplicates and the Indian duplicates and there will be foreign seconds and Indian seconds. Indian masses, all rich and poor will live in duplicates and or seconds… The markets will overflow with valueless supplies and Indians themselves will produce and market them. Note that till now the Indian wished to live on scanty resources alone. The Indian rebelled from the word abundance …he labeled even common accessories assisting life as luxuries. All we have done is that we have exposed the Indian to the world of living …we have only triggered desire into him …and in turn we have created a market for our associates.'

'The future of the Indian is truly explosive. Only a few years from now India will have automobiles but will have no roads. India will have money but no commodities to pacify their appetite. Indians will buy worth of what they will be supposed to be earning …and their earnings will not be in their control. India will have new educational drives, new games and new fashions. India will have avenues to new marketing and new technologies. India will develop immediate extensions to these compulsive businesses and will excel in the field of cheap processing and more output.'

There was a spark in Tyson's eyes.

Sonu understood, 'and you still say that a lot depended on me …how's that?'

'It is not all that easy. It is not such a cake walk. India has seen this kind of social disruption many a times. Because of long history of its civilization, Indian psyche will not get destabilized by this alone. Though this kind of evolved public will amount for a larger percentage of India's population there will be a large numbers of genuine and effective personnel here. That is where you have a role to play and I have a role to play. The larger group of such an evolved public will demand a new generation of politicians …which are already coming up now. The second and the third generation politicians; either the mafia will run the politicians or the politicians will run the mafia.'

'Sonu let me share with you. You are a genius with execution of what is about to happen; you are a true accelerator of the motion that is already in place; you are able to see through in terms of what is to come and are able to guide your dictates into it; you are the right catalyst for the process that has started. You are a master orienteer and a master craftsman in crafting the future of any group of people. Your discovery of bribing of the people, by the people, for the people for no reasonable reason and your being able to convert it into a fashion statement in India has gone a long way in my persuading the company to make you chief of all operations in India. However, it is my duty to bring to your notice, in this play sometimes we have to generate a new game.

Sometimes we have to assert during an ongoing negotiation; it is an online lose-and-win game at each step then. You have to take decisions at that moment, you cannot shoot the bastard to remove him out of sight and you cannot get out without striking the deal. That is what you have to be able to achieve henceforth. That is what that is planned to be entrusted on you now. It is a much bigger game here on.'

Sonu appeared to be sincerely interested, Tyson continued to elaborate. 'There are politicians who rule this country. There are political and administrative autocrats who run this country. There are defense and security people who strengthen this country. Forget the scientists or the educationists or the lawyers or the accountants or the farmers or the industrialists - they are all pawns in the hands of these people on the top. These first liners are to be monitored now.'

Tyson was continually watching into Sonu's eyes; they were fixed, there was no flicker …no lack of trust in them. 'These top liners are waiting to blast now. India will have industrial hubs but will not have the residential bases to house its professionals. India will have the residential locales but not the life supporting infrastructure. India will have migrating people but no social security. Water levels of mega towns will drop to scary levels. Air pollution will be alarming. There will be acute power shortage ...no roads …no security for women, children …even men. All sorts of menaces will strike public life. All sorts of mafia will be in place. Businesses in offing will be Land Mafia, Real Estate Mafia, Insurance Mafia, Taxation Mafia, Accountancy Mafia, Law and Order Mafia, Medical Mafia and like that… Manipulating Top Liners will be predominantly my game and managing the resultant masses will be your purview.'

'Look Sonu, what can one get if he approaches life in an unprofessional manner? The same is true for Indian society too. The politician leader at the least must to be educated in sciences, he must be aware of at least the elementary basics in administrative management and he must be experienced in human behavior and mass psychology - then alone he must be termed a politician

but India does not stand for studying - The politicians will set the pace for the country's economic growth. Your invention of 'Public Bribing' will consume the Polity, the Bureaucracy and the Administrative structure. India will move up in planning but lag in logistics. India will be devoted to administration but will fail in execution. India will invest in industry but will falter in productivity. How can illiterate guides steer the society? You can live your own life by gut feelings but you must be educated and experienced to be a leader of any movement. India will utterly negate this simple dictate and add so much crap over it so that none will be able to discover it ever.' political sciences, he must be literate at least in social

Tyson took out his lap-top ...he opened up a series of pictures in it. Look Sonu, these pictures represent political India. We do not understand it by states and all that, we understand it by zones of unity. Look at this color matrix - the green ones mean highly patriotic zones, the yellow ones mean zones that are breakable, the orange ones ... and the blue ones …and the red ones … The elements which make a zone yellow are average annual earnings, average health quotient, average education factor, average industrialization in the zone, availability of natural resources in the area, race to which the people belong and so on …. Sonu just nodded without understanding much. But it was true. Sonu trusted Tyson and his company. They represented the educated lot. Tyson was pleased that he made Sonu clear of the next plans scientifically …and that Sonu his friend, understood.

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Part - III

Subtlety Transcends...

...The fruits are Sweet

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CHAPTER 09

Silent Outcry

Fourteen years old Dharini was flying off. She had been thrown away from her homeland …she did not know what to think of it. Tears swelled inside her …she was violent …she cried inside. Her being was vehement… Containing the surge was intense internal effort. "Life exposes itself in most un-understood ways - Life unfolds quickly ...suddenly ...without divulging any hint ….without giving any warning." Dharini was utterly perplexed at rapidity of events that catapulted her out of her domain.

Dharini tried reason. "What actually concerned her? What were her issues?" She had been thrown away from Vinayak - Not an issue. She had been placed away from Santa Singh - Big issue. She was planned to be away from her home ...away from her mother ...away from her father ...away from her grandpa - Very big issue. She was being swayed away from her country - Not tolerable. The writing was etched in bold - Dharini boiled.

"But why?" ...Why of what happened with her' was at an unfathomable distance. It all had happened so suddenly… "If it was pertaining to life then her first brush with life was painful." Vehemence was stressful and totally internal. Her inside wanted to de-coil. She felt shattered physically… "No fragments strong enough to recapitulate." Dharini felt baffled mentally.

"I've been torn away from my India." The reverberations hammered in her …banging through her head. The ordained stance nailed her. She remained rooted all through the ten hours flight and through further two hours' drive to Elysian Academy.

She was in a kind of a trance… She behaved formal throughout the referendum of her introduction …and her counseling. Internally bereft and stricken …externally she maintained her poise all through till her getting to her hostel and finally landing into her suite. The excruciating pain that kept filling her swelled with insurmountable apathy. Dharini's soul was in her being and her being was in her motherland.

Dharini felt like weeping but no tears would roll down her eyes ...no tears would brim... She was incapable of crying - Was she? She did not plunge into discovering or inventing the lake of tears …it was a redundant exercise. She took to floating into the ocean of her mind.

Torn, de-rooted and ripped ...Dharini calmed herself down … she pacified herself. "Sounds are first manifestations of beginning of life …and sounds alone are last manifestations of ending of life. Life is a huge panorama of noise. Beyond these noises there are sacred beats …there are pious rumblings far off…" The words from her heaven did reach her - 'The Gift' of peace from her master was her reward. The agitation that dethroned her was instantaneously purposeful now. "If her soul was in India - Where was her father's soul?" She remembered Deshbandhu's stance. "So much pain was ...in there. How much she had pained her father? What was her contribution till date? What was her age? What was her knowledge band?" The questions instantly relieved her… She felt retrieved …her respect for her father grew enormous.

Dharini now realized that she was always confident that her father's decision to tear her out of her surroundings was correct. "Her growing was the real need …she needed to expose herself and to do it fast …she needed to experience more diversity than what her country was to offer her. She had to be exposed to the world. She had to know what worldly views were for India… How India looked from the world observatory?" She had to be out of India to understand India. She knew her problems; she had to know her answers. "Answers are answered only in silence ...not in noise."

"May be her father needed more time?" Was she able to grope through? "May be he was still contemplating? May be she had not followed the language of silence…yet."

"There are lands - people - lives - stories ...all over. We need to understand much of it." It was her call to make her understanding now… Her mind was disturbed no-more …there was no anger in her. She felt safe …her journey was smooth - in furtherance. She felt obliged. "How easily she was being misled? Her own inside was unaware." She thanked her father. "What renunciation? What astute decision? Will she ever be able to match his acumen?"

Dharini was engrossed …not in lake of tears …not in internal cries …not in solitude. She watched her mind …'The Gift' overpowered her being… She was exiled …into a new world. She felt compulsively pleased internally… Pleasure experienced by her was of a kind of growing magnificence - Pleasure that is enjoyed by a seasoned hermit.

Dharini found herself lodged into a new security... She felt extremely safe and carefree ...and awake ...immersed …soaked-in beauty of 'The Gift'. She felt light ...floating in air… No worries of the old time for the time… "Her chapters in the making were to be better understood… Her preliminary studies on India were to be dissected. Her love for her soul-mate, India, was to be structured. Her feelings for her people were to be shaped-up and given definitive form." She felt she was filled with anxiousness and freshness …with purpose …and with exhilaration. "She was swimming in such effortless strides … she was being carried across the sea …into the ocean …miles and miles of resplendent beauty all around her. It was such an ease …floating by herself …swimming effortlessly …moving without a movement …rolling without a ripple." Happiness filled her …she felt tremendously healthy …million glittering colors, thousand beaming lights ...bright …luminous track. She was on a heavenly journey God-wards ...on sacred pilgrimage ...travel and music - music and travel. She tasted the ether, she drank the nectar. She saw sage-hood …and she heard the divine melody.

She enjoyed the 'Travel into Brilliance' …no shadows …no ego. Travel was …of mind opening …of complete soothing ...and of wholesome refreshing. "Journey was of effortless, flowing … in exact direction… Enjoyment was of the Beyond…" Dharini was all within 'The Gift' of her own self. Dharini's first night at Elysian Academy was to pass in open-eyes.

Elysian Academy was the only educational institution in the world which boasted of developing its students in utmost individualistic manner. "No two beings are common so the very idea of collective education was ridiculous. We nourish your being to flowering and enrich it to fruiting."

The students here were from the world's wealthy class - the children of kings, of top political dignitaries and of international businesspersons. Generally these students were exceptionally unaccommodating - They were mostly social drop-outs. Elysian Academy had established its presence in every country of the world by way of Elysian Youth Club which enrolled every elite person of that country. This was done for the purpose of compiling international understanding on social demography and economic development in the world. All money flows … all money to come …all businesses established in the world … and all business to be brought-in was shared and planned. On reaching the age of forty these energetic members were shown the door with thunderous pomp and show… These members were supposed to be above the youth grounds now …now their purpose was to nurture their fraternity. This celebration was every next day affair. The Elysians believed in partying hard. Elysian Academy made future kings; it had churned out number of Prime Ministers and Presidents world over.

In Elysian Academy the period of studies was not rigid. Different nationals stayed here for different span of time. Though most young ones landed here for the purpose of fine tuning their academic approach, some of the students were stationed here for reasons of political asylum. It was a world body to protect the wealthy from the social upheavals. It was the safest haven and best guarded campus in the world. The Academy facilitated the

making of the world in an undercurrent manner. It was said to be equipped with the latest gadgetry in the education world. The Academy published its own magazine, "EYC…..Declares", on World Affairs. The monthly publication was circulated worldwide, its coverage being considered most authentic and pragmatic. The Academy aired international programs from the World of New Developments and on World News of the Young. Apart from a three room apartment, each student suite was fabulously furnished with a Tele-vision and a Computer with twenty-four hours world connectivity and a personal library. Dharini was amazed with the power of communication of the computer and the Tele-vision. She made a note to inform her father about the same.

Early next day, her first morning in the Elysian Academy, Dharini received this letter from Deshbandhu.

Dearest of All - Dharini

Dear Angel … Now you are a "Can be" …you are courageous.

Your' Chapters here-on must be direct …more revealing ...and more inquiring. May be chapters here-on are less enjoyable but you are not the one to look for enjoyment in chapters of life; you are the one to look for enjoyment …in process ...and in being.

You are the one destined.

Your journey for the Truth is to achieve the real happiness. …The Bliss of Living…

We belong to the clan of courageous people. For us it is always the beginning… You understand? It is your beginning. Realize it. The contents of your particular story may be different but the essence has to be same. Equate yourself with it.

God Bless You - my Child.

Most lovingly,
Deshbandhu

Dharini read her father's love letter. "How could he be so aptly fulfilling?" She had taken more than two days of pain to understand what her father figured out in fraction of a second. And within that span of time he even implemented his decision. Her father put her on track so easily... She felt proud of him.

The opening lecture for fresh students was held at the huge auditorium ...of marble and glass ….of mahogany and velvet. The centrally heated theatre equipped with Germen audio visual system, the only of its kind, specially developed for interaction between the teacher and the student, was the pride of Academy... The session was conducted by the dean of the Academy Prof. Lin, an educationist par excellence. He was the renowned psychologist and sociologist…

Lin was dot on time and on the point -

'How do you consider your life to be fulfilled? How the finalization of one's Life is realized? What is the most important factor for achieving the finalization of Life?'

'Knowledge is important for achieving finalization of Life.'

'The word important means that it is one necessary requirement for a man to meet his final destination. It is one …merely one …not the only one necessary requirement.'

'You are here to learn. You are here to learn and know and achieve … and Yes …most of all …to live on.'

'If final destination of man is "Self Actualization" then Knowledge is important to achieve it. It is pertinent to note that without Knowledge …self actualization cannot be realized.'

'Care to note the fundamental definition of Knowledge - "Knowledge is only what you inform yourselves."

'Knowledge is playing music all over …ever. The world is already complete …not that the completeness is yet to be achieved … not that the world is waiting for something to be added in order to become complete. Everything that is happening all over is Knowledge. Some initiation, some finalization is associated with it. This entirety of Knowledge need not be understood by you. It may not be of concern to you …it may not be of your interest. Not important …it is termed …Knowledge.'

'So much of Knowledge is around. So much is happening every moment. It is the mega-symphony …continuous …and spontaneous. So much is re-occurring every split second. Every next is the follow up from its predecessor. The chronology is in place - The master register is in complete exactness as ever - The master is in complete control as ever. The phenomenon of Knowledge is continuing as ever. Only your reaching your goal is on challenge. 'Know that no goal is met accidentally. You do not just get your goal - You have to walk to it.'

'Transition is very much a part of every stage. Know that only some of you will reach the stage where transformation will be touched by you. Remember! You all will have to work very hard to reach that stage. In case you feel that you have already worked hard then it is your own …wrong definition. To us it signifies that it was not work at all …it was not a journey goal wards. Our whole effort is only to avail you with right ambience. Our only expertise is to direct and fine-tune your movement in the right perspective of the world human ethnicity. We began our part of the work the moment you entered this campus.'

'Remember that annals of your working …and echoes of principles practiced by you are rare …these are your treasures. To our understanding, you have found and lost them many times - That has been your life till date. Now on you have to accrue your found glitters.'

'The topic of Communication is first chapter you need to study. There is no other way. There is no escape.'

'To some …communication is transitory …such people aim for Transition. Do not fall prey to this trap. Do not aim for transition. Transition is a mere flow… Believe in it… Transition is not something to be achieved. You understand… It is something to be enjoyed.'

'What happened before this moment was one truth. What will happen after this moment is going to be one more truth. What is happening at present is one different kind of truth. Illusion is one that is not stable, one that is temporarily real. The fact is also changing every passing moment. So transition is a compulsive necessity… Recognize it. Accept it. Transition is not a sub topic in the chapter of Communication.'

'You do not get to your goal just like that. You have to walk to it. This walking has to be a conscious effort. Aimless loitering is not walking. Walking is oriented. You have to walk every moment.'

The goal is not going to be met accidentally. Rather! When you will walk - you will meet not the goal but the accidents. You cannot walk the unknown aisles without faltering - without bumping into stoppers - without meeting your own personal accidents. These accidents will be your Knowledge bands; these accidents will be your personal possessions …in many ways these will be your wealth. This wealth is going to be your security. It will enliven your esteem - it will elevate you. You will enjoy it.'

'Accidents and Enjoying Accidents both are equally important. If Accidents are not there - Sure! Something is grossly wrong with your walking. If Enjoying Accidents is missing - The goal cannot be met. Goal cannot be reached without gathering both these assets.'

'Only you can help yourself to reach your goal. How can anybody other than you be of any help to you? The goal is yours - the path is yours - the accidents are yours - the enjoyment is yours and outcome of all above is yours. Your Goal is met.'

'Remember! The Goal cannot be fragmented. The achieved Goal is not termed comprehended in case where the achiever lacks the knowledge of his accidents. It cannot be a goal where-in the achiever is still ignorant regarding the enjoyments of his travel. These pleasures etcetera must be dwelt upon by the achiever to experience happiness in them. Otherwise the chapter remains fragmented. The experience of the fragmented goal will acquaint you with pseudo knowledge.'

'You do not know how the Goal looks. You cannot identify the Goal even if you come across it. The Goal will be in transitory form - there will be some form attached before it and some form attached after it. There is a strong possibility that you will miss the approaching goal. Even if, by some remote coincidence, you happen to confront it, for sure you will not be able to identify the opportunity of the goal just passing by you; you will miss it. Somebody competent will have to do this job for you. Have the custodians of your society created appropriate cultures wherein beings who are competent accompany you on the passage of your finding your goal? This question is to be answered by you alone.'

'Knowledge as a subject has already been explained. Still - Let you be ever conscious regarding no-knowledge - ignorance. Teach yourself knowledge of wrong-knowledge. In panorama of knowledge, one important ingredient from goal wards journey is the set of its very own compulsive postulates as understood by you alone. Comprehension is an advanced stage of understanding. You must learn - experience - play in totality - meet the variables - perform to achieve - master the process - create your academics - finish any dualities - substantiate your knowledge - enjoy the process and then alone the comprehension will begin.'

'Finalization of life is easily understood. It is some kind of measure which, if one attains, his life is fulfilled. Something, that takes one to his peak and to his everlasting happiness.'

'You are known by your - this communication. You are the communicator - the Transmitter that has done the communication. You make one communication - and one communication gets communicated. These two communications need not be same in their meaning. You are known by what gets communicated. Information thus gets transformed into parallels of communication. Communication is thus understood as simply a vehicle of your want. Communication is thus 'Your' lone vehicle, by right manipulation of which, your want can be achieved.'

'Your want can be understood to be achievable if your communication is exact, plus that your communication is constantly and consciously alive to correction and that feedback and automatic …modulations are instant. This added ruling - of constant and conscious correction - is to be obliterated from our communication package in due course of time. Systems that help developing these rulings which enable one to get into an automated practice of communication exactness finding are the further works in the communication world.'

'The understandable dictate that emerges loud and clear is - Your want is achievable if your communication is exact. Information is direct modulation of your want. Communication is the sole via media. Information (a mere inert noun) - Communication (the sole vehicle enabling achievement - Want (the final goal)'.

'What is intention? Want and Intent are quite near in their positional placement in communication matrix. Intent is a shade directional. Intent precedes the want. Want is your definition of happiness - Intent is starting point of your beginning to work to achieve your want. 'That makes the whole difference. Wishes and wants are funny - a kind of begging mode. Intent is thought oriented - Intent precedes intelligent activity. Inform yourself right - Your communication gets right. Right communication is a straight path to right knowledge. This right knowledge is the sole Key to finalization of Life. Informing yourself right is your internal personal venture.'

'Either you succeed or you do not succeed. There is no third choice.'

'You can either be a good communicator or be a bad communicator. There is nothing like no communication or less communication. All these are only variants of bad communication. If finalization is to be realized in life - Good Communication is Must. If you are generally misunderstood ...if your intent does not get carried in the right perspective ...if your surroundings do not react in the manner intended by you ...you are not communicating well.

'You are at stake'

'Man! What is at stake?' Fellow students laughed and ridiculed the contents of the lecture,

Dharini, on her part was so impressed with the introductory lecture that she rushed to her personal library and started to find details on Prof. Lin. She sent a copy of the lecture to Jai and Deshbandhu to have their opinions. As per Dharini, the contents were in the eastern flavor, though the body was western. Soon she found her answer. Lin was half Chinese half British. He had spent most of his studentship years with Huan Chan, the Chinese Psychologist - a Tao Master and an authority on Zen. On retiring from active services as a religionist with School of World Religions Shanghai, Huan Chan settled in Singapore to further his knowledge in World Religions specially in solving the mysteries of Chinese religion and of Hindu religion. He also taught the world about the Zen way to life. Lin was the sole disciple who accompanied the master. Lin spent five more

years with Chan when he was appointed the dean of the Elysian Academy.

Dharini's straightforwardness with her newly found circles exposed her to the psyche of young-blood of the world. It took Dharini only one week to understand that most young ones in most part the world knew only food and sex. When the demand of food was over the demand of sex generated in them and once the demand of sex was done-with the demand for food took over. However Dharini got initiated into friendship with some serious kind of youngsters. This group of students was better evolved… Others, to Dharini, appeared as the raw ones who did not want to look further in their lives... Detailed discussions on world history of studentship amazed Dharini to note that even less than a century ago more than half of the world did not know what schools were. The world civilizations had not exposed their people in knowing what studying was… And even the developed countries, which boasted of world class educational institutions, had their ever-first-educational institutes, only about two centuries ago. Kingships in these countries did not approve of the system of educating its children. The children just grew up into adults… Initially education was meant for the king's off-springs and for the children of his ministerial staff. Much later first schools in these countries were set up in the back yards of their places of worship only to teach the religious dictates. Dharini shared her views with Jai …in strict confidence.

Her chosen set of friends was much effaced though there surged an urge in them to know what education was meant to be. However, they always found themselves against dead wall. Dharini's thoughts were occasionally driven towards India. Even she did not know India's past …her knowledge was vague and was based on hear-says. She knew only that India had a glorious past, that it was called 'Golden Bird' and even 'Ocean of Gold' …that it had the world famous educational institutes. This all she knew vaguely …she was not factually sure of her knowledge. Experience had taught her that education in India did not teach any exactness. And she knew that today India was in shambles

…that today India was on the verge of fragmentation. This she knew for sure.

Dharini's this newly found realization that her knowledge about her country was superficial and that all her schooling and all her touring was of no worthwhile avail pained here again and again. "Her knowledge and her teaching had been so tertiary…" The reality of the pain was that she knew she was not wrong. Her condition was just like her new friends who were standing on the edge not knowing further ...only wanting to know. Only difference was that they were against the unknown …and she was against the hidden... Dharini felt weak. "Present education in India, made a joke of her legendry country …that from the education-in-practice in her country, nothing could be realized …buzzed her. It was all mugging up …and vomiting out… It was all feeling great about in capsules of falsehood. "What is the authenticity of any education which cannot churn out educated society? What credentials an education system withholds by application of which the society does not become happy?" Dharini was just another unfortunate one...

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Students were extracted into their designated fields. There were twenty five students in Dharini's this batch …her all new friends were with her. This one, a smaller session on 'Basic Aspect of Truth from Civilized Humanity' was lectured by Prof. Harare, the eminent sociologist acclaimed all over the world for her works on studies of development of human civilizations.

"Dharini better spend time on knowing credentials on Professor Harare." Harare was a Japanese philosopher. She had done her schooling in Europe and had spent most of her college years in America where she taught Humanity and God. Harare had left her teaching job to join the OSHO Commune. After the demise of the god-man she had taken up the assignment of heading the faculty of World Religions at the Elysian Academy.

The select twenty five were chosen to attend this lecture.

'Dear Students of the modernizing world - I am of the opinion that you have chosen to build up the world which would be more beautiful than the one you found it around you. It is my endeavor to bring to you certain existential truths about the present day world ...which will help you envisage your track with more ease than otherwise.'

'Something very strange and unfortunate has happened to man.'

'Are you able to figure-out that we have been brought up to hate and not to love? This is a very strange truth of our world. The Mohammedans hate Christians and the Christians hate Jews; Communists hate Fascists, Fascists hate Socialists. It is true all over the globe - All religions hate each other. The Theists hate the Atheists and the Atheists hate the Theists. All political ideologies are based on hatred. All nations are rooted in hatred. If all education during our formative stage is termed, our conditioning, than our conditioning is anti love. Yes the strategy has been very subtle. This is known to each one of us as an existential truth and each one of us has to find the answer to this unbelievable dictum.

'Very few people become aware of this phenomenon that we are brought up to hate. Our politicians are genius in understanding this mass psychology. They understand that people are never united because of love; that love has no power; that all power comes through hatred. So the common slogan of the politician is "Create hatred and people will be united." Being united against enemy keeps your countrymen awake …keeps your countrymen alert. So politicians always keep your enemies alive. You will be ready and alert if you will be full of fear; fear that you are going to be attacked, that you are not safe and fear that war is just knocking the door. Not only that, if it is possible the politicians will make you believe that every nation in your vicinity is the enemy. All military movements, all defense accumulations, all bombs, all ammunition of warfare are created because the world now lives united out of fear and hatred.'

'In this way love has been destroyed from ever. In this way our being has been educated and in this way we have been conditioned. So whenever love arises in us, our entire conditioning goes against it. It creates trembling in us - it creates fear in us. Yes! If it is a false

love - then it is OK - then there is no problem - we can manage it. We have been trained to manage.'

'In love you will never hurt anybody …you will forego. In love you will not kill anybody. And in love you will not be ready to get killed too. Then where will these self proclaimed guardians of the world go? How they will survive? Who will listen to them? How they will unite their countrymen? What will happen to worldwide business? Thus hatred is very important and society is bound to see that we grow up in hatred.'

'Love is God. And there is only one God. So there must be only one definition of Love too. But we have a Christian God - A Jews God - A Greek God - A Mohammedan God. Love is man's that sole intrinsic nature by which he grows. If there is no love there is no God. God is understood as ultimate experience of love. How can we have so many Gods? These all ought to be images of God. Images are not real. So these Gods are unreal. These Gods do not pertain to any Truth. If these Gods are not real than this Love is not real too; if our love is unreal, we can manage it. It creates no fear in us - our God is also pseudo.'

'Dear Angels - Please care understanding that the chronology is applicable to all of us. We all are on the same boat, we are just co-travelers. You may be matured but not experienced, I may be experienced but not matured but as we start the journey consciously …the traits and trends ought to be same.'

'You are surrounded with such a beautiful existence and if your heart does not dance with it then you can't be said to be alive. You must be dead. And being dead is a very safe. You are safe. You are secure. Life is insecure. And the teaching is how to be alive. How to live dangerously? Because, that is the only way to live, there is no other way. If you want to live safely, comfortably, means that you desire death - You are suicidal; you are a coward, an escapist.'

'When you feel close to true love …a great fear arises in you… Don't turn back… Let this true feeling arise - this means beginning of life. Accept it - go through it - it will not harm you - it will help you - it will make you stronger than ever. If you can go through the fear consciously …the fear will disappear and you will come out of the fire of it purer …like pure gold. Fear no fear - Gather courage - The

journey has already begun. Now the real is to be found …and it is not very far away - It is within you.'

Recognize the Real God…

All through the seminar Dharini's apprehensions grew only deeper. Something was utterly funny. "This one also seemed to be drenched in 'Indian Thought'. Yet, not one word about her country was uttered by the professor. There were mentions about the Christians and the Jews and the Mohammedans but not once the word Hindu was brought in." This perturbed Dharini. She was quite... She informed her query to Jai…

That very evening The Elysian World News reported in a short snippet that more than half the students in Indian engineering and medical colleges were addicted to drugs. And the menace had taken to its masses …it was on the rise in all urban citizens. …Dharini was sad… She sought an appointment with Lin which was instantaneously granted. Dharini was surprised, 'Thanks' was the unexpected response from Lin, 'I expected it'.

"Educating ...and the education ambience here is so apt ...so simple …Why it is not so in India? …Is it something to do with the building up of Infrastructure? Or it was the question of building technology? Or it was building up of managements? Or it was matter of communication?"

Lin was waiting for her at the door, 'Welcome my child. Good Evening.' He extended a warm hand.

'Sir…' Dharini wanted to sound courteous, 'Professor' … she fumbled.

'Be at ease …my child' He soothed her ...his eyes very compassionate…

'Lin …I am not at ease.'

'I know …O! Child.'

'God! ...Yes! ...I wanted to know ...rather I wanted to ask. Did I hear correct? You said ...You were expecting my call.'

'Yes …Angel.'

Dharini looked up… He just looked at her. There was unfathomable reverence in his eyes. She was puzzled, 'Lin I want to talk to you'.

'Yes …O! Dearest… Please speak in confidence… Leave nothing to doubt.'

'Lin …You teach Indian values in your lectures …you make mentions about Jews, Christians and Mohammedans …but you never mention India …or even Hinduism …Why?'

...Lin kept his quiet. He was silent …as if meditating. Dharini had made her question… She waited for the answer…

'O! My Child, please note… Empires are run by the world-rulers ...not the individual kings.' Lin was quite. Only his eyes penetrated into hers ...making sure he made the meaning go deep into her. Dharini spontaneously rose to the call. She looked directly into his eyes ...probing ...deeper ...and deeper ...waiting… She knew there was more to it… 'And please also make this important noting - This place is going to be wired soon. Wired electronically… This I am telling you as if I have not told you anything. The new technology is about to be developed. Our Academy will be its first recipient. ...The World Rulers care for us more than even the enemy countries.' Lin stressed on each word.

Dharini was thoughtful ...for moments ...she was terribly thoughtful. She registered the meaning of Lin's statements and their echoes in one single moment. 'Lin …What should I do? .... How am I to find my goal? What you suggest…?'

'Dearest One ...the world knows India as being robbed. These days India is understood as worthy of only being robbed… There is a little faculty which hates this ideology for any land …for any civilization.' Lin was pensive for some minutes … and then he added, '…particularly for India… This faculty has very deep regards for India. India has bestowed so much to the humanity… We all are indebted… Robbing India is not going to serve any purpose even to the looters…' Lin was in kind of a Trans, '…Commodities, of which they are making India depleted of …they already have in abundance. They themselves are mis-users of world resources. They are simply creating India as their dump yard. This they wish to achieve at huge costs from Indian people. What brings us pain is that this international drive tends to incinerate a civilization to its extermination… The

process is indeed painful…' However, on a personal thought, Lin brightened, 'The world knows India only in the manner as I have explained you… This world does not know Dharini. They do not know you. We ...our little faculty know you.' And, on a personal after-thought Lin expressed, 'Of course they will know now. Good that you have asked the question. You need to be careful. Please wait… Give me some time… I will come back to you.'

Dharini was all thanks for Lin… Thanks written all over her. She smiled ...her full body thanking him.

'I must work.' Lin was continuing uninterrupted. '…I will give you the lead. On your part ...please be careful. Do not try to contact me. I will come back to you …soon.'

She rose to take leave ...thankful ...relieved …loaded ...light ...and heavy… She was not afraid… She was awake… She was alert. Somewhere inside she was dancing…

Next morning a twenty years old demure girl of from Andhra Pradesh, India was attached with Dharini. Elysian Academy selected little ladies from all over the developing and underdeveloped world for education and charity. She was to be twenty-four hour company to Dharini. She was to be Dharini's errand girl, her student, her friend, her informer and her messenger. Her name was Aastha. The two developed instantaneous great company.

Dharini informed Jai about her conversation with Lin. She felt that by informing Jai about proceedings of her inputs here, her mind became more available to get into the crux of her education… She relished these feelings. Jai informed her that he was getting married. 'Don't worry', Dharini wrote back, 'I am not going to leave you. You do off with whatever you want to do ...and get free …better enjoy fast… I will need you…'

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Dharini's educational group was made smaller. There were only seven students in her closed batch now. There was one architect, one town planner, one social worker, one lawyer, one musician and one poet. They were all aspiring creators in their countries. They had been sponsored by their governments. Dharini was the youngest of all. Her first level personal friends were all dropped in this batch. Aastha was welcome in the group.

Dharini was only concerned with her goal now. She believed Lin. Before she could speak to him again, Lin proceeded on six months personal leave. Harare took up the charge as acting Dean. Lin's leave was due since a long time …he had not visited his country since last three years …his parents were not keeping well. Harare was also appointed the care-taker of Dharini's young batch. She addressed this group frequently ….

The batch was taught principles of Kinemics - *The entire personality of a person is written in the eyes. All other body parts merely create deception….*

…….

The Globe and Civilization was married - Architecture of a place depicts the character of its civilization.

…….

Being human has a purpose. Mankind has always tried to find a purpose to humanity. Why we are born? Each result has got a cause associated to it - so if our taking birth is a result then some cause must be associated to it. What is that cause? What makes us a superior breed than all other living beings on the earth?

Various theologies have emerged over the period.

During the Passage of time, many theories got transformed … many got mutilated to an extent that the original theory lost its grandeur …and many were lost. Such theories were surely not on a sound footing - these theories could not stand the test of time.

Certain theories sustained the evolution process and exist even today as they were formed in their beginning. These theories survived the onslaught of generations' needs in different times. These theories

… which enable its people to find salvation are termed religion. Religions are sure consolations to human mind. These are consolation of collectivity: That you are not alone, there are many who agree like you. These are a consolation of security that the method is right - no wrong will happen if you follow this and if the wrong were to happen the mistake will not be yours. You are not to blame - So you are secured… Consolation of escapism… You need not worry… You need not think further… This is the final thinking… Further is not called for.

What makes us superior to all other living beings on the earth is the fact that we are endowed with maximum number of sense organs plus the mind that can rationalize best. This mind is made to think ahead outwards or inwards. When it thinks outwards it creates science. When it thinks inwards it creates religion.

Remember! Thinking in either direction it creates dictates. These dictates are bindings. Mind is not to be bound …binding is system. System is shackle on mind. Shackle is devastating to development of mind. Our purpose is to be free of shackles. This purpose is to be achieved in order to reach the salvation.

Religion makes us binding free in the end. In the beginning we have to live through this binding state. Once you will be able to follow these dictates, once you will be able to comprehend these dictates, once you will be able to live these dictates you will automatically reach your binding free zone - Your' Salvation.

In doing so, you have to live through the gross world. In gross world you have to encounter others who are themselves on the same path of their personal salvation search. Only their religious dictates are different or many times, differently understood.

When you are on route your journey to salvation, it is important that you do not deviate from your chosen path. Also, it is important that you are a winner always and that you meet all smaller milestones in an efficient and victorious manner.

Once you are on this journey - you will receive the fruits of your endeavors. You will be a looser of many of your earnings. Much of your efforts will go waste. All results whether positive or negative or neutral are your accumulated wealth - Your Fruits. Pertinent question is to know what to do with these fruits.

Another important question is to know what is the kind of your relation with the people around you? And you have to reach your salvation only by being an efficient player of this game of life. What are the ratings of these co travelers of your journey? What you should know about them? How you should rate them and what should be your working with them?

We divide the entire gamut of human beings in five categories -

I.	*0%*	*-*	*Genius*
II.	*10%*	*-*	*Capable*
III.	*35%*	*-*	*Animals*
IV.	*35%*	*-*	*Parasites*
V.	*20%*	*-*	*Fools*

Market - human intervention, for all purposes of individual and respective interpolations, is such a mix. The designated names and ratios are purely for theoretical understanding. You must make your own pattern. People are fools, parasites, animals capable and genius based on behavioral and psychological patterns.

The choice is all yours; that is to understand the types of these categories, to be able to rate them, to be able to associate with them and to be a victorious in the end. There is no other choice; if you are not victorious - only you are to be blamed.

Category V - Fools: are those kinds of people who will never grow. They have not understood the purpose of being human. Also they have no intent to do so. They are just plants. They have all sense organs etcetera working in normal fashion. But they cannot think ahead. They cannot connect for any further activity. They do not contribute to humanity. They do not worry about it. They are purposeless. They are always exploited by other categories.

Note that fools will continue to live in this cell throughout their lives. They will hop here and there but never jump over to any further category.

Everybody exploits them - You should also exploit them …and return them with their due rewards and with part of earning as per your calculations.

Exploiting them is important. Do not leave them. Someone else will do it. Your market will be taken away. You will be a loser. Exploit them efficiently, not cunningly. Exploit them from market sustenance point of view not for any individual reasons. Do not waste much time on them.

Category IV - Parasites: Are those types of people who will live on others. They will not hunt their own food. They are like fox in the jungle. They will eat on others kill. It is very strange category of people. Watch them with cunning. Exploit them with cunning and with tact. Avoid them in all personal matters. Do not waste your time on them more than what is necessary to exploit them.

This kind of people will not spare you if they find you weak. Your weakness is also as if you have been killed by another animal. They will simply eat you off mercilessly. Watch for them - they are always waiting to enjoy - they are least bothered about from where the enjoyment comes.

With time and with some stroke of luck sometimes this brand of people may enter into next category. But till then, if you happen to be in their association - they are least bothered about your esteem; all they want is their need be fulfilled through you. You are their associate so it is their right to enjoy from all your attributes. Just study them; do not waste your time on them or with them and exploit them. There is no escape. Do not be trapped. If you are in their vicinity and you do not exploit them they will harm you. They may not be able to exploit you or will not be able eat you off depending solely on your internal capability.

Category III - Animals: Are those people who hunt their food. They are the entrepreneurs. They feel proud of their capability to make their own produce. They are full of knack and trick and cunning. They have a large ego. They are also creators. They do not necessarily mean harm to others. Their only problem is that they do not care for humanity. That makes them plunderers. They care only about their own benefit. They are not open to overall picture.

You must befriend them for purpose of learning their knack. You should not spend much time with them. If you happen to spouse them they will take their benefit out of you using gifts, trick, timing and such means. Their benefit is important to them …come what may.

They want the best; losses to environment or humanity are not their purview. Even this category of people, in time, with some stroke of luck, may turn into next category - The Capable.

Category II - Capable: Are those people who are creators and builders. They are learned in the true sense. They mean business. They are studious, cunning and intelligent. Important feature in all their motives is that they care for humanity. Their cunning is to fight the Animal. They are the best people to befriend. Befriend them … party with them. Enjoy with them. Learn from them.

Think …Why they will allow you to befriend them?

They are like that only. Their drive to care for humanity makes them so. They may not spend time to correct you but they will enjoy enriching you. They are never a worry. If you are the one without or with little mistakes they will not have any hitch in making friends with you. If you are genuine you will be welcome in their clan.

Lastly do not fall prey to Category III people. They are real animals on the prowl. Their cunning is intelligent and deceptive. Use your contacts with your beloved ones to save yourself from getting trapped. It is a tricky situation, you have to learn their trade secrets, their knack and yet not befriend them. The trick lies in your initial built-up. Make your base strong. Avoid them during initial ventures of your sport. Watch them form safe distance first.

Initial market is with fools and Parasites.

Competition is with Animals.

Companionship, partnership is with Capable.

Goal is to be in 0% - Genius.

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Lin did not return in the stipulated period. Dharini was anxious. She made official enquiries ...Lin had extended his leave on grounds of sickness of his parents. Dharini did not make any effort to contact him. She felt concerned ...afraid.

"Jai's marriage with Vinita had sailed into rough waters." Dharini was sad for her guide friend. "Jai had coped up with the disturbed life very well." Deshbandhu informed Dharini. Jai had not mentioned it to Deshbandhu …nor to anyone else. It was that when Deshbandhu and Geetanjali had called-up the couple to congratulate and bless them on getting into the family way … that they understood …purely by their own understanding ...that Vandana was not prepared for going into maternity. Vandana did not come out of her room even to meet them. …Jai was too embarrassed… They felt for Colonel… They needed to support him… They also felt for Vandana. "Life has its own ways." … Dharini was pensive.

To Dharini India expressed itself in so many ways. News about India always reached and perturbed her. Jai made some references about regional disturbances in many parts of India and Indian Government's starting revamping the Indian political machinery by involving foreign consultants. Deshbandhu did not mention his work to Dharini …He did not share his India with her… India was not coming up as his cherished dream. Dharini knew that she owed it to India …that she was on the brink …that she was about to catch the million dollar trick. She gauged the glimpse knocking at her forte …she wanted to wait patiently but her being was not allowing thus… She was in a far off place where she could neither smell Indian airs nor could feel her breeze. She felt hollowed once again …emptiness filled her. This emptiness was of long periods ...of long waits …of earnest longings. Her education was not furnishing any rudder …she was floating senselessly.

Aastha was blessed by the rare quality of ultimate peace. At times she took care of Dharini's destabilized states, 'Don't take it too hard on you Dharini, we all are puppets in His hands. I can foretell soon the way will find you.'

'How are you so sure?' Dharini was uplifted.

'It is easy. You cannot be in same state for long. You appear lost since long, so naturally your lost state must get lost now. And your longing genuine …God has to deliver it to you.'

Dharini embraced her demure friend. She was consoled.

Dharini continued to take interest in assigned curriculum of the Academy. Each seminar was held for a differently organized group. Dharini knew that her intent was elsewhere but she was a diligent student …and she kept Jai informed regarding her process. 'You owe it to me. Learn whatever I am getting through - Add your value to it - And make yourself invaluable. India needs you.'

…….

The level of cultural cynicism in present day youth is deciphered by ……

…….

Present day educational system prepares only commercial executives … it lacks accessibility and practicality ……..

……

The quality of listening is vanishing ……

…….

The education must be to build-up the Level of confidence …….

…….

There seemed to be no escape… The course kept on expanding …it kept on becoming more and more concentrated in its content and getting more focused in its direction. The education was more of managerial upbringing, more of business oriented, more of personality development. To Dharini it all seemed meaningless. Lin was her only hope. There seemed no escape…

This evening Harare invited Dharini to her home. She wished to unfold papers on her study on – 'The route to the Cosmic Laws. The project was close to her heart. The presentation was held only for three students - Dharini, Aastha and the Engineer. Harare had been working on this project since last two years…

Only a rough draft was finalized. She was sharing with her friends in good faith…

"Existence continues to exist as per the cosmic law. This continuation is not to be challenged …it is to be believed. Each one of us is mere spectator to this continuity. If ordained, one may get entry into a domain wherein, the process of inquiring into the nature of this continuing existence begins for him."

"Existence plus Knowledge is Science."

"Knowledge gathered to assimilate certain conforming rules of existence is science. Existence was always there. Knowledge brought it to limelight in a special way. Knowledge presents itself as a streetlight. The knowledge has brought the knowledge from some other place to you and you are the newly ordained one. The existence was already there, the knowledge was also available at some other place and due to this time's ordainment and due to your ordainment the knowledge has come here."

"The knowledge being available here now, does not in any way, mean that knowledge is not available at whatever place it was available prior to coming here. It is also not as if only a soft copy of knowledge has been transmitted into you or to the ordained one."

"From infinite knowledge bank when infinite knowledge pertaining to laws governing the science of existence are taken out what remains is the Infinite Knowledge Bank. Laws of knowledge that pertain to science have been, in a way, strained out of the big bank. The big knowledge bank stands somewhat purified now."

"Also since the existence is continual - each and every stage of existence is different from its previous stage and thus the knowledge band of each of these stages is different, though each phase of knowledge pertaining to each stage of existence is a fixed identity termed the truth."

"Outcome of existence plus knowledge is science. The existence being continual, the science is continual too. Positive multiplied with negative gives a negative result. If stability is applied on continuity the result must be continual."

"If existence exists as per the "Cosmic law" and the outcome of continual Existence plus fixed identity Knowledge, Science is

continual then what is the status of the "Cosmic Law" as regards its stability? Answer that automatically flashes the mind of the student is that the cosmic law must be a big truth, knowledge being its own part. Supreme knowledge, outcome of intelligence - subset of truth - one the ordained, must be on sure route towards the Cosmic Law."

"The conditioned student refuses to be marveled by answers that come in flashes. Such student captures the gist and continues the journey of exploration. Existence plus knowledge is science. Science plus knowledge is psychology."

"Scientific Knowledge and knowledge of all Knowledge Input Sources (the five senses) are further studied by the ordained one - the outcome thus received is termed Psychology."

"The psychologist need not have to be one mastering the laws governing science. He has to be aware of the end products of science. While the scientist would always be curious to find answers to what, how and why of the phenomenon, the psychologist will be ever curious to furnish answers to why a living being behaves in a particular way. The psychologist comprehends and masters the laws under which the senses function."

"Scientific knowledge in its extreme forms is the basic root from where the Applied Psychology begins. Laws governing psychology are ever existent in the Big Bank termed knowledge. Even the field of Psychology is continual because fixed identity Knowledge is applied on continual identity Science."

"To the ardent student the big knowledge bank stands further strained of the laws of Psychology and what remains is further oriented towards the Universal Cosmic law. Existence plus Knowledge is science. Science plus Knowledge is Psychology. Psychology plus knowledge is Philosophy."

"Fields of understanding till level of psychology are total knowledge banks of what exists. These all are mere studies compiled for the purpose of application. Pure sciences when attempted for application become Applied Sciences; Applied Sciences when attempted for application convert into Technologies and Technologies when attempted into application cause Multitude - Our Own Creation. This multitude is unceasingly attempted to be controlled by

the outcomes from extremes of Pure Sciences - very roots of Psychology. Thus Sciences and Psychology form a cyclic chain."

"Once mind and intelligence are exercised beyond these horizons, what begins to emerge is a field brimming with desperate desire to answer - What Should Be? Should Be, literally sounds a mandatory, repressing and a verdict kind but it is not so. Philosophical thought is a mere answer to 'What should be'. This answer is reached based on studies made on patterns of ever emerging multitude - resultant of continual Psychological Applications. Each answer from these sets of answers is a Philosophical Dictum - true to only its field of study in the fixed pattern it has been studied. Philosophy is mere knowledge applied on psychological outcome of Existence."

"A Philosophical Dictum - a soft answer to 'What should be' that is reached on studying the pattern evolved as result of psychological control on a complex multitude - is in itself continual. Existence plus Knowledge is Science. Science plus Knowledge is Psychology. Psychology plus Knowledge is Philosophy. Philosophy plus Knowledge is Dharma. While many learned advocate Dharma to be an outcome from the process of evolution, many enlightened ones believe Dharma to be a consequence of study of the Spirit."

"The Universal Cosmic Law is one Big Bank of Knowledge which has been successively strained of laws of science, of laws of psychology, then those pertaining to philosophy and finally strained of laws from the realms of Dharma. The Cosmic Law is attained thus - A purified Substrate of Knowledge."

"When from this Cosmic Law - One pure form of Knowledge minus the laws of Science, of Psychology, of Philosophy and of Dharma have been strained out, then the version of Knowledge is not conceivable by the common cognizing faculties by which these four kinds of laws are perceived and comprehended namely the mind and the intelligence."

"The thought alone proclaims to give the system to a society by which this, if ordained, is manifested for all. This thought will know no ending - It is only a series of beginnings. At the end of every field of logic starts a new field. The cosmic law reached after differential straining the Big Knowledge Bank of various subsequent filters is

nothing but the cause of the very existence - the ultimate truth. One, the ordained, must be on sure route towards the cosmic law."

…….

The four students enjoyed the evening till late. The discussion went on and on. Why only Dharini, Aastha and Engineer were invited? '…Dharini, you represent all other faculties…' They laughed together …they dined together ...they sang together. Harare was very happy …she acknowledged that she had enjoyed thus in a long time.

Dharini realized that she must have laughed in ages. That night she cried and cried. She did not know that she could sing. She thought she had lost the capacity to enjoy. "How Harare could enjoy being away from her country? How she could study being away from her motherland? There must be some compelling forces dictating thus. May be their country was not at such loss. May be their country had not witnessed such glorious past in history." Her longing was harrowing …Dharini cried and cried.

Next week Aastha received the copy of address of Chinmayananda from India to the freshly initiated students of the Sanskrit Maha Vid'yalaya - Nasik. The copy was forwarded by Lin to Harare. Harare gave a print to Aastha to be given over to Dharini.

"The tomb of mother India has been opened up with spades of such distorted practices of the Eternal Dharma of the Hindus.

Had we, as a nation, the brutal animal courage to be outright Adharmis we, would have been today, probably, far better, at least in our material life. Neither we have the spiritual heroism to walk the path of Dharma nor do we have the flesh-fleshing daring to be Adharmis.

Compromising ourselves to our womanish cowardice, we have been playing the calamitous game of living two contradicting ideas: Dharma like Adharmas and Adharma like Dharmaas!

Moral and ethical codes must be followed, if at all, in Toto and as such.

To add our own conditions and interpretations to it is to prostitute Dharma in open streets of our sensuous nature.

Rank Adharma is far better than compromised Dharma practiced with insincerity."

…..Chinmayananda

"Why her country was in such perplexed state?" Chinmayananda had rightly observed our lack of genuineness. Dharini did not know when she went to sleep. Deep within her ...distantly ...she was being questioned - "*What did she know about India's past? Why India was called 'The Golden Bird'? What happened on Indian lands that it lost its glory? Was that a lie or this one is? Why she did not know about the history of India? What Lin meant by asking her to be careful? Was India to be 'not-considered' by any right force, to be brought to its reckoning glamour?"* ...Still deeper she realized something unique …and she was surprised at her novice thinking methodology …she was struck by the childishness of her upbringing. "*She alone was to be blamed ...she was the culprit herself."* Strangely but vividly it occurred to her - *"India was full of preachers - teachers - scholars - learned seers…"* In her deepest recesses …she concentrated further ...bringing to her memories of her tours to remote parts of India. *"There were learned scholars all over India - Pundits in Indian philosophy, scholars in Indian languages, teachers in Indian history, Purohits in Indian rituals - Priests in Indian rites - Aachaaryas in Indian religion…"* Within these deepest recesses, Dharini plunged into deep thoughts - thinking of all those unknown pious souls … affluent in Indian Sanskriti… *"Do these phenomena exist in oblivion? …Is it possibly possible? …….? Was her this longing going to end? ….? Was there a clue to her this quagmire? ……? Was she going to see the end of her this tunnel? ……? Does silence connect you to your sky?"*

"…Questions disappear with your first brush with 'The Across'…"

Harare invited Dharini and Aastha for the evening stroll. The three damsels walked the lanes of the Elysian Academy. Harare held Dharini's hands. Dharini could feel the same warmth as she felt in touch of Lin. "They were living saints." …Harare had something to deliver, she was sincerely exuberant …she was

glowing. Dharini's being became conscious …she gulped the freshness in the air ...she kept her calm...

'Dharini, this evening I feel blessed to be with my most beloved darling.' Harare pressed her hands ...saintly …warm … soothing touch. 'Lin has sent for you. Lin has finished his errand. Lin visited India. O! Little goddess, Lin is all praise for you. Till now we only guessed so …now we know. Our people know you there. They know - You are the one. They are awaiting your come back. We have been discovered. I feel great to share with you the roots of knowledge.'

'Be it known ...O! Little Angel, that you are perfect. You have always been perfect. There has never been any imperfection in you. Lin says you cannot live being imperfect. You represent the Truth and only the Truth has life …the Truth alone prevails. There will be extreme disturbance in existence if you were to live along with imperfections.'

Dharini was ecstatic - "Lin has sent for her." Aastha was the silent observer. Harare was unstoppable… Harare so uniquely walked into her trance …so easily -

'Know this simple doctrine of Hindu religion that every life is perfect and all its acquired imperfections get dissolved in some time. This is the law of nature… Yes, in most cases, the associated imperfections do not get dissolved. Though, the living being is perfect and though it is associated with imperfections - the being is not aware of this phenomenon. This unawareness makes the whole difference. Such being is not travelling for the pilgrimage.'

'In case of ordained pilgrims there is a self evolved phenomenon of auto correction, where-in your imperfections are dissolved in short periods. The environment of the pilgrim takes care initially. And in time, the pilgrim learns to make conscious effort to such causes. This conscious effort will make you aware – it will awaken you to your purification process. You will turn purer - you will start enjoying the process of further purification. You will start living this reality …this uplifting process of life - like living dream. The Devil of imperfection will be known to you now …and you will also be conversant with the process of its dissolution.'

'The pilgrim is always under internal discipline. Such internal discipline is always beautiful. Not imposed - no repression - no regression - just discipline for better understanding - better enjoyment. These benedictions are his privilege. He does not have to be demanding, aspiring, asking for such blessings - these are unsaid, unaccounted fruits on his journey.'

'You are perfect and you always have been perfect. The imperfect has not been your part. If it were, at any time, it must have been eliminated. You are basically courageous, you do not repress your thoughts and you are not a hypocrite.'

It is a different matter that some part of your existence is a pseudo. You cannot know about it; you do not have the necessary tools to recognize the pseudo. If you are a pilgrim - this in itself means that you are treading the path to glory - you are curious to know about the pseudo which you may be carrying along. This will be taken care off - by auto correction from your environment. You need not worry about this. Only the burning fire of pilgrimage is the important factor. It is a simple logic. The pilgrimage is your sure ticket to perfection.'

'Know that your process of manifestation is continuous. And be ware that your manifested part does not like your un-manifested part to become manifested. Your manifested part is feasting on you. When another un-manifestations convert manifested in your being - these already manifested parts will lose their holding on you. This war goes on ever and ever without your consciousness having any knowledge whatsoever. The birth and attack of most devils is because of this unstoppable phenomenon. This is a very silent cause - as silent as the devil itself. You need a qualified Guru. These manifested parts of you and the pseudo imperfections in you are going to unite, rather most vociferously, against you. And you do not have the internal ears to hear their mischievous plans. These ears are not yet developed in you. Learn to transcend your environment. Learn to accept the whole. Learn to enjoy the totality. Learn to be happy. Listen carefully to the co-travelers. Respect yourself. Love yourself. Visit your inside. Develop spontaneity. Enjoy living.'

…….

Dharini was spellbound. "...Was Jai to understand this the way she did?"

…And Lin was back.

Lin's house was full of activity all through the day. Now it was late in the evening. Only Harare, Dharini and Aastha were now left. Lin moved them to his meditation room.

The four aspirants sat on four prearranged floor mats facing each other. Dharini was positioned opposite to Lin. Harare and Aastha sat by Dharini's side. They were comparatively nearer to Dharini …their hands could touch each other at will. All four sat erect …and alert. All were fresh ...and eager. The serenity of the place was astute …and solid. Nothing really mattered… They were committed to their cause. …Dharini was to be initiated… Lin had brought the message for her…

'Why your countrymen live in such foolishness?' Lin addressed Dharini with the pointed question. In his own mind Lin felt bad …he had intended to smile-off the findings …but he could not do so …he could not change his mannerism. He continued …he did not intend to get any answer. 'I feel extremely sorry to use these words for your people but I feel so helpless … in fact I do not have any decent words to explain their present stance. I feel terribly sorry for your people too.'

'Forced by your relevant question, which haunted even us for decades, I went to my Guru Huan Chan and asked him why the country which had taught the world how to think is today in such a pitiful state? Chan had no real answer and was visibly pained for not being able to give me the reply. This question had haunted him too. But, he had become engrossed in understanding the mystery of …and giving solutions to the misery of Chinese people. He hated himself for being more curious to solve the mystery of religion than finding solutions to miseries of people. He also felt ashamed of himself for not having any idea about the plight of Indian masses which represented the sea of humanity since times unknown'

'But he told me the story of the worldly human lives post Second World War. He told me how the countries of the

developed western world had made a treaty that they would not fight wars amongst themselves now on …that war was a very costly affair …Europe alone had lost more than ten million young countrymen in that war …and that their economy had shattered beyond repair. Chan also informed me that …all the same there have been more than 180 major wars in the world after the Second World War; and in all of these wars …these countries had some role …some interest ...and some business …that these nations were united in sale of arms to all warring countries …and that these countries continued collective efforts for sale of ammunition of warfare. Now these countries have not only recovered their individual economies but also have become surplus fund nations of the world.'

'India is curtailed to a unique situation in these times: "While Britain excels in ruling by treachery, while America presents itself as a much stronger master in war of wars …big brother …and propagator of all that is gross - India represents itself as all that is unreal. Indian psyche floats heavenwards while its people look hell-wards. While America never fought a single war on its land, India has not fought a single war out of its lands. India is constantly fighting internal wars. These wars ...these internal wars in India never seem to end. There never seems to be any agreement possible for the Indians. India is a total internal warring nation - wars between states, wars between languages, wars between religions and wars between politicians is a constant affair. There are wars for rivers, wars for mountains, wars for canals, wars for mines, wars for minerals …wars for all resources ...wars for each commodity. Indians fight for jungles, for animals, for cultivation, for draught and for floods. India is in constant war for communist way to life or for democratic way to government or for autocratic way to management.'

'Chan strongly feels that India indeed has never been a unified nation. He extends his thoughts to extrapolate that India is not a warring community …they are not capable of wars - They are not evolved to win wars. They only quarrel… Indians are simply psychologically over-reacting. Indians are not a warring

people …still, being continually in this process …they tend to lose all their energy and eventually turn only into amendable vegetable. They are reduced to a curry suitable to some foreign taste. They remain worthy of only being exploited.'

'Chan guided me to look for vital statistics of Indian psyche for confirmation. And he was right. I went over to India. Education in India is unimaginably meaningless …education cannot be believed to deliver as negative results as it does in India. It seems that education converts the otherwise intelligent Indians into foolish cowards. Moral Science is taught to nursery and primary school students. At the age of five these sleepy ...and over-dressed children are made to shout morality songs with their eyes closed. Indians do not know how to read history… For them Md. Ghazhnabi plundered Somnath Temple seventeen times in seventeen years. But how it was possible? Why he could do it? What Indians were doing all these seventeen years? How many robbers accompanied Ghazhnabi each time? What else they did to India, apart from looting Somnath temple? What was Somnath temple? How big it was? How rich it was? Who were the kings during that period? How the people of India objected to this? How it affected the lives of Indian people? What message Ghazhnabi conveyed to his countrymen about India? To Indians nothing is important ...nothing is meaningful …nothing needs to be known… There is no curiosity in any one single student to feel the attacks of Ghazhnabi. It is a mere curriculum… Same is the story with geography, civics, social studies or any other subject of science or arts or even technology. The teachers and the students are just existing to no cause …no effect …a mere time pass … exams …marks …results …and degrees - no knowledge - no knowing - no experience.'

'Academics in India are not in line with any social requirement. Remembering by-heart till exams and forgetting immediately after answering on the paper is typical study pattern of studious Indian youngsters. Surprisingly Indian students remember by heart even the geometry and calculus and trigonometry. There capacity to mug up and reiterate is amazing. Out of such method

of education, those children who excel in exams make it to top executive positions and administrative cadres of the Indian Government. The entrance to professional colleges is so hyped up that getting into an institution is the end of the studentship. Once in top administrative jobs, they are subjected to new books of rules and rulings. The executives who land up in manufacturing and servicing industry neither ever consider their education while serving thus nor they are ever needed to refer to books in case of any crisis.'

'India is ruled by laws that nobody seems to follow …no one knows why the law has been made …the essence of law is absolutely lost. And thus, though not lawless, India is in judiciary chaos. The Crime and the Law tread their own separate paths. There are religious laws. People are always at cross roads in their thought and in their action. Heart and feeling and piety and humility and all that is ethical are fast evaporating from India.'

'Average Indian is unhealthy and unhygienic. Pollution is not only in India's fundamental resources but also in minds of its people. No one can imagine the pollution levels of India's so called holy rivers …pollution levels of ground water, of food products and of vegetables. More than half of India's 800 million people are sick …physically sick.'

'And India is such a taxed nation… Probably the most taxed nation in the world. Nothing seems to be happening in the country. No tread-able roads, no usable electrification, no meaningful industrialization, no workable schools, no effective health care units and no transparency in any sector. There is no system or policy for segregating rights from authorities.'

Lin was quite for a moment. He looked at Dharini… Dharini's intent was as concentrated as ever …she was not morose …she was not even thinking… Dharini was not registering …she was getting absorbed into the facts. Harare took Dharini's hands in hers and pressed them. Lin continued.

'I feel sorry, if I sound mixed up. You should Pardon me for my being unable to put in words what I have noticed. Indian politicians, the guardians of the masses, who are entrusted with

country's future, are so unkempt …are so illiterate …are so unconcerned ...are so ill mannered …and are so full of rowdy behavior and to my knowledge, they alone have converted the common Indian into a sub-human. It seems India is covered by some kind of demonic impossibility …some kind of devilish abnormality… Nowhere in the world exists such populace where its people claim to be so intelligent that they are not open to any logic, where people are so closed to any thought beyond immediate present.'

'Chan gathered information from his friends and gave me references in India of people who are seriously working for the cause of their country. He furnished me with contacts in Britain in USA and in a dozen other countries where detailed information is available on India's recent past…'

Lin looked around beseeching their concentration. Harare and Aastha were witness to Lin's submissions. The witnessing was not required for the purpose of adherence to any governing ruling, nor was in concern of any lack of trust. Witnessing was needed to make the communication transparent - "Witnessing of transfer by selfless souls added divine strength to its wholesomeness. Fruition of the expected results was ensured."

'One thing certain about some clans is really fancy. They firmly believe that they are born to rule the world …that they are direct descendants of God …and that the world is their possession for their play and game. For them other humans are sub beings. This tendency in them is etched so deep that it makes them inhuman …they treat other men as animals …as things of misuse.' Lin was angry, 'People generally cannot feel the phenomenon which is from out-of-their-perspective. Education should enlarge man's horizons so as to make him capable of feeling the perspectives of various phenomena. Power takes-out this capability from human beings. India has been injected with this virus leaving Indian present psyche dreadful.'

'Second point of understanding is that none other than you alone can be of any use to yourself. You may be any Indian or you may be Dharini as in this case. We are foreigners. This all

working makes-up our academic interest only. This all interests us merely as a challenge of the subject. We cannot be assertive about this as a personal cause. We can only be theoreticians feigning serious concern. This is truth… This is fact… We all recognize it… You should too... Please care to understand that if this was our war you would have been in same boat as we are in your case…'

'Third thing is that I will be transferring all this information to Dharini. I have gathered it for her only. But there is a word of caution. You will not dig into personal lives of any of the references submitted herein. You will not meet any of these persons in person. You will not contact these friends of our little fraternity by any means. They will be in touch with you constantly. You will not keep this information in your computer ...it will be hacked. You will keep, as far as possible, if needed, only hard copies of these documents. You will not hurry to go back to India. You will spend at least five more years studying your subjects. For this purpose Elysian Academy will take charge of your education and will organize your movement across the world. This will be arranged in your agreement. Elysian Academy will make all infrastructural arrangements.'

'Nani Palkhivala is Ambassador of India to USA these days. Within next few months we will arrange your stay with him. You will stay in his home for at least two months. Then we have tied up with Swami Abhedananand. You will spend around six months with him all over The USA. You will understand where and how the Indians lose the track to their country's real growth. Likewise there is a long list of eminent Indian personalities who are presently representing India in various fields all over the world. There are those who will be India's face in the coming decades. Elysian Academy will select possibilities from all these personalities and keep you on the project.'

'Remember God is a part of Indian psyche in a unique manner. You alone can really understand that we can word this understanding but cannot feel the phenomenon of God …as India does. You have to be able to figure out this balance. In

India nearly all the learned, all the accomplished and all the educated seek their finality through scriptures of Hindu religion. …Any other subject, any other aspect of living does not provide a heaven bound vehicle to these Indians… It is always "The Hindu Scriptures". Because of this factuality, we believe that Indians are not capable to excel in any materialistic worldly field …and that still remains unbelievable to us. You have to figure out and strike the balance to this.'

'Once you are back to India, you may choose to meet your Indian counterparts. You may choose to make contacts with all references herein. You may be with them for any cause. This has been planned for you because Indian political government is not shrewd enough to gauge the culmination of any drive of your kind and even if it comes to know of it, the Indian government machinery is toothless to take any decisive steps to wash out any activity. And not to forget ...those in India are waiting for you … are looking for your comeback. They know you…'

Lin was silent. …Dharini was silent. Harare and Aastha were silent… Silence filled Lin's meditation room. Silence was so authentic that nothing penetrated it… The four souls sat rooted ...a solid structure of stability. …Slowly the words settled. … Slowly the meaning settled. …Slowly the understanding settled. ...Slowly they were all complete. …Slowly Dharini found her voice. ...Slowly she spoke, '…Thank You Lin…'

Dharini was to go incognito now …hidden to her own self …to gain the real theory of the subject. …It was morning by the time the four finished. …They were fresh ...and calm …and composed …and eager.

- - X - -

"Life, though not a straight line phenomenon cannot have many twisting tales to it. While pursuing the study of life of

a society, the cultural set up of its civilization influences the reached results in a big way." Dharini started to gauge knowledge of this irony ...though feebly…

"India believed in the dictum, Work is Worship - One must continue with his work incessantly without thinking about the fruits there of. Work is in your hands, the fruit is not. The fruit is dependent on God. Man is not qualified to put in-pattern all the events which result in his receiving the fruits of his actions. It is never possible that man is able to receive hundred percent resultants of even any one of his actions. There ought to be spill offs. In reality, these spill offs are in a much larger ratio than what is gained. At all junctures during his action oriented life, man keeps on receiving the resultant fruits and he keeps on spilling off them. At all moments man receives spill off of actions of other men at work and at the same moment man keeps on spilling off the fruits of his own actions. Man should not wait to receive and gather these fruits. It is wastage of time. At all moments you have to be receiving and at all moments you have to be working and at all moments you have to be spilling off. This is the Indian way to life. The Life is for working to your best capability. This made the root principle of the Indian Civilization. This defined its culture; this designated its values. Indian Society moved by such musts. So the Indian philosophy declared that life was not logical. People in the east believed this because they saw it happen again and again …and having seen it many times, believing it was simple. Even the intellectuals who did not allow themselves to believe thus ...at some point in their lives got exposed to a number of things resulting in their lives that did not fall into any logical pattern. So, in later parts of their lives they started to believe in the Indian dictate - Work is Worship. The Life is not logical."

"Whereas in the West, prevalent belief is Life is action - Work is defined that which is established in logic - Life is logical conclusion of your actions - Life is only a culmination of the results of your actions. If you did not get logical results of your actions your logic was wrong - your actions were faulty. Results define the correctness of your actions. If results of your actions are

not the fruits which have been planned to be received by you then your actions are wrong, then your planning is wrong. Change your plans and change your actions. Work for the resultant fruits. If resultant fruits of your actions are spilling off then you need to correct your plans and act accordingly. If you are not able to receive and gather all fruits of your action, then you were incapable. Ability is to be able to plan and act to receive the fruits without any spill off and capability is to be able to gather all fruits receivable by you. Fruits cannot be dependent upon any other phenomenon …even God. Fruits are dependent on correctness of the logic. So Life in the West is logical. That makes the root principle of Western Civilization. That defines its culture; that designates its values. Western Society moves by these musts. So the Western philosophy declared that life was logical and its people believed this as they saw it happen again and again …and having seen it many times believing was simple. The intellectuals who could not permit themselves to believe thus …at some point in their lives, witnessed so many failures that they started to believe in the Western dictate - Work is planned Action. Life is logical."

Dharini's this feeble knowledge was just a peep into the deep panorama. In the east action precedes the result and in the west the result precedes the action. How can result precede the action? Action preceding the result simply hints at some kind of defined automation. Do your body systems function in automation or they are propelled by wanted results? Does nature work in automation or its processes are propelled by results? How can you prefix the sanctity of the results when you have not met it in the first place? …It was confusing. Dharini kept her gaze - The pattern was appearing and disappearing …coming in vision and getting lost. It took weeks before her knowing started to crystallize - "If you are getting civilized each day then you ought to reach the eastern thought one day."

……..

"…How many numbers of years of civilized living create cultures wherein the society starts believing that the life cannot be logical?"

"…Why the builders of the society must work out detailing wherein such norm gets established? Does this norm alone, sanction happy fulfillment for all?"

"…What are the compulsive must-traits of people of such civilizations …of civilizations of such cultures?"

"…How a society develops so as to have established norms that highest virtue is that one must incessantly do his work without worrying for the results thereof?"

……

Dharini knew that she was being carried away by her soft existence. She let herself float …she let herself swim …she did not want to stop …she enjoyed it. She could not come out of believing that her country was rich …and that now she was … very poor …and she was being plundered each day. And very few could understand this plight of her country now. And those who felt thus were lost in the dogma called 'The Gross World'. And only very select ones had the ordained …necessary …primal guts to understand and to do something about this.

Lin had handed over to her copies of documents on Indian passage of recent history. The compilation consisted of two folders. One containing documents from foreigners and other containing documents collated by Indian friends. Since last few weeks Dharini had kept the folders given by Lin close to her chest. They were, as if, her new born children and she their animal mother. She always kept the folders in her sight and slept with them. Their presence in her vicinity made her secured. The key to her eternal solutions was in these pages. Dharini was in no hurry to look into the golden skies that this key was to expose to her. Her intent was in digesting the uncanny variations of her journey to this found success in a wholesome manner first.

Dharini had seen the cover page of the first documentation many times. The compilation was collection of papers from various libraries and archives in Britain …of their parliamentarian debates in house of commons pertaining to their rule in India. There were letters of many British officers appointed in India

during the British rule. There were documents on history of Indian development pertaining to European countries and USA. There were references of over two hundred scholars all over the developed world who were involved in rigorous studies on face of changing world in the light of the policies of European nations. These people studied what were the circumstances in which these policies were formed and what were the repercussions of these policies on various societies of the world. The two line note from Lin at the bottom of the cover page said - "These are mere sample papers. These will lead you to finding your goal. These make up as my first suggestion to you."

And then suddenly, one night, Dharini remembered that in few weeks she and Aastha had to leave to be with Nani Palkhivala. She opened out the three page document from the first folder. Her inside allowed her to peep into the trauma of Indian panorama. It was a random selection…

…When Indians started gauging the excesses of Company Raj … and when they started to gather for discussions against the atrocities of the foreign rule …and when these gatherings extended to about 350 places throughout India, the rulers noted these maneuvers with great annoyance. However Indians were not to follow the annoyance of the new rulers. And the foreign rulers decided to retaliate. They planned to bring agitating Indians in control... Bithur was one small village on outskirts of industrial town of Kanpur where such meetings were occasionally held. Bithur was a peaceful dwelling of around 2000 farmer families. Bithur became eyesore to the British. On this eventful night the British officers attacked the village and all 22000 people in the village were massacred in one go. The corpses were in ages from 3 months to 90 years. All these 22000 bodies were hung by trees for India to get the message what it meant to revolt the Raj Empire. Similar carnage was carried out in eighty villages throughout India…

Fabled …interspersed, Dharini finished reading …just running over the words. She was shocked. She read it again …this time slowly …reading every word of it …letting every word carry the meaning to her. She let the shock prevail… It

was horrifying. The paper depicted one story revealing practices adopted by the Raj authorities for implementation of their wishes in their pursuit to rule India. She knew it was only the beginning …the story of India had to be painful … it had to be disturbing... The scenes ran in front of her …men getting shot, masses of people getting butchered and slaughtered …children crying to no avail …old men and women cut in flesh and blood. The thoughts kept assailing her and agitating her. Her stomach churned with vomit. She had to digest it all to understand it all… Aastha was her only comfort. Aastha seemed to understand all. She seemed to withstand all. Aastha was surely a stronger persona than Dharini… Dharini just cried …Aastha just kept her hand on Dharini's head. ...Aastha was the bigger brother…

……

"Another natural outcome of societies with long continuing cultural backgrounds was that 'Their Truth' adhered in all circumstances. The Truth in such civilizations did not change owing to changed conditions. Truth was not seen through filters of scenarios. Truth was right …always and ever. Wrong was never accepted …never to be acceptable come what may. These societies were woven of such musts. Men even in their personal thoughts detested being fallen to derogatory ideas. Never in history of Indian Civilization, has anybody ever been praised for wrong doing. Never in Indian historical details, has anybody been rewarded for unjust doing. All such people have been termed demons in Indian scriptures and all such thoughts have always been termed devilish. Richness in terms of accumulated wealth has never been any criteria for any respectable place in Indian continuing thought. Though there are many historical stories of people acknowledging their ill doings and ill feelings for fellow beings and society excusing them, Indian mindset does not think of recording their good deeds. Indian minds do not sway in direction of getting into historical records for their good doings. The Indian way of life just does what one feels is good to himself. Life is just doing your best."

Dharini understood now that the contents of the folders were just a few samples from the sea of records of acts of Raj in India… Instead of feeling ashamed, instead of feeling guilty, instead of being reprimanded by the rulers of their societies, these visiting officers were rewarded for carrying out the atrocities on masses. And these officers were asked to formulate plans to accelerate unabated plundering. Did, this so called developed society of the world have no cultural background then? Were they utterly uncivilized then? What backgrounds they possessed to be behaving in such base manner? Did their definition of Truth change for every scenario? Was their definition of Truth only a subjective convenience? Dharini felt sorry …why she did not feel the pain of Indian people as she should have… Tears swelled inside her …often …without reason …she had to fight back…

Dharini closed the folder and put it back in position. She waited in silence …looking at the bunch of papers… *"What these papers with-held?"* She was restless. Sleep was away. Aastha was next to her …awake …watching …silently smiling peacefully. Dharini opened the second folder. The cover page was a neatly typed page on Lin's personal introduction… "These compilations have been gifted by our Indian friends to the foreign scholars who are in studies for the purpose of studentship." The duo had a long night waiting to unfold or them… Aastha's smile was, as if, permanent…

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Nani A Palkhivala was ambassador of India to USA. He was a professor of Law; he was awarded Honorary LLD by Princeton University, New Jersey and The Lawrence University, Wisconsin. Besides The Law and Practice of Income Tax he also co-authored Taxation in India along with Harvard University. He was a prominent contributor to the advancement of Political Science

in India. He also composed great compilations like The Highest Taxed Nation and Our Constitution Defaced and Defiled.

Dharini was comfortable at his mansion. While during the day, Dharini would study the literature on recent Indian history and Nani would be busy in his office, during evening Nani would overflow his inside. "Centuries have passed yet the luster of our heritage remains undimmed. …Invading forces have descended on our country but its culture has remained indestructible…"

Dharini was the ideal receptor and an ideal inquirer of civilization, spirit, material gains and culture. Nani would be pouring, 'You know Dharini! In these days of spiritual illiteracy and poverty of the spirit, when people find that wealth can only multiply itself and attain nothing, when people have to deceive their souls with counterfeits after having killed the poetry of life, it is necessary to remind ourselves that civilization is an act of the Spirit. …Material progress is not to be mistaken for the inner progress. When technology outstrips moral development, the prospect is not that of a millennium but of extinction. …Our heritage is a potent antidote to the current tendency to standardize souls and seek salvation in herds. Please never forget that non-violence, non-aggression and peace have been the hallmarks of Our Culture…"

As per Nani, India in her crowded history of more than five thousand years had thrown vast and puissant empires; …India had never practiced military aggression on countries outside her borders. Nani thanked Indian ethos. As per him even today the Indian people patiently suffer miseries and endure injustices which would result in devastating explosions in any other country.

Dharini would hear him in awe. Understanding the content …the context ...but not agreeing the approach… Now Dharini did not object …now she did not put up her views …now she listened …now she added to her being …now she was the conscious … the concerned …the attentive …and the docile recipient. Her purpose was near to her now. *"Nani sure belonged to the earlier era… Fine people of his time were too stuck with beauty of Indian cultural past. They were not open to logic of this day… They were*

too satisfied just being good… Their lives ended by just their being ethical and adjusting and sacrificing and painstakingly growing in their subjects …and knowing the mesmerizing truths revealed by the Hindu Scriptures. They could not believe India was not only changing, she was being changed… They did not want to believe that India was not only modernizing, modernization was being imposed on her at a huge cost …that modernization was being imposed on India in the garb of western hyped media…"

……..

S Balakrishna: Devoted his spare time in study of religious literature and such study convinced him that most of the problems faced by the individual in life and by society in general are due to the lack of knowledge and proper understanding of religion. Balakrishna and Dinesh made great friends; their bonding was exemplary in Indian political fraternity; jointly they were the renowned crisis busters. When Dharini spent time with him he was amidst wording his earnest desire to make his contribution and spread the knowledge of at least the basic tenets of the precious heritage of Hindu Religion, particularly among the young…

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Professor Satchidananda Murty: "For over forty years I have been a student or teacher of Advaita Vedanta but while it fascinates me I am not sure that I do not have an Advaitic (non-dual) tendency nor I have a decided preference of ananyatva (non-otherness). With all his vast knowledge Narada admitted: "I am only like knower of words, not a knower of the self."

……..

S N Goenka: "Vipassaana the universal remedy is one of India's most ancient techniques of meditation. 2500 years ago it was re-discovered by Buddha. The technique that flourished in India gradually became corrupted …lost its efficacy and disappeared from its land of origin. Our neighbor Burma

preserved it in its original form through the millennia. I do not wish to convert people from one organized religion to another. My interest is in the truth, the teachings of all enlightened ones. Conversion here in involved from misery to happiness, from defilement to purity, from bondage to liberation, from ignorance to enlightenment."

……..

Swami Prabhupada: "The body and mind are but superfluous outer coverings of the spirit soul. The spirit soul's needs must be fulfilled. The need of the spirit soul is that he wants to get out of the limited sphere of material bondage and fulfill his desire for complete freedom. He wants to get out of the covered walls of the greater universe. He wants to see the free light and the spirit. To learn what that free light and spirit are, and how you can see them, read Dharma."

…….

"Even those of us, who have made it to hugely heightened mark in our professional careers, when grew old, conveniently took solace in merely having understood some dictates from Hindu Pantheon. In prime years of our lives, when we should have been most proficient deliverers in our professional fields, we take to knowing of the hidden truths in our deepest understanding." Something tickled Dharini …something was amiss… The words formed nearby her. "These acclaimed professionals' getting into drastic means to search their eventual solace and their salvation …was their outcry. Where India had missed? Ad'dhyaatm had not to be the last chapter of life… It had to be the media in which all education was ever drenched …immersed. This drastic means to search their salvation was their Silent Outcry…"

……

Colonel Jai's natural and unreserved letters kept Dharini hinted regarding the Indian socio-political scenario. "The Television Drive had busted the Indian social fabric …it had

brought all possible negativities to the Indian masses …and her father's concern… The unconcern of new generation politicians to any national needs …and her father's apprehension… The beginning of snatching away of national funds …and her father's pain…" At times the structure of ongoing trends of Indian Psyche looked so negative that it sent alarming bells in him and her father… Dharini wished to be back in mother country…

……..

Swami Tarachand: "God is to be conceived as our own close friend who matters and influences our every aspect of living. God is not a distant entity." Dharini had been at this ashram since a long time. The Ashram had been formed by Swami Abhedanand to propagate the subject of Hindu philosophy in The USA. Abhedanand had come here to attend a seminar on world religions and continued to stay here. Abhedanand had found civilization here approaching a logical pattern of being studious. Swami Tarachand had joined Swami Abhedanand's Ashram on instructions from his guru in India. Though personally Tarachand did not wish to be out of his country but his institution's decisions were to be respected. Dharini had discovered an India within USA. Swami Tarachand had spent his last two decades teaching Americans 'The Hindu' way to thought. His command over the matters of spirit was stupendous. He was an Achaarya of Hindu Ad'dhyaatm. Dharini learnt about seven chakras …about seven bodies …about Yoga …and about mind. She was taught about various movements of the energy bands in the living beings. "The journey is evident but one has to start from the beginning in his each material life. You cannot start from any intermediate milestone. Of' course, you will transcend till the level of your earlier reaching very fast, but in this life you have to start from the beginning." Dharini was amazed at the clarity depicted by the Hindu thought on the travel of life …the most modern international life. Indian mysticism was a truth that remained enigmatic to this days' international community. "Your' calm is only the crystallization of some emerging aspect to your life."

……..

….Dharini rose up this morning clasping Aastha's hands …she was sweating in December winter of the USA. Amidst vibrant colors she saw herself as a little girl giggling …a small girl blushing …a young girl dancing …an elder woman enjoying …and an old lady in merry times - in festivals - in ceremonies. She witnessed the turbulence of colors and she was the little girl being molested …the small girl being teased …the young girl being abused …and she was the elderly woman being raped … and she was the old woman being cursed. There was so much of ill-health of spirit …there was so much of depravity of soul…" Aastha was holding Dharini's being …curdling her soft body … she was communicating with Swami Tarachand…

Swami Tarachand's stance was of deep meditation, 'you have acquired to your Spiritual Body now… Vishud'dhi Chakra has blossomed in you. Now on your mental state is of sub-super-consciousness. Now on your state will be a prayer that is full of prayer …and more meditative. You will start seeking the centre of your percussion now. You have travelled from your past with your mother to India's future. You are connected …your deeds - your father - your intent connects you in the present. Both the past and the future are true. You have only the present to work on. Present is all that you have.'

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Chapter 10

This is it …

…. Delhi Airport - January 1983

Colonel hurried to the airport; he was somewhat late; he was late at night …working until morning. Vandana had maintained her angry stance in the morning too… Jai had felt helpless as ever. Their differences in root-life-opinion were immensely diverse. Jai knew he had failed to understand his wife …he also knew that he would continue to fail. She was so utterly opposite to him. Now it was simple… It was only the question of managing … at which he was adapted. "The lady must not be womanish…" He found himself cursing. "As if the trait 'womanish' smelt some foul aspect… He was wrong…" He hurried out of the car; unknowingly he had carried the thick blue folder on Dr. Harnaus' report along with him. "He will hand it over to Deshbandhu at his house right in the morning. It was important that they advanced their working on it. Government had put high-stakes on this modernizing stride."

Dharini was returning after more than ten years. She had left India in 1973 after the Indo - Pak second war. She had left for studies. Colonel Jai knew it was not studies; it was for reasons of security. Colonel also knew that it was not security; subject of security could have been easily managed. "…Ways of the elite are different" …but Deshbandhu was disturbed then …disturbed because of two separate incidents.

One - Dharini somehow, had sneaked into Deshbandhu's itinerary when he visited Swami Sad' Chidananda to help Government of India on the uncontrolled situation due to nationwide religious unrests. Deshbandhu was so occupied that he noticed Dharini's presence with him very late. He was not in a position to avoid her presence with him then. …And Deshbandhu saw in the cottage of Swami that something palpable revolted inside Dharini… Swami was silent and smiling but his eyes greeted the little Dharini… There was a kind of reverence for Dharini in Swami's eyes and there was a kind of recognition in eyes of Dharini …some kind of acceptance of Swami's reverence. Though Deshbandhu was not clear, though the exchange had been a very fleeting …and a subtle communication, this had left Deshbandhu disturbed… Dharini's over-intent into religiousness was not acceptable to Deshbandhu. "Dharini was to be the Politics of India not its Religion." Deshbandhu was perturbed. "She must grow. If she took up deeply into religion at age of thirteen - her path would be narrowly religious - And that was not to be."

Two - Vinayak Gupta had been her unsaid mentor. Deshbandhu had relied on his brother rather blindly. Some silent conversation between father and daughter broke this faith. "Dharini must not stay in India for some time - was the clear dictate of the father."

Deshbandhu had summoned Jai Chand personally at his house. 'Please present your' self at once.' It was a rare officialdom in small career of the Colonel. He had been a bit apprehensive and a somewhat surprised. Apprehension was because their work was thus, always full of suddenness - always lurking - always into unknown - always full of risk. He was apprehensive but not afraid - He was clean and he trusted himself. Surprise was because of the faith he had gathered towards Deshbandhu, "The Man was really complete. Even Deshbandhu needed to call him - personally."

"Dharini must leave for Elysian Academy within this week." Deshbandhu had finality in his voice. There had been no greetings. There did not seem to be any great emergency even. There did not seem to be any real secrecy - It was not

a closed-door meeting - It was an open direction. Praveen, Geetanjali and Vinayak were present. They were with the family decision - Dharini was not. What got registered in Colonel's mind rather indelibly was Deshbandhu's stance - The way he stood when making the verdict - slightly leaning sideways …eyes not meeting the Colonel's. Sure, it was not a decision that the family wanted to take, but the situation demanded so. Colonel had left the house disturbed - uneasy - pondering. "Strange are the ways with these people." Even he was not happy; 'Dharini was just a child.'

And today Dharini was returning. Security arrangements were in place. The nod from the officer-inline confirmed thus. As the airplane stopped at the disembarking spot, the plane crew saw to it that other passengers did not rise up from their seats before Dharini was escorted out. Colonel received Dharini at the last step. As they exchanged curtsies, they were driving to the lounge in the Army Jeep. Dharini maintained her poise as if she had taken the lessons.

"A thing of beauty is joy forever." Colonel was struck with lightening looking of the mystic charisma called Dharini. Distant echo resonated inside him. "Dharini's inside was true to her conviction …she was some distant symbol of divinity. Distant because …man in life, continued to be ever incomplete." Jai was thrilled to core. He escorted a completely gorgeous woman.

"Why Dharini was so gushing in beauty? What her beauty was constituted of? At twenty four years of age, her body seemed simply incapable of containing bounty of her physical beauty. She appeared to be the rare stuff. Her features were poetry in some heavenly flow. She was an enigmatic Asian face that was easily mistaken to be Italian. Her statistics were a glamour icon that looked unmistakably perfect in all frames. Her body parts were immaculate as if carved by some out-of-the-world sculptor. Her complexion was such that even looking at her would make her dirty. Her body was honed and toned as if 'A goddess in form'. Her skin was radiant. She appeared to be an angel in motion. Her presence could not be missed to any living human eye."

Colonel Jai Chand found him unable to thwart the temptation of man's crude feeling on sight of the beautiful woman. He realized his first thoughts assailing him at the sight of Dharini …simultaneously he was attacked by the knowledge of infamous internal guilt. Colonel Jai Chand found himself failing …and he scolded himself. He was a trained soldier - he was not built up to understand the natural as normal. Yet! Distinctly ...surely ...absolutely he was solemnly aware of sacredness in whatever thoughts emerged within him on being in vicinity of this beauty. "The natural cannot be negated. The courageous man always takes to self correction. The effort is in automation - unconscious." Colonel felt somewhat corrected …Love is a pious feeling… Purity in it is at a much elevated level… Jai was yet to follow…

Their exit from the Air Port was planned through the Departure Gates. "New Delhi Air Port required a whole lot of modifications to handle top government dignitaries, VVIPs, international guests and emergencies." Colonel reminded himself to make notes. "Ten years down - what will this world look like? India will need new International Air Ports …probably four of them ...one in each metro."

Having passed the waiting lounge, when crossing through the row of Immigration Clearance Offices, Dharini was lost.

For a split second Colonel almost lost his temper, 'I am old now' his fume gushed within him. He recovered instantaneously - His eyes had already spotted Dharini chatting to an unknown nonentity. He paused - looked around - nerved - compromising - helpless - he tried to understand. "Dharini was carefree - laughing - matching the giggle with the nonentity."

The two women were giggling goodies to each other. The young lady, just free from the visa clearance officer, could not take her eyes off from approaching Dharini - her eyes remained wide open - her eyes refused to blink. Dharini's vicinity and her disarming approach left the young lady mesmerized - a fallen jaw in awe. Their exchange of eye greetings was an effusive effulgent affair. Dharini at twenty four was elderly to the lady in early thirties.

'My first time on plane and first trip out of India' She was saying.

'Shalini, I am so happy, I am sure you will have a wonderful trip'

'I don't know where he is' Shalini was now looking around - in near desperation.

'Who', Dharini's response was instant, 'Your husband? He is out there.' Dharini showed in a direction… "The man was a sure thief …thief of all that was ethical …and thief of all that indicated values..."

Relief was evident on Shalini's face. Sonu was busy … deliberately not looking in their direction. His eyes were looking into nowhere ...but his sight was at Colonel Jai Chand.

'OK', Dharini said in projected decency "...the man sure had the bearing", 'Bye - God Bless you.' She moved on. "This man is a sure force …some kind of intense negativity radiated from him… She must be over reacting …she has just landed on her soil… She must be over enthusiastic." …Was she too carefree?

'What happened?' Colonel quizzed as they started to drive in Dharini's Limousine that was parked just at the entrance.

'Starting to know my folks …I was cut off rather bluntly.' Compelling urgency was evident only in her voice otherwise her charm was absolute. 'And, I think I know my country. I am sure I do not know my country fellows.' Her sounds came from distance. 'I know that what I think may not be correct - that is, I know that I do not know my country and I think that I know my people.' "…Forerunning tremor of the man called Sonu convulsed around Dharini… She missed to register… The feeling just missed to precipitate… That was turning her fidgety…"

Colonel gave her a blank look - forcing his self to understand ...forcing his self to smiling.

She has to work - She has to start. She has so much to do. She ran-over her glimpse. She continued as if she had not stopped, 'I must plan. Should I learn about my people first and then start to find the beginning? Or I should start the work first and while in the process, the learning about countrymen will follow.'

Compelling Urgency – Dharini, 'What is your suggestion?' Dharini questioned Jai abruptly.

'Regarding what?'

'Why - Papa did not tell you?'

'Regarding what?'

'Regarding Project - Save India.'

'Yes. He did mention. But I thought it is your project.'

'So? Can't I ask you for a suggestion?' She looked into his eyes.

Colonel Jai Chand was amazed and he did not hide it from showing, 'But I must think. I must read your subject. I must discuss with you. This at times appears to be a vague subject. It is too widespread in its nature. One aspect can have one Project. One Project can have more than one aspect. "Save India" appears to be too fine - too thin - it is merely an idea. To justify it into a project is a far-end question. A project is very materialistic. It has a starting and an end. Project name justifies the work that it is involved with; it has a clear aim. The Project works on clear understandable themes. It has definitive stages of conceptualization, planning, designing, execution, result orientation, sustaining mechanisms and of winding up.'

'Is India secured?' Dharini was not bothered to learn about the subject of project management.

Colonel was taken aback.

'Come on Colonel, you are a soldier, a trained psychologist and an expert on National Crisis Management Projects at that.' She was persistent, 'There ought to be switches to every finality element. These logical branches may be parallel or in series … simultaneous or bound by a precondition or a pre result - All said and understood, these switches are either in an "on position" or in an "off position". This is exactly how the professionals think. So, if India is not safe, there ought to be a key to it. You have to help me with suggestions.'

'We have to be more specific', Jai was still persistent.

'What is India's current literacy rate?' Dharini almost bounced back in a truly friendly manner, 'What is the census on

number of unemployed hands in India? What is the percentage of our population living below the poverty line? What is the condition of our natural resources - Water, Air and Soil? What is their pollution level? What has implementation of national development plans brought to Indian masses? What is the rating of our current studentship? What is the valuation of our present educationists? Why there is such large brain drain from our country? Why till now masses here just look at the government to be delivered food and shelter? Why there is so much malnutrition in our womenfolk and our children? Why India is always looking for aid from foreign banks?' Dharini was asking Jai in telling manner. 'Colonel, you cannot escape it. You understand … misfortune is looking-in …gaping at us. We have earned it. We have invited it. We have ensured its swirl towards us. Only we keep ourselves blind that we will be safe …that its in-swing will attack our next door… I assert - We fool ourselves believing that. India has continued like this since ages …it has always been so … nothing has ever changed… Only India's bear-ability has stooped to its lowest …it has touched alarming limits.'

Distant breakthrough was clearly visible to Jai's acute foresight. He felt internally happy. His rare soldier's insight told him that though registration of the unseen enemy was not clear but the unseen breakthrough was acknowledged - This was one rare moment in Colonel's life. Dharini did not speak about past - she knew the past. Dharini somehow knew the present and still consciously desired to note further about it. Most importantly, she appeared to be in complete command of the process. Jai had already concluded that it was absolute pleasure to work for such a cause …with such a person, 'In my personal opinion you must start the work immediately and the process of knowing the country and country fellows will follow.'

Dharini chuckled, 'Will you support me?'

'I have no option. But I have one suggestion. Give it a formal start …at Least.' Jai, sort-of persuaded.

'OK. That is what makes you great. You always have something to add.' Dharini was happy too.

"*What really ails India…? There must be some evolution pattern to it … There must be a root to this ailment… There must be a common denominator to it…*"

Jai believed in thinking solution-wards… He considered it purely a matter of luck that Deshbandhu had discovered him. Jai felt he was unlike his most fellowmen… He knew that in his routine profession he was sure to lose sight of his soldiery …he was sure to be narrow bounded… "Only opinion in service of Army was the difference of opinion. Up to the rank of Colonel, you were a soldier …a worker and Brigadier onwards you were a manager - A manager has to speak in line with his management's voice. In fact you became a manager only if you are in agreement with your management's objectives. In case of entrepreneurial ventures, there could be some exceptions but in case of Army, no exception existed. Army was nation's security job …it was a sensitive job and sensitivity was to be unknown to the soldier. As a Government's manager, Brigadier onwards, you had to be your government's voice. If you had an opinion, your career ended there." He was lucky… He was a soldier ...and he could have an opinion… and he could deliver the opinion …and his opinion was considered …and his opinion mattered… Indeed he was lucky…

Santa was first to greet Dharini as her car drove in. Their eyes exchanged respect for each other. Santa was an anchor to her and she was an icon to him. Deshbandhu greeted daughter Dharini as if it was just another day meeting …as if she had returned from the morning stroll. To Deshbandhu, Dharini did not appear grown up. While Dharini was away, the father was in constant remembrance of his daughter… he missed his child on each occasion... This consistent missing, to him, had kept the daughter - father meeting continual. She was the same small Dharini. There were tears in his eyes. *"Had he been justified in sending his little child abroad…?"*

Geetanjali embraced Dharini in a tight hug. She did pass a nod to the Colonel acknowledging his presence but hurried up to pull her daughter inside the house defying all courtesy …

informing Colonel that he was one from the home, 'Santa will take care of you both', she teased them.

Dharini had to make a call to Aastha. Aastha was to return and join her in next few weeks.

Colonel Jai Chand handed over the folder on Harnaus' report as the friends shook hands.

'How had been she?' Deshbandhu was inquisitive about Dharini.

'She is the same.'

There was a little silence between friends, silence of unsaid comfort. Both knew now that Dharini was not here to be conformant. Ten years down, she could not be asked to curtail herself anymore.

Now she is grown up. Deshbandhu asked for confirmation.

'Yeah', Colonel nodded.

'Just be by her side. Party needs her.' Deshbandhu reflected, 'they have been sort of waiting for her. And as the scene stands today, the party needs new faces. She is being seen as a shot in the arm… She is sort of …sought after.'

Colonel deliberated for a second and decided to come forward straight, 'Sir, this is not merely out of officialdom, but I must tell you my observation. Dharini is not to stay bound by any party, any reward, any position or any provocation. She does not have any enlisted plans but she knows what she has to do and in the same strange way she knows the way too.'

Deshbandhu looked up in established surprise… This was known of Dharini… She was expected to be thus. He waited.

'Dharini looks at India as her world at least two or three decades ahead and plans her plans at least a decade in advance.'

'What is your suggestion?' The concern was parental.

Jai considered before explaining. He deliberated for a moment but decided to say it out. 'In my personal opinion we must let Dharini be afloat for some time. Let all the hustle around her settle. Let the Party party around her. They will try taking advantage from her and will know soon that she does not belong to them and that she cannot belong to them. Dharini will handle

that in her own way. And the party men true to their traits will find suitable answers, befitting in defending themselves. Those who have claimed to know her personally and have shouted slogans in favor of her coming back will not recognize her from one foot.'

Deshbandhu added in affirmation, 'I guess you are right. ...And truly that's all we can do. In reality we do not have any option.'

'No, in a way I am agreeable to you and in one way it is not true too. We have not spoken to Dharini about her plans. I tried to venture inside her. She is too true to have told me that she just wants to start her project "Save India" and meet lots of people and travel through India.' Colonel was categorical.

Deshbandhu was pensive… "What must he tell his daughter? When she had left for the EYC Academy he was a bright and winning fighter and on her return he is an unwanted burden … that now he is a losing and unhealthy professional."

Jai had no means to gauge what went inside the ageing father. He waited for the apt moment and now when he felt that it was right he said it out, 'I also want to express my another understanding to you and take your permission on it …if you agree.'

Deshbandhu looked up …out of his pensive stance … attentive.

'I am thinking of appointing another aide escort for Dharini.' Jai jotted the words out …in hurry. 'We have so much to take care of …you know. And Dharini is going to be on the move. I, sincerely with your permission, want to entrust her personal security to another known officer.' Jai went quiet.

Deshbandhu considered. "Colonel was right. This internal unrest was not a miniature demon …it was enlarging its pangs in various parts of India now. These internal unrests were by no means to be taken lightly …these were outcries of our people. Their shrieks were justified in many ways. After keeping their mum for years, after pleading for years and after agitating legally for years …these had turned into unrests. Governments

conveniently did not pay any heed… It was their style of running the nation. These were always considered trivial issues in their acquired kingship. Now these unrests were visible. These showed signs of aggression and were making a dent in the government machinery. Instead of settling with them, instead of discussing with them …government had either converted their leaders into political allies or had declared them anti-social elements. Now this demon was getting uncontrollable. It was turning into terror striking regimes. What were terrorists? ...And with the added foreign hand right in government's way of handling situations … and with Jai's understanding on his position, Colonel was going to be busy. It was only appropriate that Dharini gets another escort. In the same thought it also occurred to Deshbandhu that Jai must have found some gem. In their coming times of national poverty, all gems were to be preserved. 'Send me his folder', Deshbandhu concluded.

'He is Major Gokhle - Twenty Eighth Batch National Defense Academy - Done advanced courses in Modern Surveillance Equipments from IIT Kanpur and in Future Defense Weaponry from USA.' Jai fluttered in pride. Deep inside, he was relieved "…Vandana would be happy."

Deshbandhu considered with satisfaction.

Jai considered for a moment …it was important that he informed the salient part too. He continued, 'Major Gokhle lost his parents in a car accident when he was at the NDA. Some hooligans dashed into their car, his parents died on the spot while his elder sister succumbed to injuries in his presence at the Civil Hospital. She had been found deep down the hill in the forest with broken bones. Gokhle does not discuss the loss of his family members with anybody. I have checked over and again - There is a point to his sister's death. The loss strengthened his character further.'

'I will look into the folder.' Deshbandhu reconfirmed.

Delegates from The National Party started pouring in. The Chief Secretary - Home Affairs led the small party of eight officers. Jai exchanged curtsies with the politicians and excused himself.

Efficacy of the department surprised Deshbandhu. Geetanjali became busy in attending the guests. Dharini displayed charm in their interest. Deshbandhu wanted to save some time for Dharini; that Dharini would take some time to start; that Dharini would like to spend time with her mother and with her grandfather. However, Dharini immediately suggested that she met the party people at the earliest. The work and the home must go-on hand-in-hand. 'I have to be working for my home only. Let us see what the plans are, what is planned to be entrusted on me.'

Dharini was registered as an executive member in the Party. She was photographed and she was given membership number and identity card. She was a continuing member since last twelve year. She, even as a child, had shown unprecedented devotion for uplifting of causes of the poor. She had gone abroad for studying the modern methodologies of nation building. World's renowned scholars from Harvard and Prince town had taught Dharini. Most learned elites of Indian origin serving throughout the world had trained her. She was back now to serve her mother country. Rarely such children are born in a nation. She was the jewel of the country and pride of the Party. The Party was India's pride.

Dharini was the new face that would bring-about the much needed facelift. She was the new temperament that would bring the sea change in country's temperament. She represented the new origin that would place the nation on the new growth track. Dharini was the new slogan …the new direction …and the new thrust. Country was to overthrow poverty now …the days of oppression were to be over. Nation belonged to the youngsters. Youth of India was to govern India now. Youth power is the purest power. India has led the way for the developing world. There were posters all over. Dharini was on the hoardings. Dharini was in the glow signs. Overnight, Dharini was a known face of the nation. She was the common name of the public talks. People of India were proud of their Party's foresightedness. Ten years back, the party had envisaged the forthcoming problems of the nation. The party had planned for taking corrective actions against the same. The country was safe in Party's rule - a truthful,

foresighted and sacrificing party …party for the cause of the poor. Dharini was the new avatar. She was to be the youngest member of Indian parliament. Party was sure to gain absolute majority in forthcoming elections. Opposition was bound to be routed off.

……..

…The folder on Major Gokhle had that special marking of the psychological ratings of his being an extraordinary soldier. His resoluteness was rated amongst the best in the world. Gokhle could keep astute concentration in subjects of security for long periods …even months - Once ascertained, Major was capable to ponder, assimilate and continue in his effort consistently without thinking and without resting for weeks. The incident of his sister's death was marked in red in the file. It was presumed that his sister shared some personal secret with him before her death - Gokhle had closed those dialogues from the outside world deep into his own self.

"Right Choice" - Deshbandhu tagged the folder and marked it to colonel Jai.

PARTRIDGE
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The Party dug out from Jai's record book that Dharini wanted to see India that Dharini wanted to be with masses. It was in-line with Party own requirements and the established trend. "In the seasoned political world, for any national political party to have effective presence in the country, some party representation should always be on the spree …somebody who is a declared celebrity must be on national tour. It helps to keep up the image." Party needed to project Dharini as its stage player ...the made-up actor in direct contact with people. The tour was not to have any public rallies, no lectures and no discussions on party's agendas. The tour was to meet public at large, to confer

with businesspersons, to make a rapport with masses. They must feel that Party is by their side …that Party understands their problems …and that the Party is hell bent upon removing their miseries. That the poverty and corruption are about to leave their courtyard …that there is not going to be scarcity of any commodity now on …and that life is going to be happy very soon. Dharini was to tour all states of India.

Major Gokhle was her aide now. "This was a demanding job", Gokhle told himself. "Here you did not have the pretentious department or the colleagues to satisfy your conditioned self. This job is like war. You are alone and the war is always on." However, Dharini made an instant friendship with Gokhle, 'Major, you are in love with India - India will bestow you with a beautiful bride', Dharini announced. 'Thanks Dharini, I genuinely need one', Major found her company jubilant. Dharini talked about India …and deteriorating plight of its people …and the reasons there of. Gokhle was not able to see what was exactly wrong with present India. He chose to remain quiet. He was more attentive than inquisitive about Dharini's movements. His job with Indian Army kept his psyche colored with joy and pride. His' this assignment kept him perplexed. "While Dharini was the bright star of the Indian National Party - why she was pursuing the personal project - Save India?"

Dharini would attend to hundreds of people, meeting them in all formality. She would attend lots of ceremonies and perform lots of ribbon cutting. She would have sessions with business people. She would attend welcome addresses at orphanages, blind schools and women polytechnics. Sometimes late in the evening, Dharini would suddenly ask Major Gokhle to accompany her. She would go to obscure addresses, in low localities. She would ask Major to wait while she entered a house and came back smiling. Major remained perplexed. He would never ask a question… His was the demanding job.

This Mr. Goel was the typical businessperson. His family owned half of the market buildings and was still hungry for grabbing more. He was into trading of industrial chemicals,

edible oils and office stationary - businesses of bulk purchasing and repackaging. Now his family had taken charge of opening a chain of two wheeler showrooms across Uttar Pradesh. Goel was to have show room designed and approved by the Japanese management. Japanese had furnished necessary guidelines for the showroom design; however, enough liberty was allowed to the prospective dealers in finalizing their own designs based on the local conditions. Goel caught hold of Harsh for the work. The typical rich in India could beg, borrow and steal. Harsh instinctively knew that it was a waste of effort working for him … it was sheer wastage of time and even money. "He would have to take leave from office; he would have to spend time on designing and discussions and negotiations; he would have to shell out his own money even for required prints to be taken out." Yet, Harsh needed to be trapped; he had to know what level of un-ethnicity these businesspersons practiced. Earlier Harsh had developed an offset printing machine for one reputed Jain family of the town, a family so renowned that they started one manufacturing unit each year for some child in their family. The moment the machine went on the run, Mr. Jain vanished and then on he became busy ...not available. He still owed Harsh his due of payments, which Harsh was never to recover. In another case, another Mr. Jain asked Harsh to develop market range of door closers. This Mr. Jain invested every re-imbursement of Harsh in shares of his friend's new business venture. One fine morning this Mr. Jain had vanished along with all the machinery. He was later discovered to have shifted to Bhopal, but it was only news to be remembered and forgotten. Now it was Mr. Goel. Harsh made the layouts. Honda engineers approved the plans. Honda engineers discussed at length with Harsh, they were impressed with his solutions and carried the prints of layout to formulate basis of a standard showroom in India. Honda praised Goel thanked him for the detailed job.

'How did we fool them?' Goel commented the same evening and Harsh knew his work was over. "This was the plight of engineers in India."

'Do you want to meet Dharini?' Goel asked Harsh abruptly. She will be inaugurating our showroom tomorrow.

'No', Harsh was timid. "Why should he? Some curtsey … some ethics …some communication." Harsh understood that Goel was displaying his power to him. Goel was paying him his dues by offering to be present at the showroom's opening ceremony. Harsh would better switch off …and look ahead.

The same night the doorbell rang at Harsh's small house in the labor colony… Harsh came out in the dark, wearing vest and pajama - It was summer …electricity was not available ….and the inverter battery was down… He was sweating but smiling. Sight of the angelic and robust beauty at his gate left him wordless. Dharini was at his doors.

Harsh stammered, 'Yes! How can I be of any help to you?'

'Can I come in?' The voice was as accentuated as the sight.

Harsh's inside bowed in politeness, 'Oh Yes! I am sorry'. He felt ashamed for being ill mannered with the guest. He felt afraid too; girls of utter beauty were the causes of night crimes. He was finding himself helpless. Anyways he had left the way for the little woman.

His wife Nalini came from the back door. Nalini was all nobility …in the making "…May be someone from office … no ...this kind of elegance ought to be from beyond Harsh's office …his larger family …but who…?"

Dharini moved into the small guest room. Everything about the place was exact and neat. The ambience spelt of self-dignity. The un-arrayed commodities reflected more casualness than carelessness. The smallness of the room in no way depicted any smallness in terms of self-respect.

'I am Dharini'. She introduced herself.

Harsh mouth opened up and remained halted there. He had heard of Dharini. Nalini had not. Harsh knew Dharini was from New Delhi …some kind of a big shot from the world of Indian polity. He knew that Dharini did not belong to the royal family but was a decorated personality. The businessmen of India wanted to run their money flinching schemes in her name and

the rogues wanted to continue growing with the help her face. 'Yes! I have heard about you. You are Dharini the new face of the Indian National Party.' He did not know why she was here.

'Yes! You got that right. I am sorry to be in your home at this late hour.'

'No', Harsh came up instantly, Please do not bother. "Nalini sat alongside her husband …communicating forged conformance to each word of her husband …she was yet to see her flowering …her insecurity was internal and far placed…" Harsh added momentously, 'please speak what we can do for you.'

Dharini's inside moved. Something moved inside her. A rebellious punch of thought… Such brightness lived in such humble homes …and still maintained such way to life. "Was this that India offered its creative and professional people?" She considered for a moment …and for a change decided in affirmation, 'my friend is waiting outside can I call him too'.

This was real terror. Friend simply meant some big trouble. Harsh's heart missed a beat and then started thumping fast.

"This young couple represented Indian life of young executives. Neither, they could leave their acquired dignity of living nor could they adopt the new wave degeneration. Who was to be held responsible for the same …?"

Nalini, though distantly taught, went out to look for the friend while Harsh stayed in… "If something went wrong, he will simply kill this beauty." Life was at stake. Risk had already been undertaken. He could not do it otherwise. He did not hear a sound, he felt terribly afraid.

Harsh heard the gate latch twang. Nalini came in. Major Gokhle accompanied her. The sight of army dress was a great relief for Harsh and it was a great fear too. He felt blank …he tried not to show it.

'I am Dharini and he is Major Gokhle.' Dharini's voice brought Harsh a great relief. 'Look Harsh, India needs you. I need you. I invite you to join me.' Dharini looked Harsh into his eyes and Harsh respected every bit of it. 'India cannot continue to live like this. We need you. Are you available?'

'Yes! I am.' The response was instantaneous. Nalini was taken aback in that moment… "So much trust in so little a time …this is blind faith" Something surged up inside Nalini …something diffused her surge down… Nalini's words were soundless.

There was no hesitation in Harsh. He was confident. In that one moment, Harsh had lived his entire life. Something propelled into him… Something propelled him. This something was the same thing that moved inside Dharini - "The rebellious punch of thought." Harsh remembered Nalini. He knew that she was his responsibility …and he knew he was right …only Nalini had to learn it someday.

Dharini got up. She thanked Harsh. Gokhle and Nalini were all courteous smiles. The guests departed. It all happened as if it was a fleeting dream. Nalini was not happy with herself… "Why her inside disagreed to her husband's decision…? This was a kind of personal sin…"

Earlier that evening, Dharini had indicated some interest in the designer of the showroom. She had noticed the name Harsh in the title block of the displayed layouts. She had asked Gokhle to find Harsh. 'Gather information on him'. Dharini had said to Gokhle, 'I know Harsh by his plans. You have to know him.' She had handed over a hand scribbled paper to him, 'I am certifying Harsh. You make your study.' Dharini's scribbled paper said, "Harsh is an ideal executive and a genuine engineer for the nation". Gokhle had already sent for getting a Dozier on Harsh.

Major kept pondering over Dharini's moves. "What kind of politics is this?" Dharini was always reading while on travel. Major watched her with intellectual satisfaction. She sure, was a lady in making… Gokhle did not know what she did …he did not know what she read …he did not know what her strengths were …he did not know what she thought …what she was up to …or to what dictates she belonged…

One fine evening Dharini called him over a cup of tea. 'I want to share something with you.'

'I am obliged.' Major Gokhle sincerely felt so.

'I want to read for you this chapter. I read it a few days ago and have been reading it repeatedly. I wish to read it for you too.'

Gokhle closed his eyes softly … he kept them closed for a while and opened them looking at the papers in Dharini's lap. Now, his view fixed at them, his posture was stationed …focused now. He was ready ...meditatively ready.

Dharini read the passage from Lin's collection.

This is one example of plundering and loot carried out by the English in India - After studying the Dutch excesses in India for around fifty years, the British business faculty formulated East India Company to do trade with India. They reached here carrying a letter of authorization from their king. After another fifty years of organized looting, the East India Company started ruling about half of northern India. Robert Clive was appointed Governor General of India. He won the battle of Plassey against Sirazud'daula - A battle which in fact did not take place. Within forty five minutes the battle had been won. Robert Clive had managed to discover and bribe Mir Zafar, the defense minister of Sirazud'daula. Thus East India Company established its reign in Bengal.

Then on, Robert Clive looted the city of Calcutta. His method of looting was that he used to enter a house and take away all gold and silver from the home; if the home dwellers objected it he would get their heads chopped off or he would shoot them. It was a simple method. It worked without any resistance. Sometimes he used to enter into small palaces and take away all their wealth …gold …silver … pearls …diamonds …rare stones …and rare metals. He looted India for seven years in this manner.

When he reached back London, he did not disclose his looting, as it had been agreed between The East India Company and the king. He was prosecuted.

'How much money you have brought from India?'

'I do not know.'

'Why you do not know?'

'I have not counted. There was no time to count.'

'You must furnish at least some estimate?'

'If you want to make an estimate', Robert Clive responded, 'Please know that to bring the acquired wealth from India I have used 900 ships. It is all gold, silver, diamonds, pearls and rare metals.'

'It must be boats.'

'No …ships …and each ship carried around 70 metric ton of material.

'How much will this amount to?'

'The wealth that I have brought from India is equivalent to 1000 million Sterling Pounds.'

'Is it?'

'Yes. And I have looted only one area of one city of one state in India.'

…….

Dharini was quiet. She stopped reading and looked over the pages. 'You know Major this amounts to around 18 lacs crores of Indian Rupees.'

Gokhle found himself in an unexplainable turmoil …his inside was speechless… "His training taught him to be on the vigil ever. …What was the training to a soldier at that time?"

Dharini continued, '...So much wealth was looted. Then Warren Hastings looted India. Then came Curzon …followed by William Venting then Dalhousie and Lawrence …like this tens of English Governor Generals came from England. You know Major, we did not bother even to make a list of our freedom fighters when India got free.'

Dharini was fidgeting …she was only short of trembling … and then she was quiet.

Major was silent…

…….

Within one week, Major received the Dozier on Harsh –

Harsh is an emotional young man from the small village Nagrota, in foothills of Himalayas. He is a mountain lad with no inhibition. He, as most people of this place, is free of any modernization and corruption thereof. His folks label him as short sighted.

However, on personal front, Harsh nurtures a unique feature of sheer animal acumen and possesses instinctive knack of discovering people in trouble. As a child Harsh was introvert, emotional, intelligent - ever mixing, ever aloof, ever ready to adopt and ever ready to renounce.

The customs around him advocated caste culture - Harsh was a silent revolutionary. He made it a point to have his meals in the house of his 'shudra' schoolmate. He lost games to make his competing friends happy. He gave away his lunch box to any hungry eye claiming his stomach was upset.

At ten years of age, his father took him to Kanpur. Harsh did not want to leave the security of his village. He cried - alone. He did not share his feelings. His journey from this pious village Nagrota, to the matured city Kanpur drove him into shell of self-discovery.

Young students here always challenged Harsh's capabilities quite blatantly. Harsh mostly found his counterparts lacking in both stamina and intellect. He found their intelligence spurious. "The boys here are partly blind or what?" His intellect was never tested. Harsh was an excellent student in Sanskrit, mathematics and sciences. His co-students were more intelligent in exploiting fellow people and Harsh was the simplest bait. Harsh was never to understand this for long.

Harsh found even the elders in Kanpur different from those in his village. "Their eldership, their practicality on moral education, their desires of living, their acumen in solving day to day problems, their vocation in practicing general ethics - all was spurious."

Harsh completed his graduation in Mechanical Engineering from Banaras Hindu University in the holy city Benares.

Presently Harsh is working in a private engineering industry. He works in design department. Harsh is a devoted and hard working executive. He can make a dependable engineer. He is logical and solves problems in democratic manner. He believes in sharing information and wants clear directions from his seniors. In case of unreasonable demands and unspecified directions, Harsh gets annoyed and goes into his shell. He can become an effective engineer given the opportunity.

Major Gokhle read it with interest. He was beginning to understand Dharini now …and he was finding his understanding extremely interesting. He remembered Dharini's words: "Harsh is an ideal executive and a genuine engineer for the nation". *"How could she envisage the qualitative Harsh just viewing the plans of the showroom?"* She had said that she knew Harsh she only wanted Gokhle to know him. *"Why she said that?"*

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The interior of the airplane was neat. "It could be so. It was a machine ...a costly one at that. May be if it was not so clean, it might malfunction. It was a commodity of the rich so it had to have richness in allover." Shalini had been awe struck noticing the cleanliness of the Boeing aircraft.

Sonu had clasped her hand, 'This all is what the world is about… Just observe.'

'Would such a big thing go up in air? Would is actually fly?' Shalini had asked in disbelief.

Even Sonu had found it hard to believe. 'The world is very great. You have to know it to believe it.'

Every moment of their journey away from Delhi had been momentous. Tyson's hospitality was magnanimous. The planning behind their trip seemed unimaginable. Tyson's staff seemed to know their needs at each moment. The travel, the trip, the cars, the buses, the foods, the sightseeing, the gifts, the games, the music, the entertainment, the play ...each aspect was fascinating …and wholesome. The cities could not be so clean. Shalini was mesmerized. "An airplane could be so neat. How a whole city could be so clean. How the entire city could be so tidy?"

Last three weeks had been most wonderful days in Shalini's life. Their group of about twenty women and thirty men was on this vacation-adventure-tour. They stayed in unbelievable kinds

of royal hotels, they ate unbelievable kinds of exquisite foods, they watched unbelievable kinds of magnificent sights and they moved in unbelievable kinds of luxurious vehicles. Every bit of the tour was unbelievable stardom. The people around were so happy and healthy and beautiful. The charm never seemed to be over and the beauty never seemed to end. Even the weather was beautiful …you did not get tired, you did not sweat and you always felt healthy. The guides were so well mannered. Shalini wondered if life in heaven was similar. "Next three days the men folk were to leave for work." The women were to go for the feminine-fun-trip to the under-sea aquarium, visit to the fairyland and shopping in the world-mart. Best entertainment was predicted to be delivered …best delicacies were promised to be served. None of the women minded their husbands going away for work. "If life ever had any meaning, it was with Tyson. You must deliver your best for such a multinational employer." ...Women were madly in love for the first time.

When advancing for the aquarium under the sea, one luxury yacht carried thirty men and Tyson to the Headquarters.

Tyson sat next to Sonu. Tyson admonished, as if reciprocating to some unsaid favor, 'Sonu you have to lead operations in India now on.'

'Who are these people?' Sonu's voice was low …deliberate …and deeply concerned. He had waited for three weeks to ask this question.

'They are our friends. They will be our important contact points in future. You must understand that they all were our friends and now they will become our contact points. You were a friend and you will continue to be our friend.' Tyson's explanation was short.

'Should I explain what I am following from your explanation?'

'Yes.'

'You are telling me that these people were the friends of the company up to now and from this juncture, they will turn into the contact points. Meaning they will be contacted only if and when required. They have graduated into sort-of independent fields of operations. Is it right?'

'Yes.'

'I will continue to be a friend of the company because I have not graduated. I still need to be managed closely; I cannot manage my jobs independently. Is it right?'

'No. If it were so, you would not be here. You make the most important link of our operations in India. You have performed brilliantly. Your field of work calls for abundance of common sense and very sharp acumen which is a rare finding in these times. You have shown remarkable excellence.'

'I don't get you.'

'Look dear friend. Your area of operations is people …masses …common men …general men in their individual lives. You work with people and you work on people… You understand the mass psychology and you are able to regulate the operational policy effortlessly. You understand? These men work in closed doors. They can operate only in their own secured fields. They are incapable of looking into others' points of view. For example, you are able to see through into what is going on in front of hospitals in India, as you are capable to see through the lives of people in desperation …and you can manipulate them out of the walls of these clinics. And one of these bunch …' Tyson looked around and pointed to the man, 'Mr. Ashok, is the inside player. Ashok has mastered what goes inside those hospitals. You understand …medicines …clinical tests …hospitalizations … surgical operations and all that. The company has far reaching plans …medicines …tonics …patents …processes …import substitutes …organ transplants …body banks …and a whole world of it. Ashok is to lead this activity now on. Similar is the case of Indian courtrooms. You are the master of the people outside these rooms. One out there …Vinay, handles what goes on inside the courtrooms. We have Sandeep who handles the affairs of education. In some manner or the other these are forceful people …they are all well connected. They have developed expertise in their fields of operations. These are those people who have mustered influence in their individual fields. They have done their part in the world of agriculture, commercial education,

medicine, manufacturing, entertainment, media, home affairs, external affairs and technical education in India.'

'What do you mean by saying that I have to lead operations in India now?' Sonu was still tense.

'You must care to understand that all these forceful people are the market encashment agents. They do not create markets. They are like leach …mere bloodsuckers. Their whole understanding is …simply profit in business of no investment. To them …money is everything. They are, in a way heartless. They do not see through people. They are blind to peoples' reactions. Can you understand? They are like eating machines with no bags to collect. They just go on accumulating and emanating. They are spineless. They are ever afraid in their living …they are slaves of their minds ...they have been enslaved in their ineptitude. They can be only contact points. They perform …they keep their share and pass on the rest to the kitty. You are different. You are the business creator. You are the market creator. Any business idea is useless if you do not have the market for it. Someone has to pay. One who knows the pulse of the payer and one who is able to regulate this pulse is the real hero. It is not possible to enslave the real hero. You can only befriend him. Thus, you remain a friend and they turn into contact points. You lead the operations in India. They may not report to you but their contribution to the kitty can be managed by you easily. They may not know you, they may not meet you, and they do not have to see you ever …they have to just continue in their chosen path and you have to be the hidden boss. You may support them in their period of crisis.'

'Then why they are all here?'

'It is only marketing. It is only business. It is only eyewash. They need not know what is happening next. It is only a kind of dramatized up-gradation of their roles. They will only know that they are backed up by huge machinery; that some mega system supports them. It will give them strength. It will encourage them to do better. They can be given targets they can be made to extend their reach. Some meetings, some instructions, some presentations, some reshufflings of unimportant nature and all

these lots of misnomers are invested to keep the business growing. They are not fit to take the business further as they cannot manipulate people. You can.'

Sonu saw the reason, he seemed satisfied. Tyson informed further, 'Indian polity is awaiting a deep transformation. First generation leaders are almost gone; next set of politicians are suffocated. The new line politicians will be managed by the groups of these contact points …and in about next one decade the leaders of these gangs will be politicians of Indian Government. They will be sitting in Indian state Legislative Houses...'

For Sonu the two hours of speeding into the sea passed in no time. The luxury yacht docked in a floating mansion. It was a massive light alloy structure …a palatial building. It was all lights and glass and crystals and fountains. It was all colors and fragrances. The thirty sets of eyes were left wide open by the magnificence of the place. Glamorous girls escorted the men into their suites. These sexy little women were to guide these men throughout their stay in the mansion. These girls were to be with these men throughout the day during the proceedings of the nonentities and then throughout the night. Men from developing countries took time to open up in their performance of divulging… Never before the world was so beautiful for these men… Never ever the world was so fulfilling for them. The meals were so sumptuous. The wine was so delicate. The party was so wholesome.

When they assembled in the meeting room Tyson was happy and smiling and introducing his men to his officers. The meeting went on discussing the problems of India because of the overpopulation, because of absence of education, because of poverty and because of lack of government's determination in building up the nation. "We have to fight it back. We must have our people in the government. We must have our representation in the peoples' demands. …You all are experts …the staff of the headquarters will be available twenty-four hours. We will facilitate preparation of reports and data handling. Reports … guidelines …plans …aspirations …milestones …goals …party

means …all was discussed… There were shows …dances … performances …fun games …glitter and glamour.

Sonu and Tyson left to the core chamber. A small team of five stern looking men and three elegant women already adorned the tiny office. The group received Sonu with warm enthusiasm. The atmosphere in the room spelt serious business. This represented Sonu's taste. Tyson and Sonu occupied chairs on one side of the table while the four men and the three women sat facing them and one elderly person, John Mark, sat on the top chair. Tyson introduced the team to Sonu. The officers were from different countries of the world. They seemed to form a ferocious team that appeared friendly and connected. John Mark, the larger man and Scarlet, the lean beauty, appeared to share a deeper relation …their eyes reflected so to Sonu. John Mark welcomed Sonu and invited him to the core group. Sonu complied with a slight bowing …he thanked the team. They raised a toast for the new friend in India. Sonu was amazed to notice the thick blue folder on the side-shelf …similar to the one that he saw Colonel Jai Chand carrying at the airport …there were more than a dozen more of them.

John Mark addressed the forum. 'Now, Mr. Sonu is with us. We will be strengthened by Sonu's sharp acumen and his knowledge of Indian psyche. Of course Sonu knows India in and out; however I take this opportunity to introduce India to Sonu as we look at it.' John Mark halted to ensure the he was making the right mark. Once he ensured he was being followed in spirit …he continued, 'India is a large country. It is large in the sense of vast amount of wealth that it possesses. Its people are hereditarily rich. Indians, by virtue of their heritage, are money savers. They are not spendthrifts. As per us, Indians weave their lives around soft worlds and care little for the objective world. This leaves them with a lot of wealth. However, India is also a strange country in terms of its people's behavioral pattern. No place in the world matches the human reactions as shown by the Indians. The country claims to be free yet the disparity between the rich and the poor is unimaginably vast. The disparity is not large only in

terms of acquired wealth it is also in terms of necessities of life. In India, while most luxurious acquisitions are mere necessities for the rich, even drinking water and square meal is a luxury for the poor. No free nation shows such disparity between the poor and the rich. The strangeness of Indian development is that its masses refuse to look into facts. They choose to remain blind to the truth of the world around them. Their own people keep on cheating them and Indians just do not seem to mind. Revolting against social crime is a far off suggestion. Indian political leaders keep on looting their own people and the same people go on praying these politicians as if they were gods.'

'India does not stop at that - The rich Indians habitually live in poor tastes and poorer psyches. They claim to be knowledgeable but they lack the basic intelligence to fight back their corruptors; they believe only in solving their own problems; they do not contribute to society's growth. Depletion-of-wealth of such a civilization is bound to happen. Such class of people cannot conserve their wealth. "The simple law of life is that one must infuse sufficient energy in order to maintain his stature. The life-trend goes down in absence of such input. If one wants to elevate his stature, much more quantum of energy is required. Indian intelligentsia does not want to exert; it refuses to react." This depicts the story of the typical Indian. In such a scenario, when you place yourself for sale without any cost, the buyers are sure to buy you off without caring to pay you. That is exactly what is happening in India. If you don't buy them, they will sell themselves to somebody else. Indians are on sale. Getting enslaved is their dire personal …individual need. They need to follow orders. In the name of motion they like being dragged.'

'This is our understanding of Indians and India, now, we must ask Sonu to give us his opinion on our knowledge. We are also anxious to know about Sonu's own ideas. We need to define our operations in India. We re-iterate that Mr. Sonu is an unbeatable force in his own accord and we respect his prowess.'

Sonu looked at Tyson. Tyson responded with the affirmative look. Sonu was clear. He addressed the newly formed friends. 'In

my observation, this groomed group is well informed. However, this is only one version on India. There are other versions too. It will be wrong to label India by any one tag …that constitutes one telling aspect of India. I must add to your knowledge bank that Indians are also like lions. They are lazy …sleepy …but ferocious. They only sleep and reproduce and kill. Their daily routine is praying and these prayers ablate them of their sins of ever sleeping, of being always hungry for more in their sex needs and in being inherently non-active. That kills whatever is their self.' Sonu paused.

'Another important aspect of Indians is the characteristic strength of its holy people. This remains most unknown factor to the known world.' Sonu wanted to say much in fewer words. 'Yes, our forum has well understood the earthly India. I am of the strong opinion that, in a way, we are only carrying India to its ultramodern tracks through the shortest way. We must only add more vigor in our efforts. We must only add more exactness in our method.' Sonu stopped to look for reactions.

There were claps and cheers. The graceful looking assemblage rose from their chairs to greet Sonu. Sonu was the stunning finding. The new group was to spend time together next two days in order to understand internal functioning of India and to formulate plans on it. They mixed up with the other members. They feasted …drank …and dozed.

The next day belonged to Sonu. Sonu divulged his logic before making his statement. 'Science is universal. Proceedings of science are eternal. Laws of science do not vary as per geographical regions or due to beliefs of a society, these remain unaffected by time and space. The technology is not universal. Laws of technology do vary pertaining to geographical regions and because of beliefs of the society. The proceedings of technology are not eternal; time and space influences it. Borrowing or copying of science creates no problem. It makes no difference to the science or to the borrower. Borrowing technology creates problems with the technology and the borrower. The technology may be lost in hands of an amateur user. Technology must always be ingenious.

A society must develop its own technology considering local conditions, local environment and local laws.'

'India has done a fantastic thing by not indigenizing any technology pertaining to scientific developments. All items of luxury, all items of meaningless utilities were pumped into India. India readily accepted these. India became the market for dumping the out-of-date technologies. These items might not have been of any real requirement to the Indian people, these might even have been of substantial harm to the Indian masses, these items might have become banned for any use in their countries of origin - The technologies associated with these items might have become obsolete now - India became a buyer for all these. However, India indigenized all technologies of the darker world. All principal negativities were thoroughly indigenized before getting them established into India. Indian people have been highly intelligent in converting all wrongs into shades of righteousness.'

'Indians mostly remain filled-up with lofty ideas …they mostly intend to remain in vague ideals. This special acumen makes them look even at the perspective of death in most unimaginable ways. They are not afraid of death. The signal of death does not impinge any fear into them. Indians remain occupied with the vague so much that death to them is just another important factor …it is not the most important factor. If this were true then the reverse of this must be absolutely true. I advise fear of death to be implemented as a special tool for India.'

'India is a land of local social unrests. India is fast growing into a place of disputed regional concerns. Indian state machineries advocate disturbances with the centre and Indian Centre broadcasts its concern only for those who fall in line with their thoughts. India is turning into a political nuisance and there are means of making it worse.' Sonu put up plans of sporadic accidents of Indian trains …of stampedes at mass conglomerations of Indian religious gatherings …of murders of unknown entities in regions of feudal disturbances …' The team endorsed Sonu's logic.

Contact points came out with most unreasonable ideas. Hospitality of glamorous and gorgeous women diluted their abilities to plan. Tyson and Sonu made plans for them. "India must long for input of foreign funds in the country at all levels. The people must begin taking financial loans. The State Governments, Municipal Corporations and even the Village Panchaayats at all levels must start looking for capital loans. The employed ones must plan their spending based on not what they are earning today but on what they would earn in years to come. The raw politicians must take loans …for their governments … for personal benefits."

"India must witness real estate boom …land and construction mafia must benefit out of it. Millions of educated professionals must invest most part of their earnings into it. India must go through the fashion boom. Cosmetics and Clothing must take the educated professional in stride of international brands. India must dive into fitness boom. Fashion must be the new way of life for the Indian executive."

The three days stay got extended by two more days. The team was now indebted to the management. So much work was still incomplete. The trip was to become an annual affair. Mindboggling rewards were ensured to the out-performers.

"There had to be new variations to Indian Patent Laws. Foreign brands had to have inflow into Indian markets. Indian ingenuity had to be stretched. There had to be new Indian thrust into education - Indian youth did not have to know language or mathematics or artisanship; they had to have certificates, degrees and intense longing for jobs and they had to have immeasurable yearning for money. The manufacturing industry had to be killed and the technical education had to become rampantly mushrooming. The new education must not be of any use to Indian social context. The world trade must regulate the Indian production. The Indian psyche of world co-operation had to be replaced by international psyche of stiff competition."

Sonu, Tyson and the team united in promising to the management. "The forthcoming youth was to fight tooth and

nail with their guardians for their rights; the guardians were to be ever demanding for their own luxuries from around; both young and old were to be thinking of their rights not of their roles. No one was to carry the philosophy of sharing any more. All were always to be hungry and unsatisfied. The team contact-points collected information on their individual tasks."

"Nationals of a country were like crop. If the very sprouts were fed with polluted water, the plants were to be unhealthy and diseased bearing neither grains nor fodder. Indian children were to be engrossed in newly developed music, in sensual pleasures, in fashion, in demanding luxuries and in looking for money. They were to be consumed in sheer gross; every individual in India was to carry personal gadgetry newer communication technology. Indians were to be either rushing to become adults thereby enjoying sex or lamenting ill health and past adulthood into old age. They were to be always in need to catch the forthcoming. As young ones, they were to be wishing to be catching what was up-coming and as adults, they were to be trying to be catching the passing past. In all cases, their hands were to be empty, either the golden egg was to be approaching-in or it was to be slipping-out."

John Mark, Scarlett, Tyson and Sonu were clear of the plans for India in the coming times. Their plans were for the educated populace only. Other sections of Indian masses were automatically driven by whatever these educated people did. India was witnessing the emergence of its fourth generation executives now. So the plans were to be built up accordingly. The first generation had passed sacrificing their entirety for its country. The second generation had filled up the executive posts all over the country and created the new social synergy wherein the importance of education and jobs was impregnated in people. The third generation had attempted to keep the heritage of Indian customs alive - This generation had been typical copybook of Indian heritage without any energy to enforce its thoughts. However, it was the last generation that kept the old India known and alive. Now the fourth generation was sprouting. This

generation was to be the genuine force, which was to assert its thought. This new generation was not to take the past as it is.

"India had shown much dynamism. Thousands of years of civilization and millions of years of cultural heritage had turned into past just in four decades. 'This fourth generation could make or break India.' If their newly acquired naturalness turned victorious, India was to lose its past forever and if it did not succeed …harder spell was destined for the Sonu's team. More resources were required. That was never the question. Resources were available in abundance. So many countries funded the cause."

"Indian Business was in control. Indian Administrative Machinery was in control. Indian Judiciary was in control. Indian Medical Panorama was in control. Indian Technological backbone was sufficiently broken. Indian Natural Resource Management was appropriately manipulated. In all other major industries Indians were only borrowing mechanisms. Indian corruption level was destined to rise steeply now."

Scarlett handed over a paper to John Mark. He looked into it - instantaneously the picture was clear to him. "Scarlett had been successful in making entry into heading the Indian affairs - She had stealthily taken her place - She was to lead the operations in India - Of' course Mark was the boss and she would report to him. Apart from teasing strains of sexual relationship with Scarlett, John had other concerns in mind. Scarlett always wanted to supervise Indian affairs - he was not in her favor - India meant a big money …plus their operations had grown bigger now … they had moved to this floating mansion only eight years ago from a submarine office - Now this was to be abandoned - They could not be in this office for long - Their new place of operations was on an island. The world polity was opening up now - There were new opportunities and newer challenges - Their division of specialty arms and ammunition was also maturing now." He read the concerns from his higher commands.

'Your group has totally missed the matters of defense technologies …India continues to develop unabated in fields of equipments of warfare and in space technology …India is poised

to be self-sufficient in these costly arenas. This is dangerous for our business …our associates do not digest this news …it is detrimental to their future business. There will be separate machinery directly under control of John Mark which will facilitate draining of funds from India. The huge amount of collections acquired by the contact points and the immense wealth accrued by the officials will be deposited in tens of banks spread over fifty countries. The avenues and the working methodologies to this effect will be controlled by John Mark. Sonu and Tyson will support the cause directly from India.'

……..

"…What Chin'na learnt from his precepts and his ambience seven hundred years ago - 'Animal within its capacity of intelligence lives perfectly ...that is why it has been a teacher of man since ages' …was expressed to this forum. However what Chin'na understood the same very moment - 'But the animal remains animal ...and the man learns the mankind. That is why the man is a man and the animal is not a man. That is the meaning of being educated. Man is evolved and animal is not yet so' …was never to be learnt within the limitations of such short lived civilizations."

……

John continued to read, 'You should look into factors of political opposition in India. With so many unrests all around India, the opposition is now to have a say in making of India. This could be your winning avenue. Watch the risks. Your drive must keep the trend up.'

The trio of Sonu and Tyson and John were thoughtful. Scarlett joined them in role of supervisor …Cream of Indian Defense was condensed with officers like Colonel Jai Chand. Colonel Jai Chand reported to Deshbandhu in a closed loop. Deshbandhu was an intense Indian. These second generation Indians were a strong link to India's energetic past. They must be broken …broken…not killed - "Eliminate Geetanjali". This emerged as proper beginning of the new phase.

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Vandana was relieved. This was her victory. She felt elated. She had won the battle against the so-called super cop. Jai was free of Dharini. Again, the bitch was abandoned and she was on spree. Major Gokhle was attached with her. Now, Jai would not flirt with her. Vandana was not a fool. She knew how to save her family. She knew how to take care of her family …and she knew how to take care of her career too. She had discussed about her field of expertise with Major Sarin. He had promised her that she would be given the contract for refurbishing of the new Officers' Club. The club was to undergo total renovation. Rupees Twenty-Five lacs had been sanctioned for the job. Initially she will be passive partner to the contractor and then …on completion of her first project, she will float her own architectural venture. Major Sarin would be the sleeping partner. He will oversee marketing and payments …and she will co-ordinate the execution. Jai was a fool. He did not know what to do in life.

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Jai informed Deshbandhu, 'Now Major Gokhle is in-sink with Dharini.'

'That is good. Dharini feels similarly for the Major'

It had been an arduous day for both friends. Deshbandhu was tired. These days Deshbandhu occasionally felt de-energized. The country was witnessing major change inside her. The entire country was in turmoil …various parts of India were witnessing various types of local problems …the centre had no clue regarding the beginning or the boiling of these problems. The functioning of the Party had been equally blind to the associated causes. The new generation politicians were so drastically unethical. The new class foreign consultants had made the polity immune to all that was humane.

Deshbandhu was pained to note that some politicians talked only money. Money was their only concern throughout

the proceedings of their daily routines. These politicians openly directed their administrative support staff to find means of gathering money. If earning was not possible, newer means were to be created. This part of their work was carried out in utmost professional style. There were targets and accounting of the money gathered. The only way the public was involved was that you do whatever you want to do in your locality, just deposit 30% of the projected investment for the sanctions to be signed. What frustrated Deshbandhu was that he did not have any avenues to meet any senior authority enabling him to share his concerns. His reports were dumped, initially at the secretariat and now …in his own office. These were superfluous papers.

Deshbandhu and his department were outdated …no one needed their work now. For Deshbandhu the name of Dharini was like a respite from otherwise stagnant life; the Party was upbeat about Dharini's reports. She was a timely dose of the party into the decaying social scenario. The business class particularly felt reinstated, this was a healthy sign - the money came from the business people - the business in India needed a sweet face and Dharini provided it unconditionally.

Politics was turning into business. Internal unrests were turning into ventures of terrorism. Deshbandhu and Jai had had long sessions on the changing scenarios. They had worked out policies for correction of the wrongs but nothing seemed to move. Jai had some opinion about the subtle anarchy that prevailed at the government offices but he was blinded by his own sight, he depended on Deshbandhu's signature for all works beyond his own scope. Jai's upbringing was also sole responsibility of Deshbandhu now.

'…Dharini has had a wonderful trip so far.' Deshbandhu continued, 'she will be staying with us for about two days before proceeding south. Aastha is arriving the day Dharini comes to us.'

'She has cleverly used the Party in capitalizing on her time,' Jai smiled emphatically. 'She has started digging and discovering gems of India.' Major Gokhle had reported to Colonel Jai about Dharini's ventures to obscure houses. He had not made a mention

of these voyages in his official reports. Jai had to inform this to Deshbandhu.

Deshbandhu was quick to grasp but he was seeing somewhere else, 'How will she handle the Chief Secretary?'

'We should not worry about that. She knows her job. She has friends. She has contacts. She has plans. She has the direction.' Jai sounded confident.

Deshbandhu felt that his parental concern was overdriving him. He changed the topic. 'Geetanjali is busy these days doing up the Kundli home. Once Dharini is back, she can have her office there. Deep within me, I feel that even I will join Dharini's drives. My present job is somewhat painful.'

'Why you say so?' Jai was genuinely alarmed. Deshbandhu's words rang millions bells in him.

'The procedures here have modernized in a big way. Small is not a matter of concern anymore. I cannot look above the small. The new generation professionals do not look at the small things.'

'That is serious.' Jai was concerned.

'That is how we take it. For us small is important. To us every small in wrong direction can be curbed - things at that level can be taken care of. That is how we work. However, the present thought is that showing concern to the small things is giving it undue importance, we should let it die its own death - system will take care of it. For this new concept …the small grows on your feed - do not feed it by showing your concern. And showing concern is belittling your own selves. So, the concept is - Do not care for the small.' Deshbandhu seemed to be speaking to his own self, 'And, the present thought calculates …that they have limited life …that they have limited number of opportunities …that the times may not be same tomorrow. They believe in making the most out of it. There is money in the nation, which is being disbursed by their authority. "We are sanctioning it. It is our power. It is our ordainment." The thought is that the businessperson who is not doing anything other than shuffling cards is simply minting wealth. We should earn from the flow of funds from our pen.'

'…And also in this new process, in a very different shade, the small has become important. It is important now - to be nurtured and to be created. Small brings in funds without much hassle. This small is not recognized - It does not put any pressure on their psyche - it does not impinge any guilt. They remain pure and they become rich too.'

Colonel Jai Chand noted each word of Deshbandhu with deep apathy. He felt physically dirty all over. He realized now how much he respected Deshbandhu. He gauged the helplessness of the man. 'Where will this all lead to?'

'It is only the beginning. Never before has India witnessed such depravity of its political rulers.' Deshbandhu became dull. Having spoken out what was seething inside him made him damp.

'How can we fight it out?' Jai felt puzzled …for this rare moment he felt helpless.

'We can only wait.' Punctured Deshbandhu poured out. 'There is much more to come. This starting will lead to complexities that will be more diverse than whatever these are. How long the power-force that is backing up these politicians will not understand that they should themselves turn politician? How long the money will be extracted from small ventures alone? Bigger games will be planned, bigger money will be involved and bigger makeovers will be done. There will be bigger infighting. There will be bigger spill-offs. New type of politics will be born. Present generation will suffer. There will be organized political crimes. There will be organized bodies to handle the large money. Once the people in government will get the taste of unquestioned plundering, they will want to go unabated. The law will not be able to stop them …rules can be twisted; nothing can be proved or disproved. The national wealth will be drained out.'

Jai was such a congenial companion. Deshbandhu was thinking aloud, 'Next generations will fight back and will be tried to be crushed. Generations can be polluted …corrupted but youth cannot be crushed …youth is the basic energy of a nation. New India will emerge as a strange breed of super intelligent and thoroughly exploited young nationals.'

To Jai's astonishment Deshbandhu seemed to be reading future. 'General backgrounds will be shallower; general health will be weaker; general psychological strength will be lesser. Heritage of India will not make its people proud; the religious values will undergo transformation. What we consider a lie today may turn out to be true then. Amount of lie in ones statements will be weighed on different scales all together.'

'We can only wait. When the spill-offs are there we can fight along but that is mere postmortem activity. When the new generation fights back we can assist it but that is a leaderless workshop. We do not know whether it is going to be a revolution or an alternate compulsion. We can only wait.'

Jai asked affront, 'Judiciary, Security Systems, Administration and Politicians run a country. In our case, who is at fault?

'Judiciary is overburdened with millions of workloads. It is estimated that if Indian Judiciary was to decide all the pending cases it will take around one hundred years to do so. Just imagine the mockery of the inappropriateness.' Deshbandhu elaborated, 'Within the highly walled security system there are thousands of cases pertaining to caste favors in Indian defense setups, thousands in the recruitment procedures and many times more in cases of career benefits and promotions. This is erupting as a menace. We are not thinking of these as problems which may become unsolvable.' Deshbandhu stopped.

'What about the politicians?' Jai was persistent.

'Sitting in Delhi we cannot know how India functions. This is one important finding of mine in recent times. New Delhi boasts of India being unified. Indian states declare unity but keep fighting on issues of language, water and refugees; the fights are for sharing taxes, for more rights and for gaining more advantage. Imagine Indians are refugees in their own country. Imagine in our country any political party can contest elections for the government at New Delhi even when its representation is purely local. Even an individual can do so. What is expected to come from the government, which is represented by representatives from tens of different

parties, sticking to supposedly different ideologies but actually sticking to common will of gnawing maximum share out of the national wealth? This aspect becomes important especially in the light that their chiefs are only looking power to gather more wealth. Why the political parties cannot be bound to merge their ideologies before elections and only those unified fronts are allowed to contest which show representation in at least some defined major portion of the electoral forum…? Why we cannot have any curtailment for any individual, if he has been a public servant by way of being in government and in consequent election public itself casts its electoral franchise in his favor by a margin calculated to be lesser than some defined percentage…? These issues of language, caste, religion, etc. are trivial and are being harnessed for strengthening vote bank alone…'

Colonel was silent… Silence filled their communion. How long Deshbandhu had been keeping the steam in his chest... Colonel wished he could liberate his friend from this agony. Deshbandhu was still continuing, 'What exists today is the truth. Yet there must be some untruth existing even today. This untruth must be undergoing a constant war with the truth. This untruth must be under constant evolution. The perpetual evolution of untruth leads to truth and the Truth simply sustains.'

'I am sorry,' Colonel's words were personal and drenched in sincerity,' I feel sorry for you, friend.'

'The present of India is an odd mixture of appalling poverty of the masses and somewhat superficial modernism of the middle class and widespread misery in all classes of its men.' Deshbandhu was continuing…

'Do not worry. I am with you.' Jai was not listening. 'I know the degree of your rightness is very high. I am of clean opinion that Dharini is on right track. She is visiting India. She is not confining herself to Delhi. We must support her.'

Deshbandhu looked at his associate and smiled ...a beseeching smile.

Jai planned for them. 'We have to support Dharini. Our experience and knowledge of India's problems will be of great help to our joint cause.'

'I hope you are right.' Deshbandhu was very down tonight.

- - X - -

Dharini congratulated Geetanjali for her tremendous effort. Geetanjali had executed the renovation of their home at Kundli. The entire land was redone to enable parking of more than fifty cars. The boundary fence was replaced by ten foot high wall. The frontage was made palatial. The main hall could seat fifty guests. Dharini's portion of the house was given modern look with all western amenities in place. Praveen had done his part of contribution. He supervised the furnishing of the new portion personally. With Vinayak gone, the entire house belonged to Deshbandhu. In all truthfulness, all belonged to Dharini. Praveen was happy that their ancestral home was coming alive after so many years. Geetanjali was not at all satisfied on her part; there was so much to be completed. The guests' accommodation was not complete, the garden was not ready, the water fountains were not installed and the servant homes were not done as per the new requirements and the storehouse was not in place. She was busy and happily involved.

'Papa, you must ask Ma not to be so much involved.' Dharini was frank with her father. She did not approve of her mother's such reaction to her coming back. 'It is over reaction.'

'Instead of stopping her we proposed her to take up this challenge.' Deshbandhu was equally frank.

'Papa but what is the need?'

'How are we to know about your plans?'

'You should have asked me.'

'You never mention it.'

'Papa, I know you love me rather blindly. What is it that I want to do and you do not know? I told you about my project 'Save India'. I discussed it with Jai.'

'But Jai mentioned it to me and recommended it too.'

'Papa, you all are impossible. You should have taken Santa into confidence too.'

They laughed.

'And Papa, do not bother, you will be proud of your Tele-Vision drive. India is going to gain out of it.'

'How do you bring all stray topics into discussion?'

'I am your daughter. Isn't it?'

Deshbandhu laughed once again.

'And, don't worry; you are welcome in my project. You do not have to suffer in your job anymore.'

Deshbandhu looked up astonished. Did Dharini know about his stance?

'Papa,' she said coming close to him, 'how can you be comfortable with an environment where you are not valued? India needs you. Country needs you and the ones like you. Jai will also join us.'

She folded herself into his arms. Deshbandhu's eyes were wet. Daughters are goddesses or what… "What is this?"

Santa's eyes were moist. His satisfaction was his bliss.

'Papa, we must dine together. We must dance together. We must sing together. Call Jai. Ask grand-pa to take rest. We will keep him awake late. Major Gokhle will be at home. I am going to get Aastha.'

- - X - -

The get-together was a grand ceremony. It was the finest evening at Praveen's house in ages. The guests were more homely than the family members were. Major Gokhle was such a sport.

He mastered the art of eating tastefully. He ate and ate and ate. He appreciated Geetanjali for each dish and praised her for the fine preparations. Gokhle remembered and talked about his childhood feasts at the village temple. Aastha was the cute little woman; her mannerism attracted everybody. She was such a sweet personality; she knew her place in home …and in society. Gokhle and Aastha clicked in each other's companionship instantaneously. Deshbandhu and Geetanjali were more than satisfied that Aastha was the whole-time company to their daughter when she was away. Colonel Jai joined late. It was a pleasure that Vandana came for the family party. Geetanjali took special attention of the senior guest. The party went on from drinking, dining and dancing to singing. Aastha was such a graceful classical dancer; she depicted the power of posture in a classical dance; she would stop at a pose and explain the communication expected to be made from different body parts. Dharini did communicate that she was totally unaware of this hidden talent in Aastha. Praveen was such a melodious singer; he seemed to be at home with himself. Geetanjali could strike chords with ease. Deshbandhu and Colonel were such good acclimatizers; they gelled as a support media in each effort. Gokhle was such a sensuous and spontaneous poet. Dharini was such a pure coordinator, a convener par excellence. Vandana was such a decorated presence.

Praveen's psyche was heightened, he must have sung in years. "Nobody sang now. Life itself did not sing now. In earlier days, singing was the common attribute of people; everyone used to be a singer …singing depicted Indian life then. One who sang could not be corrupt. A singing body could not be away from soul for long." He wished desperately, 'only if India sang again.' He was lucky to have seen this evening of pure entertainment.

Vandana was acutely critical the moment they left the party. 'Geetanjali was only displaying her wealth.'

'How can you say that?' Jai could not stop his words.

'You are a fool. You are just a stupid fool. You cannot do anything in life.' Vandana was furious.

'Now what have I done?'

'Why you did not get me the renovation contract of their home?'

'It did not just strike me. It was not a big job.'

'That is what I say to you. You cannot see. You cannot see through. You cannot see how much Deshbandhu loves his wife, how he keeps following her. Can you not see how much money Deshbandhu has minted? They are in a palace now. And you are living in a three bed room flat - in a pile of matchboxes.'

'God,' Jai knew she was purposely irritating him by saying ill about the family he respected. 'That is their parental home.'

'Do you think I am a fool? Do you think you will say whatever and I will believe? Am I blind or deaf? What was Deshbandhu's grandfather? Is it not a fact that he killed Md. Aneez Khan and took charge of his property? Is it not a reality that he made even the sons of the *Nawaab* to leave India? Is it not true that he was then killed, in his own, so called charitable temple? Why are you such a fool? Why can't you see logic in such simple chronology?'

'Okay' Jai was just short of shouting. 'Stop it…just ...please …stop it.'

'Now you follow… The truth is always painful. When you can't answer you beg for stopping.' Vandana retorted. 'And I am telling you now, that Major Gokhle is a flirt. He is gaming both Dharini and Aastha.'

Jai was flabbergasted… His evening was done.

'And I am telling you,' Vandana was unstoppable, 'you will not land anywhere. You will be an utter failure in your life. You and your ideology are all nuts.'

Jai remotely thanked his stars that Vandana did not show her these colors at the party. He prayed to God to pardon his sins. He kept driving. They reached home. Vandana rushed to her bedroom and shut the door with a bang. She shouted at him, 'You are absolutely unworthy and lousy.'

…….

Aastha left for the Ashram. She did not know the exact location; she was to inform Dharini on reaching there. Dharini

left for the proposed south India trip. The Chief Cabinet Secretary Ashutosh proposed a meeting with Party Youth President Yashwanth on her return. Geetanjali promised herself to set up the entire house in order before Dharini returned. She needed to employ more trusted servants. The house was going to get busier. Deshbandhu felt the strong urge to recapitulate the proceedings that had put his country in such state. He confided his wishes with Jai. Jai said that it was important. 'It is important to know exact history to know the exact future. "Time is nothing but only a continuation. The past defines the present and the present defines the future. Each present becomes the past of the presented future." Jai must do his part of the work. Security angle of the nation was his domain. He felt singly responsible for any security lapses in his country's growth and stabilization process.

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'We have to change our house,' Sonu informed Shalini.

'Why?' Shalini still rejoiced the memories of the foreign trip. She was not able to come out of the aroma of the mega luxuries.

'We have to shift into a better and a bigger home.'

Shalini readily agreed, 'Can we go into an independent home?'

'We should try,' Sonu was sincerely deliberate. 'Will you be able to do some work now in order to support the home?'

Now this was a shaking statement to Shalini. She had been a schoolteacher, she had been a homemaker and now again she had to be on the job. Still it was exciting. She understood that it was more a matter of self-development. She was clear that economic independence was important for women empowerment. Sonu, who was generally on back foot in all such matters, was today suggesting her to be on job. The foreign trip must have evolved him too. 'Of course with all pleasure,' she confirmed him almost smiling.

'You know Dharini. What if, I get you a job in her home?'

'Is it possible?' Sunila jumped with excitement.

'Why not…? You know her …and she is a reached woman.'

'What will be my job?'

'It will be in her palace. Her mother needs trusted people to assist her workings. She is an equally respected person. Theirs is a large family with Deshbandhu her father, Praveen her grandfather and Santa their trusted servant living with them in the main house which is more than twenty huge splendid rooms. There are already five full time families serving them in various necessities. They are in need of one or two more families. You must know they are a highly nationalistic family.'

'I will do anything for them' Shalini expressed her confirmation.

'Then we got to meet them tomorrow.'

It was easy for Sonu to find the in-way into the house. Two of the five full time families were indebted to Sonu's magnanimity. Their village and their parents vouched for Sonu.

Geetanjali saw Shalini …Shalini informed that she had met Dharini …Geetanjali did not take a second to decide. 'Put her in the fourth three-room-set, the one that was done-up last week … the one with independent kitchen garden.' Geetanjali instructed Santa. "…Shalini was a sophisticated woman, she was charming too." 'Shalini will help me with my personal jobs.'

Sonu had conveniently absented from the personal interaction. He was on important duty. Shalini had appeared for the vacant post all on her own.

- - X - -

While Deshbandhu was busy jotting down his version of Indian history post independence - while Jai was busy collecting details of factors that made the country driven towards political

and social instability - while Geetanjali was busy converting her home into the centre of a large functional empire that was to behold the country's most promising leader, Shalini made inroads into the life of Geetanjali. Geetanjali was an auspicious elderly name and Shalini was energetic young caretaker. Geetanjali was pious in thought and in action. Shalini was almost Geetanjali's shadow inside the house. Shalini was like Geetanjali's personal caretaker. Shalini grew into Geetanjali's requirement every minute. When all her personal requirements were decently handled, her productivity would be good at the end of the day - Geetanjali would be satisfied. That kept her piety on the rise. Shalini too observed this change in Geetanjali and felt happy about it. Geetanjali started her day well before 4.00 AM …having taken bath and saying prayers and practicing meditation; she ended her day at 10.00 PM with prayer. She took two hours mid-day nap. Shalini tied herself with Geetanjali's routine. Sonu kept himself updated. He remained busy with his new responsibilities. He was in home every evening before time and stayed inside their new home. He cooked dinner for Shalini. Shalini was immensely satisfied with the way the life treated them. Life seemed satisfied and stable, soon she would be on the family way - her inside flowered - everything was rosy.

Geetanjali was the boss at home. Deshbandhu came to this home on alternate days …three days a week …and he was generally late. Geetanjali introduced Shalini to Deshbandhu. He blessed the little woman. India was looking up. Shalini's version on women's economic independence impressed him. Dharini was doing so great. She was a known figure of the nation now. She had positioned herself as the next face of the Indian National Party.

Deshbandhu and Jai shared their findings on their individual studies. These were not findings, these were further questions. Their findings did not to make them satiated but put more fuel in their fire. Smoldering as they felt, they felt happy.

Deshbandhu deliberated with Jai. They had been friends in happy times …they were friends in testing times. 'India gave 1000 crore rupees to Britain as loan at the beginning of Second

World War and did not take the money back. India did not ask for its money. It was an Indian phenomenon. An eastern mind cannot ask for its own money. Giving and forgetting is the eastern essence. All the practicality India could pump into its psyche was that we should not ask for our money in the light of International Globalization of India. "India was to befriend the west." Yet, we did not give 64 crore rupees to Pakistan in spite of Mahatma Gandhi wanting to give away the sum to our brother nation in need.'

'When India faced first famine after independence and was marred by countrywide epidemics, the self-established western friends did not give any aid, however China came to our help. The help whenever came from west, came with conditions.'

India never had another leader with guts of Lal Bahadur Shastry, who refused to take the aid from America. "Stop loading wheat at your ports, return your ships which are sailing in the sea and stop unloading your wheat in India with immediate effect. India will shoot your ships if they enter our waters."

'The help from west came as loan. Even these loans came with pre-conditions to sign international treaties and devaluation of our currency. The devaluation of our currency reduced our economy to shambles and the signing of international treaties left India with no choice other than to become beggars and puppets in hands of foreign policies. There were many countries which looked at India as a giant nation, which treated India as a great and learned country …these countries also signed the same international treaties in good faith and once the facts surfaced, India lost our face value too - Now India stands almost naked in the international arena.'

'Internally, I visualize the power of our people in two sectors, the agriculture sector and the manufacturing sector. In agriculture sector, we did a wonderful job but in manufacturing sector, we failed miserably. It was due to our blind drive into employ-ship in our industry. Our executive force was kept in dark and was kept dissuaded in giving any appropriate direction to our industrial ventures. Technically we lacked the strength in

technology and socially we became job driven. Job meant an end to our people, not a beginning. Above all this, agriculture had to turn into an industry and slowly it also got into the quagmire of our technological incompetence. India suffered in general.'

'India was never aware of service sector as a means of national economic growth. Our service sector was always over matured and heritage driven; it was never experienced in the modern ways of sociology. Our service sector was service to poor and service to God. Still, this has remains an unexplored industry in India.'

'Our entrepreneurs were a committed lot; they were nationalistic patriots; they had their individual opinions about the government policies but they all nurtured their own philosophy according to our heritage. India was their prime concern. Now the things have changed. Now it is money not India …and that is their prime concern. Now they are connected and big in stature. Now they can afford to think ahead and they think only money. The money is in and the people are out.'

'Similar is the situation of our politicians and that is the most severe problem. The new generation politics is driven by very shallow dreams and narrow aspirations. A common person does live beyond seventy odd kilograms of his weight and a few feet around his body as his arena. He desperately tries to stretch beyond but has become unqualified to do so. The politician is worse. He cannot think beyond his seventy odd kilograms. He is incapable. There is no arena around him.'

'In all, India presently is neither thinking beyond nor thinking deep within. It is losing on both fronts. We seem to have lost both the direction and the quantum.'

Deshbandhu wound up his papers and looked up at Jai.

'You have rightly compiled. This all happened in our presence. We are witness to it.' Jai went on to add, 'We are party to it.'

'What kind of stage is this …that we have erected? What kind of play is supposed to be delivered to our people?' Deshbandhu uttered in askance.

Jai concluded his study in short. 'Sure this is a very disturbing scenario. India is such a diverse land. Culturally we are such a

diverse country. Each zone in India has its own topography and its own history. Each zone has its own demands. We have created an environment of demanding. More the one is demanding the richer he becomes, everyone is competing for demanding. This is landing us in a typically irreversible cycle of corruption. We are simply learning to demand. We are into competition individually as well as collectively. This competition is our ambition now. The ambition drives us to struggle. Struggle leads to repression. We are not open to others. Where is the time for others? We are so much booked. This has killed our capability to love. We are no more loving people. There is no place for cooperation. With love being lost, with compassion being lost …we are fast turning into a mechanical kind of vegetated society. In such scenario, the enemy is not going to sit quiet. In absence of basic fragrance, we are losing our roots. We are venturing into what we cannot and we are distancing ourselves from what we can be.'

Today it was pain …written all over their eyes. Once visualized, pain was over, 'We must now work out on what we can do. This is just another challenge.' Deshbandhu was optimistic.

They called it the day. Both Jai and Deshbandhu could get vague images of money drain from India, of the approaching poverty boom, of the peoples' helpless fight back against the unseen devil, of the rulers getting distanced from public and turning immune to their causes. Both felt the distant shocks of uncontrolled tremors. The public would be fighting for the nation or for itself. What did economic slavery mean? The friends slept in order to get up duly rejuvenated for their work.

- - X - -

Sonu woke up early tonight. Shalini slept next to him. She was in sound sleep. She would get up by 4.00 in the morning to join Geetanjali in her prayers. Sonu left the house and stealthily

entered into Geetanjali's bathroom. A few minutes later the pious lady entered murmuring God's name. Soon she undressed and went under the cold shower. "What was this movement? ...What? ...Who?" …She wanted to object ...She was naked ...Shocked… …He bent down and pulled her ankles. Geetanjali fell …toppled …with a thud …her head hitting hard against the faucet … splintering skull inside… She blinded in extreme agony… She screamed …but the sound did not come out… Only a towel came on her mouth and all her energy ruptured within her… Sonu raised himself from over her and came out cautiously. He closed the door. With a magnet …he latched the door from inside and left.

Back in his room, Shalini was awake, 'where did you go?' She asked in darkness.

Sonu replied promptly, 'To the washroom.'

'But I did not hear you.' Shalini was awake.

'Don't worry. Sleep. You have a lot to do. I have much work next few days.' Sonu entered the bed.

Within next twenty minutes, the house was on shrieks, loud cries, louder wailing and loudest commotion. Hysterically shouting sounds, '…What happened to Geetanjali?'

Shalini ran out of her bed. She rushed blindly. Sonu kept his breath calm. He stood at the door of his house. "Big people have big ways of handling things."

Inmates of the house broke open the door. Praveen could not believe his eyes. "Was it a work of the demon?" Geetanjali was lying flat on the floor …no clothes on her body… Shalini rushed-in pushing everybody… She covered Geetanjali with whatever she could lay her hands upon and started shrieking … panicking ...crying. Santa stood at the corner ...stoned…

Deshbandhu's heart kept sinking repeatedly. He found him incapable to manage the shock …he broke down. Colonel Jai Chand stood by his side ...wordless… Jai did mention to his friend if a postmortem was to be ordered. Deshbandhu's mind was elsewhere… His mind scavenged …how his grandfather had

been composed when his grandmother had expired …how he was managing the ceremonies…

Dharini was poised. The shock and the loss surfed over her entire body but her composure was unshaken. She was beaten but she did not blink. She did not cry. Shalini wanted to be with Dharini but notion told her that Dharini wanted to avoid her. Hundreds of the National Party members and thousands of villagers gathered.

Santa's inside wept. The little girl who grew in his lap had gone on his shoulders. Major Gokhle was serene he wondered the irony of life the Indian way; there was something clumsy about the whole affair. Whether it was his sister or this pious woman Geetanjali, death for both was in the same way. He waited with his eyes open. Praveen and Deshbandhu were at loss of thoughts. "Is it that in their home women did not have long life?" They shuddered. No! ….no …they kept quiet.

The last rites were performed in utmost ritualistic and elaborate manner. Geetanjali's larger family came from Himachal Pradesh and left after two weeks. The house that glittered and danced a few weeks ago was now bereft and lifeless. Jai asked Deshbandhu if any criminal investigations were to be initiated …Deshbandhu replied in negation, 'Loss is already inflicted…'

The servant families were requested to leave for their respective villages. Dharini looked over Shalini's shoulders. Shalini's last chance to meet her was lost.

Praveen, Dharini and Santa moved to their Delhi home along with Deshbandhu.

One game was over.

- - X - -

Yashwanth, President - Youth Wing, Indian National Party arranged the small function at his Office to initiate Dharini's

induction. Deshbandhu and Colonel Jai Chand were first to reach the office. There were a dozen army JCOs in uniform and the same number of security personnel in plain clothes. Ashutosh, Party Vice President attended the proceedings. Ashutosh was formal in conveying his condolences to Deshbandhu - He assured Deshbandhu of full cooperation from the Party. He talked about Dharini and praised her contribution to Party's development. The Party high command was looking at Dharini's inculcation with deep interest. The Party always cared for its faithful members. Dharini was a bright girl; she was to have a highflying career with the Party. Ashutosh mentioned that for next three years Dharini was to be 'The President - Youth Wing' as Yashwanth was to contest elections. 'All proceedings have been negotiated and all arrangements have already been finalized.' Ashutosh was saying assuredly and convincingly.

Jai sat stern making mental notes. He was the true soldier of Deshbandhu's plight. The old man was tired of Party's layered systems and red-tapism. The irony of his pain was that now Dharini was about to be pulled into it. It was a mysterious cyclone that consumed your strength and gulped your integrity leaving you wasted …and he was helpless. Jai's muscles twitched, he wished he stopped Dharini from taking a plunge into this sucking quagmire.

Dharini entered from the public corridor. She had dressed in a glamorous outfit. This seemed to be a deliberate attempt on her part …she was making a code through her mere presence. Major Gokhle followed her, a foot behind in stiff copybook code. He covered her as if she had forcibly entered a criminals' den against the guidelines of well-wishers. His resoluteness was as if he would take less than a moment to kill if needed. He communicated with Jai by a side-glance and was relieved. Things were in control. Dharini was effusing beatitude. Ashutosh did not know whether he has to fold hands for wishing her, to extend hands for greeting her or to raise hands for blessing her. He forgot that he had prepared to convey soothing words on her mother's demise. Yashwanth simply smiled from ear to ear, his

eyes glittering. Deshbandhu's eyes were down. Jai and Dharini shared unseen smiles.

Dharini occupied the chair opposite the elite gathering. 'I must thank you all for the deep concern for India. I am sure you all make proud to our motherland.'

'You are welcome to our esteemed Indian National Party' Ashutosh had reconciled the initial attack. He felt nobody had realized his state and that he had been clever as ever to be able to hide his fumbling. He had recovered.

'Yes, that would be my pride Mr. Ashutosh.' Dharini was looking in his eyes.

Ashutosh sprang from his vocabulary, 'Our Party takes care of its members to the core. We mean only business for the country. We work in most sacrificial manner for serving the poor. Country is poised for unprecedented growth in our hands.'

'Who killed my mother?' Dharini shot back interrupting.

Everybody looked up in surprise ...in disbelief …in unbelievable jaw opening look. The soldiers became stiff. Dharini's charisma flew off …or filled in? …Minds blanked…

'Why…my child', it was arena of Party Vice President, how easily she was trapped, 'Please do not be upset. We are all very sorry for Geetanjali. She was such a pious woman. It was a very unfortunate accident. It happens… O! Little child …it is not in our hands. Life is strange …it unfolds itself in unforeseen ways.'

'Okay…' Dharini's stance did not change a flick, 'Who killed Lal Bahadur Shastry?'

'O! Dear you are seriously disturbed,' Ashutosh sincerely felt so. "This girl was so stupid. He had all wrong information about her."

'Oh! I am sorry. Okay, why Mahatma Gandhi's murder could not be avoided. Why Sanjay Gandhi got killed?'

'Now that is a high political mystery. The top-notch politics of the world rules this.' We are not to be even aware of what runs these machineries.' Ashutosh felt he was sounding high.

'Mr. Ashutosh, you are the Vice President of Indian National Party. Please do not satisfy this elite group with jargon of high

notch polity.' Dharini put up her words upfront. 'It is important for us to know some facts about our father of nation and about people who matter the most to our nation. We must have real answers to why there is so much turmoil in our social structure all over India. Why there is agitation in Assam - What those simple singing and dancing people are looking for? Why Hindu Indians are fleeing Kashmir? Why Indians from UP and Bihar are considered outsiders in Maharashtra? Why Tamil Nadu has linguistic problems with India? Why so many states are fighting for autonomy? Why so many of our chivalrous brethrens, Sikhs, who were born only to save India and Indians are turning notorious and anti society now - What is the guarantee that we will not lose another national leader because of these, unanswered phenomena?'

Ashutosh was uncomfortable now. However, he was an expert of wordy games. 'Now Child, these are the serious matters of concern. Once you are in the Party, you will get to know the facts covering these sensitive areas. These are not open for general public. These are factors of national importance. We trust our leaders and their competence. Politics is not a bed of roses. It is an austerity of servitude.'

'Sir, we do understand that certain matters are sensitive and of national secrecy, that there are many layers to a government procedures.' Dharini appeared to sober down. 'But Sir, Mr. Vice President, Indians are not a happy lot; and they are deteriorating in their lives every minute. There is wrath in their psyches. There is helplessness in their attitudes. There is cracking in their fortitude. The loss is colossal. These are unregistered questions of India today. Our educated class is alienated from national track. Our urban class is distanced from Indianism. Our rural class is engulfed into worklessness.'

Ashutosh was happy to answer, 'Good that you have made these studies on part of the Party. We have detailed knowledge in all these regards and with your glowing inputs we will take care of all these upcoming challenges. In any case, we have draft policy ready for the new education drive in India. We have prepared

the new plan for national development in infrastructure and heavy industry. We have communication boom on our cards. We are having serious finalizations on launching India in Servicing Industry. India is going to be on medical tourism map of the world. India is poised to be on growth track. All Indians will be benefitted with economic gains and social security. There is much more to us …globalization …modernization …and liberalization is the new wings to be added. You will be a party to all of it. You know, there is lot to discuss and a lot to be shared with you once the initial formalities are over.'

'I must congratulate you on your visionary clarity in matters of national importance …Sir.' Dharini responded in utter politeness. 'How many English persons were killed in first war on Independence in 1857? Where in India can we find the list of freedom fighters, which were directly executed by the foreign rulers by hanging and blown by explosives? How many Indians lost lives for achieving freedom? Is it true that the records and ashes of Indian freedom fighters, which were slain in England, are still lying in British custody because Indian Government has not bothered to even ask for the same? Is there any record on what vision these freedom fighters had for India? Why India was called 'The Golden Bird'? Is our past a mere story? If it is only a fiction, what our real past is? In such a case …is our scriptures mere gibberish? Sir, these ones and similar one-thousand questions keep haunting our children, our citizens are confused. Our souls cry each moment. Why our education institutions are not providing answers to these pertinent questions, thus enabling at least those Indians who happen to go to schools, be free of unnecessary loading on their psyches? At least …can you please tell me what Deshbandhu is doing? What office he holds? What is his role and responsibility? When he has reported last to his superior? Is he doing a god job or he is a mere wordy jargon?'

Ashutosh looked at Deshbandhu. He did not know anything about him except that he was a long time no-body in the administrative top circles. Yashwanth just …cheesed off.

'Sir, the death of my mother might not be a murder; but to what systems we adhere in such cases. If it is a murder, than what India is bound to face in coming times? If it is a murder, than we have to consider why Geetanjali had to be killed? Why all of a sudden, train derailments have become an everyday affair in India? Why we shut our eyes to the facts that seeming accidents are now happening only in those parts of India where social turmoil are maximum. Each mass death triggers mega revolt in public and we call it an accident. That should not be the way. We need to rise up. We need to learn. We need to develop expertise. We need to become professional. We need to have Indian way of settling affairs, no imported or borrowed technology can see India through.'

'It is dawn of new politics in India, I am immensely happy for you Dharini. This is an ideal induction.' Ashutosh started clapping. Yashwanth joined with him. The JCOs and the personnel in plain clothes clapped with their leaders. Deshbandhu was catapulted into abeyance. Colonel Jai stood up in ovation. Major Gokhle smiled and clapped… "What a lousy girl", Ashutosh thought, "an ideal petrol bomb to give a new face to India …and worthy of being eliminated when needed." Ashutosh smiled and laughed aloud …he was thinking, "The stupid girl does not know how much money is being earned out of these problems" He himself was thinking of opening an account in one of the Swiss Banks.

Dharini smiled. She thanked Ashutosh for his time and guidance. She thanked Yashwanth for the arrangements. She confirmed that she would start coming to office from next month first. All were happy. Work completed. Target achieved. Day accomplished.

Ashutosh had in-net the glittering fish …with lots of color … lots of energy …and lots of flesh. All the time during the meeting Yashwanth sat gauging the firmness of Dharini's body parts. He was mesmerized watching color of her skin. The same very night Yashwanth spoke to Ashutosh, 'Sir, you leave this girl to me. I will present her to you.'

That night was dreadful and eventful for Major Gokhle too. He sweated in his bed. His eyes remained wide open …watching into the nothing …in pain. He was sure …very sure …his sister had told him that it was some Yashwanth …a seemingly political goon …with whom she fought after the accident. Yashwanth had raped her fractured body along with his associates and thrown her down the hill. Major Gokhle sweated without thinking till morning… There was nothing he could think. …There was nothing he could search… There was nothing he could infer. He kept on hearing his sister's cries …he kept on watching his sister's helplessness. He kept on registering his sister's love towards him…

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PARTRIDGE
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Chapter 11

The Superseding Life…

"Jump in the ocean of your wishes. Do not wait. Be off the ground immediately. Jump right now. Delaying the leap even for a moment will cause you absolute loss of the possibility for ever. Have ocean-full of wishes and live them."

…Dharini arrived… Without any time gap she switched the engine off. In one ongoing fluent wave, she removed her shoes, opened the door of her Limousine and was out.

Major Gokhle and Santa Singh accompanied her. Dharini appeared a very different girl today. Her jubilation seemed to be overflowing …and purging …her resoluteness was at its pinnacle. Dharini appeared to be stilled in time.

Major concentrated in order to gauge into her newly brimming psyche. "Dharini was surely …out - Out of her past." Major got the feeling that Dharini had ejected herself from the engulfing past to which …probably, she had been clinging for no particular reason …though under no compulsion. She had sort of extricated herself from her past without either being in love with her thence life or without being in any kind of hatred for that. "Dharini had to jump off her past …and that she had jumped off it. She had been waiting for this all the time. She had been waiting for her right time… She had to start… She had started." Major was astonished with the outcome of his concentration. He watched her with military intent. Dharini stood erect …stood straight ...up …stretching.

Dharini felt the movement of stretch in her body …the tension of physical pleasure. She felt the flow of sweetness in her ligaments. The feeling was of pure ecstasy. It filled her with … internal …sublime …bouncing energy.

She breathed deep. "It was so refreshing ...refreshing and energetic."

"At last", she breathed. Resolute, she looked straight …up. "The beginning had begun."

She put her first step forward. Major Gokhle kept his stance along ...watchful ...stern …stiff ...behind her.

Sand pressed under her weight. Sand …warm …soft ...each grain edgeless ...rounded …soothing. The effect initiated itself in a therapeutic manner. It was a certain positivity that filled her, sand filled each contour, each gap, and each little cavity of her feet. As she walked, she cherished the inflow of sublime happiness. She felt enjoying …Charged …Resolute.

Dharini moved on. There was so much to be done. She did not have any knowledge. Her queries were unformed. Her questions were vague. Only her route was right. Something inside her told her that her path was right. She had waited for it all her life. The long wait had made her totally receptive. Her femininity had evolved to a peak… It was a fantasy about to come true. The journey was clear …not the steps. The goal was clear …not the milestones.

Santa looked at his divine icon walking away. In a subtle way, he believed that this was the little girl's final journey. She was walking off not to return. She would be away. So many times, she had left him. "Why was it destined so?" Santa's emotional outburst swelled - "This time, her going away is unique. She will not return. She was going away from him …away forever. How was he to afford it? Geetanjali was his little child …she went away. Dharini was his iconic child …she was going away." Sudden surge of helplessness filled Santa. His brain blanked with instantaneous frustration. He wanted to weep …he wanted to shout …he wanted to cry …he wanted to yell. He found himself

without sound… Only his eyes welled and out flowed. He simply looked helplessly in the direction of her iconic soul going away.

Dharini turned back. Her look matched the concentrated gaze of the Major… She looked at Santa. She waved smiling broadly, 'Come on'. There was a punch in her tone. 'Join me'.

Santa's elation jumped over-bound… He cheered in madness. ...Dharini was smiling …laughing. She invited him. "Dharini invited Santa Singh." He waved back to her ...he was confused. He knew his motion was clumsy. It did not matter. He was not waving to her... He was dancing, 'Yeah! …Yeah!' Santa was shouting back, 'Yes…'

Major Gokhle responded within himself, 'this was some job.' He must discuss with colonel regarding this.

The bright sun over her head filled her with resplendence. She enjoyed it. The breeze that touched her carried the spirit that cleansed her outer body and breathing the same air carried the nectar that purified her inner body. She wished the walk never ended. Every step forward …she was a more refined person. 'Was it so simple?' ...She had to just jump off the board. She had just to remove any landing platform. And that is what exactly she had done.

The simple process of purifying was exhilarating.

The Hermitage was the same. The fence around was the same. The little passage to the entrance was the same. The entrance was the same. Years had passed, yet she remembered as if she walked here all along. She was going to live here all along. She made direct entry.

Swami Chidananda was there - sitting - smiling - his eyes directly looking at her - welcoming her …as if, he was waiting for her. As if, he knew she was to arrive. His smile - that distinct smile - without any movement - greeted her - welcomed her - instructed her to take the seat. She must have reciprocated. She found herself perched on the little rope stool, about ten feet, next to him.

Dharini realized at Swami's sight …that the fountainhead to quench her quest was effulgent in him. There was no trace of apprehension in his being - it was all play.

'I am here.' Her voice was clear.

He smiled. "Did he?"

'I am here to stay.'

His glance was the same.

'I am not to leave from here.'

Did he nod? She was not to ask him for permission. She was informing.

Dharini was in her true home. She remembered her father telling him that he visited Swami as a kid along with Mahatma Gandhi when Mahatma was disturbed and she visited Swami first along with her father as a child when he was in turmoil. However today, she was with Swami when she needed him most. "Major and Santa Singh have accompanied her." Only difference was that both Major and Santa were not non entities …they were not small children. "There had to be some irony to it. They had to be here for some compelling reason." In any case, it was her home and Swami's smile was her communication.

'I have to be here. I need you.' Dharini knew that she had communicated her requirement. Still she felt unsure, in the same moment she also felt stupid. She corrected her statement, 'You are needed. India needs you. We need you.' …"What is this we?"

She had nothing else to say. She had finished. She was quiet. She waited.

His smile, as if broadened - variation of stance if any, was only in pupil and one quick blink. The blink asked her to move. Her understanding was faint. "Did she register the meaning of movement?"

Swami's one smiling look in direction of Gokhle and Santa Singh was magnanimously disarming to the Major. Dharini watched the sternness vanishing in Major Gokhle. It was such a visible panorama - first his eyes became soft, then his physiology turned soft and progressively his inside turned soft. Major was no more the stiff and tight soldier now …he was a tender and sensuous officer …he was a much farsighted individual instantaneously. The absolute bliss showed on him evidently

now. Gokhle bowed in complete reverence. Swami smiled …his eyes welcoming him.

Swami's smiling look, that was disarming to Gokhle, was utmost respectful to Santa Singh. As if, Swami knew Santa Singh. Santa was smiling back at Swami almost lovingly. For that split moment, Santa was in some elderly connection with Swami. "The wholesome servitude towards your beloved ones bestows on you unassuming divine grace." Santa Singh was prostrating in front of Swami. Swami's smile was infused with that divine happiness.

Dharini heard attentively for instructions. "Gokhle and Santa were to be back to Delhi. They were to be back to the family. They were to be the connection with the outside world. They were to be the link. They were to have the role. They were to have a life above just being distant observers. They were to be movers towards destiny"

Dharini rose and moved as if guided by some supernatural force …Santa and Gokhle following her. They moved outwards …not returning to the entrance …they moved in other direction …moved out from another door.

'Wow!' Dharini, in rare excitement, jumped inside-out at the sight of what she saw. Her heart sprang buoyant. 'O! My God,' … she exclaimed. The three were suddenly witnessing a wide spread sprawling village. Dharini was seeing this lively, colorful and luminous existence of civilization that was immersed in wooded beatitude. The healthy and merrily dancing trees beckoned her …she felt like dancing. The soft, exuberating, colorful plants welcomed her …she felt like singing. The tiny, beautiful green grass meadows spread in her praise …she felt like praying. The leaves were in prime of health …the little spikes were blissful. Every cell of her body started thanking The Almighty. There were colorful fluttering butterflies …chirping birds …and host of pets - All playing the eternal dance. There were ponds …and waterfalls and a seeming big lake …making sounds of heavens …and infusing dynamism in the very life of the place. Dharini felt mesmerized…

'God…' Dharini could not believe her eyes. The maiden feminine beauty who came out of the lustrous habitat was Aastha. 'You……...ooooooooooo' Dharini cried. She started yelling. Her eyes shelled out tears of joy. She felt helpless in ecstasy… The duo embraced each other in tightest hug ever.

Major was spellbound. Santa's bliss was overflowing.

The two angels kept in tight hug for more time …moments passed …Dharini felt her head flying ...perched on the top of a hurricane …out-of-the-world phenomena passing by her … teaching her …fostering her …enchanting her. They kept up their embrace for a long time.

Major and Aastha and Santa Singh exchanged greetings. Tears would not stop flowing from Dharini's eyes. "We are indeed pebbles". Aastha pressed Dharini's hands …and the silence of understanding filled the four.

"Destinies are planned by the Supreme in so many ways." At that moment that youthful maiden flaunted towards them. Dharini saw Major's glance freezing on looking at the ravishing beauty. Dharini raised her eyebrows quizzing. ...Aastha introduced the nimble beauty. 'She is Sonam …our darling … our powerful soldier.' Sonam was small …slim …flowery …and soft. Her lips were pink …and inviting. Her eyes were shining …brilliant …attractive …and inciting fear. Gokhle fell for the genuine raw power of the girl. Sonam matched him in drive … in power …in being.

With a fleeting movement of hands, as if magically, Sonam produced fruit juice for the guests. Aastha and Sonam communicated in unmoving motion and in unsaid words … Sonam served the drinks to the friends. When she offered the tumbler to Gokhle …their eyes contacted …their fingers touched. "Or Sonam had played the trick." "What is transmitted?" Major's heart missed a beat and then started to thump. Sonam was too inviting. Aastha looked at Dharini …in reverence. They all raised the toast - "To Our India".

While the friends drank and sipped the pious energy drink, while Gokhle and Sonam moved in trusted joint transcendence,

Aastha played the mental game of meditative dialogue with Dharini …silent ...clear …expressive …communication... Dharini's first interaction with sages' silent communication without words … Dharini heard the dialogue floating from Aastha. "…Sonam is the beautiful and bold Muslim girl who was married to her own paternal uncle's son by her divorced mother. Fourteen years old Sonam could not manage the betrothal excesses which proved to be onerous ordeal on her small frame… The groom's parents too did not tune to the young bride's basic necessities. Sonam was forced to work with road-side-tribal-stone-cutters… She ran off …some elderly man took her to his home …police was called … Sonam lied - 'She was not married she was about to be married' - lest her parents would be in trouble. Police dropped her back to her home. Then on, many times, Sonam was shunted between her two homes. There seemed to be no escape. Her life was a horrendous drama. She spoke out that she could not afford to live with her husband's family. She was beaten. She ran off … sold little jewelry on her …made a few friends. She wished she could get into an ashram but was advised against this … "life in ashrams for young girls was not secured and if something started going wrong …chances of escape were very bleak." Hopeless Sonam was picked up by Shruti …brought here in desperate condition. Time passed and now Sonam is the jewel… She knows how to fight… She knows how to retaliate. She can think war. She is too damn sexy and a wild cat. In five years she has become our darling and pride possession."

…Dharini registered. She was new to this method of communication "…Was she assuming?"

Aastha replied, 'No …you heard right …you heard correct …you were not assuming.'

"…Aastha was replying to her mind or what?" Dharini shrugged her notion. "Where was the respite …the courtesy?" Dharini had said to Major - "You love your country …This country will reward you with a beautiful wife…" Dharini looked once again at Sonam …this time with a different perspective. Sonam was really sexy. Dharini placed her hand on Sonam's

head '…Sweet Child …God Bless You'. Sonam smiled …she was really very attractive …and inviting …and inciting …and understanding …and shy.

In the brilliant Trans that followed, Dharini had talked with Major Gokhle and with Santa. "We need the power …we need to communicate." The powerful two left the hermitage to carry out the subtle purpose …energized …and captivated.

Aastha and Sonam guided Dharini further into the wooded habitat. "Is there ...was this …the cottage facing her…?" 'Ah!,' Dharini gasped, clasping Aastha's hands tightly, 'Why?' …The name plate - Dharini, engraved in gold on sandal wood. The letters of her name were in bold …depicting power …exuberating strength. "Why?" She was moved …shaken, "…How?" - "Who built it?" - "My God" - "What am I up to?" Dharini was not accustomed to showing her emotions to herself. "…But sure! I want to know. What I am up to?"

The frontage of her cottage was wide - radiating courageousness …and was bold - radiating strength. Dharini paid respects to the unknown and entered. The inside was not cottage-like it was apartment-like - A living room of present times with furniture and fixtures from the past. Dharini glanced through the connected facilities - two distinct sit outs, one conference place, one study with library, one guest room and a kitchen. Each facility opened into the living room and had its separate out ward connection. Aastha walked by her side …with her …letting Dharini do the inspection…

When they returned to living room Dharini was greeted by two young maidens - Shruti and Shivani. The lovely girls carried appearances as if they did not belong to this world. They were so utterly simple and absolutely complete …holy radiance radiated from them …they effused piety of some divine kind. Dharini greeted them with deep respect. Aastha made the introductions in silent communication. "Shruti was their home maker; she enjoyed preparing and serving food …she loved smiling. Shivani was socialist in the Ashram; she knew each indweller's all needs and was ready with the solutions." Dharini felt more than secured

in new company. The relation was instantaneously established …of the student and pupil …of the escorted and escort …of the child and guardian …of the friend and friend …and of the mind and heart. The bond was acknowledged without any verbal communication. These girls appeared eternal. They were Dharini's own. Her company …her strength …her strong links …her support system. Dharini felt …she already was a part of a big gang. She was not alone.

The five girls went to the other side of Dharini's cottage. There were six massive residences around; across these escorting six cottages, there was a whole lot of village. There were hundreds of saints - This mysterious assemblage was sitting erect, sitting awake, sitting conscious in yogic posture. Their awakened state was amazing to Dharini. She realized faintly that she was in for surprises. She was sincerely amazed - deeply mesmerized, "Was this …a kind of bliss?" Their awakened state, their wholesome consciousness was even frightening. "I am not totally prepared." Dharini resonated inside her being. "The subject is astoundingly clear - yet hazy. The planning part is not even touched yet." She gasped …her eyes wide open. "The expectations are enormous or what …why these thoughts?"

Aastha was already addressing the august gathering with folded hands, 'O! Dear blessed souls …we have Dharini with us. Let us all join in welcoming her.' Bells ….conches …drums …reverberated. Entire ambience was raised to a higher level of divinity. Aastha continued, 'On behalf of all of us, I take the opportunity to thank this godly angel to have blessed us with her gracious presence.'

Dharini stood up with folding her hands in Namaste … smiling in reverence …tears rolling down her open eyes.

"The chorus in Sanskrit rhymes filled the air. The gods were invoked." …Dharini went into internal prayer …trying to catch-up …applying her being into absorbing the naturalness. "Dharini's exactness was sung in harmonious melody by those hundreds of saints. Dharini was traced from million universes to our universe …from our universe to our solar system …from

our solar system to our planet - mother earth …and then on to India ….to Debaria …to Chidananda's Ashram." Dharini went into meditation. "Dharini's lineage was sung up to past twenty generations." With exact Dharini placed …with exact location placed and with exact gods invoked - Dharini was initiated. Those hundreds of saints sang praises of gods in Sanskrit Shlokas. Dharini was astonished with their conversation with gods - hundreds of souls articulating in same words, same pitch, same tone and same tune …Dharini's stance was par meditation. The sacred souls sang thousand names of Lord Vishnu. They all blessed the occasion. They all requested time and the five eternal elements to bless the purpose of their meeting. "Dharini felt purified to her essence."

Dharini thanked the core gathering from her heart. Tears kept pouring on her cheeks. "The world believed that Swami Chidananda was the sole soul here." The mystery unfolded to Dharini. The built up was natural …most organic. She was taken aback. Yet, the pattern was clearer now. Power of God was very near to her …she could feel it. Suddenly she felt relaxed. She almost instantly realized that all was already cared-for; that she was a mere instrument. The Plan was in Place. The Process was already frozen.

These were enlightened souls. Each one had transcended his definition of Truth. Each one was near his individual salvation. Each one was almost bathed in happiness. Each one was tremendously satisfied with his individual progress. Yet individually there existed a few thorns in each psyche. *"What is the use of such knowledge that could not bring any joy to fellow beings?"* Their individual happiness was marred by this continually nagging thought. Collectively, this collection of individual thorns was a heinous panorama - A collective failure - An unpardonable situation. Their enlightenment was under deep individual and collective investigation within themselves. Sincere effort … waiting …patience was written all over their collective mental plates. Swami Chidananda was their only hope. Their system

was extremely simple. They believed - they had faith - they had patience. They were here since ages.

Comprehension was permeating into Dharini making her vision clearer and sharper. She felt afraid of the newer phenomenon penetrating into her. Dharini looked around frantically for support. Shruti, Shivani, Sonam and Aastha were sitting next her. Dharini was perspiring. Aastha lend her a towel and a comforting hand with a smile. Relief encountered was magnanimous. Dharini wanted to smile in thanks but Aastha informed her upfront, 'Soon all these saints will leave …never to return …but once.'

'Why?' Dharini nearly shouted back. She was astounded.

'That is the rule. It happens every time. It is the golden time for them. They are the chosen-few. They are the blessed ones. They are the truly ordained ones.' Aastha explained. 'They are the ones who even after attaining realms of gods do not gain highest wisdom of oneness. They come back to begin their new cycles to this earth according to their desires and works as human beings of highest order. Most righteous and virtuous will strive for the highest knowledge - the realization of oneness.'

'But…' Dharini's earnestness jumped out, 'Aastha, I do not follow a word of it. What is it all about? Sincerely …I beg of you. Please explain me the reason behind this …of' course …obvious …rule.'

'It is simple.' Aastha said resolutely, 'Now that you are here things will change. Rather things will begin; things will begin to happen. This place will not be same. It will undergo a massive transformation. These saints are the most reached souls of The Hindu Thought. They know the past, present and the future. They alone are truly aware of the purpose of your arrival here and it is in-line with their own purpose. Once the activities of this purpose begin, this place will not remain suitable for the original purpose, which it served for last six hundred years. This place has become ripe now. It has to deliver. This place has to fruit now.'

'New place has already been designated for the original genuine purpose of our eternal Dharma. The new place is

already developed. These three hundred and sixty saints have been assigned the duties to be carried out. The reporting Sadhus affiliated for the purpose are already in conjunction. They all are in festive spirits that the time has come. They know their job. They wanted to see you. They wanted to meet you. They wanted to pray for you. They wanted to bless you. Their methods and means are unexplainable; they commune amongst themselves in metaphorical language which is generally difficult to understand. The last of their personal knots have been unlocked with your coming here. Their witnessing their individual bliss is encountered now.'

'Their part of the work is over now. They have more important works to do… They have to continue with the continuity of eternality. Eternity and infinitude of social classiness is their purpose. They must carry out the purpose with renewed definition now. One great and most important milestone in their journey is reached now. They all must leave soon… In their going they will be opening up the place for us to follow …our Ashram will have many openings hereon …we have to watch their footmarks. That is the way. That is the life. That is how the Life Supersedes. Their compassion is infinite. We are indebted to them. We remain indebted to them. It all seems obvious'

Dharini felt like a small child crying for her mother. In all her life, she had not felt as attached to anybody as she had become with these saints within few hours. She felt terribly moved unnerved …in some internal shivering …internal trembling. All her consciousness could gauge was that she had to be in vicinity of Swami.

While Dharini lay prostrate in deep reverence to the saints, each pious soul rose up amidst sacred chants and left the place. Each saintly body blessed his goddess. Each one paid his overwhelming tribute to the divine beauty. They were the opportune ones who saw their goddess. They were the blessed ones who prayed with their goddess. They were the ordained ones who blessed their goddess. "India allowed such felicitation to its mystic servants…"

"Had Dharini fainted …Had she gone unconscious?" She was asleep …deep peaceful …re-crystallizing …sleep …sleep that transcended you… Aastha, Shruti, Shivani and Sonam sat by her side …smiling …playing …praying… "When Dharini would be awake …she would be trembling inside …settling …stabilizing. Her subtle being would be instated."

…….

Dharini entered the hermitage almost trembling. The Ashram, which seemed empty, which was discovered full of noble saints, seemed once again empty …and she was the centre of this activity. Her being was uncontrollably vibrant and in deep …dire search of solace. Swami was in meditation; his eyes closed and his posture exuding composed divinity. His stance and stature were unmoving and fixed. Dharini sat down looking at the sublime presence. She sat erect in lotus posture and tried to imbibe from the master.

She heard clear words - "Evolution means that the consciousness in the entity is dormant; that the living being is not conscious. Such a living being has limited capability in the field of awareness. You have to be consciously aware of your process of living for any evolution to happen to you …a planned, processed, actuated, action oriented revolution. In your case this revolution has to be absolutely internal, singularly incessant, divinely oriented, ever conscious and ever aware."

"God created this world for sole purpose of creation. The Supreme endowed the responsibility of carrying on the process of creation to His set of created associates - The Trinity. God empowered them with all the might and they were called the Almighty. Even to these blessed powers it took ages to set straight the process of perpetual creation. These representatives of God thought, experimented, failed and re-invented the processes many a times. Today's established process of cyclic creation without any physical effort from God – has almost evolved."

"The self-sustained process of creation is true synonym to expansion, to advancement, to growth or to evolution. An

individual engrossed in process of enhancing any subject is true disciple to God. Because then alone he is contributing to God's sole purpose of creating this world. More one's level of engrossment, more one's concentration towards his effort, more he is near to God. More he is beloved to Him. More is his success rate. Even if one does not achieve the destined goal, the effort and the sincerity of the effort is all praise to God. Happiness and satisfaction are unquestioned results of such endeavor."

Dharini was quiet now. Quietness filled her with serenity of the beyond. She now felt, established in her own self. She felt balanced in her psyche now. Energy brimmed from her … emanating childlike sincerity in her play now. Her being had moved in an uncontrolled manner on witnessing the ultimate plan of these saints… It was not their plan alone but the aptness of their execution …their exactness …their magnanimity … their meditative love for their purpose …their resoluteness for the cosmic goal of their lives. She had moved for them …she only wished she had some more time to pray them …she felt fervently that she washed their feet and drank the divine nectar. "How simultaneously she was the ordained and she was the unlucky? How they literally presented themselves and vanished?" It was the play of God …it was a dream that she wanted to go on forever …but it broke so untimely. Their simply going away one by one was, to Dharini, an unbearable jolt …yet they lived by the dictate in utmost equanimity. Dharini had felt flabbergasted. She had run into Swami's cottage like a child running to her mother … without thinking …absolutely sure that her mother will solve her all problems. Swami's words, as she heard them, taught her the religious methodology by way of one small incident …and made her quiet right up to the core. She was the one level evolved Dharini now. She was her natural now.

'We need to bring back India to Indians. We need to bring India of the times that you now - India in which carelessness is not a trait of its people. Where there is love …strength …and compassion for all the living; where life is a fulfilling experience for each individual; where each soul meets its emancipation by

way of its natural living.' Dharini stopped… "…Was there a tear in his eyes?" She smiled at her innocent foolishness…

'Can we invite the Indian Contact points as per Lin?'

His smile was affirmative.

'Can we invite Deshbandhu, Jai, Gokhle, Praveen and Santa?'

"The smile brightened in his eyes too." Dharini told herself that she must walk to his cottage every now and then to get his communication. She also told herself that she must make her learning sharper to understand Swami's communication of smiling silently.

'We have to get the whole lot of India to this place. We need to have the manufacturing base. Can we invite Harsh with family?'

His smile broadened.

'We need a colorful bright India. Can we invite Pranab and family?'

His approval smile was childlike …disarming.

'We need language experts, historians, religionists, teachers and we need educationists. We need businesspersons. We need town planners. We need Bhajan singers and Kathaa Waachaks. We need composers, musicians, dramatists, literature lovers, scientists, researchers and animal lovers and plant lovers…' Dharini was counting her stars on her fingertips like an excited child, 'Swami, can we invite foreigners …Lin and Harare and Huan. We must also have here Dinesh Aggarwal … It has to be a mega festivity. We need to have whole of India …we need to make arrangements for all.'

…Swami Sad' Chidananda was laughing all-over inside…

"Purity does not have any form ...so does the Bliss."

"It is a principle."

"It is a mere Infinity."

.....

Sad' Chidananda rose...

The clarity of vision across the surrounding was mesmerizing. It was witnessing the entire space through and through ...miles

of neat, sunlit, glittering flora. It was witnessing varied vibrant colours of wilderness ...brilliant and exact. It was listening to the music of swaying leaves ...of chirping birds ...of flowing breeze ...of dancing dust particles - harmonious and catching. It was Swami's divergent ...luminous ...and glowing arena. His abode hitherto had found the destined home.

The wait was over.

Contemplation of his 'Truth' was met.

Destined time for his escape was agreed...

- - X - -

Having visited Swami's Ashram, Santa felt reinstated. His composure was further more-stable now …his resoluteness was much more established now. Ultimate satiation was more of his internal phenomenon now. Santa had found his home.

Gokhle was astounded on having been at Swami's place. He was mesmerized with communicability in Swami's serene look. The serenity was not of quietness but of some immense shimmering. In that split-second, suddenly, that penetrating look had exposed him to the brightness of some distant glittering truthfulness. It was like looking into the sun with wide-open eyes… "The eyes just went shut and filled you with brilliance of the light leaving you serene." The brief glimpse into the brilliance had had a momentous effect on Gokhle. He was not able to understand anything of whatever happened at Swami's hermitage. However, instantaneously Gokhle knew that this place was not only Dharini's destiny but also of him and many others like him. Dharini was a mere leader of some significant Indian requirement …Dharini was only a fore player for the re-affirmation of Indian psyches …Dharini was simply a propagator. Indian roots were hidden somewhere in these zones and this Swami was at their last tip.

'What we must do now?' Gokhle asked Santa.

'We must just do what is supposedly our right.'

Santa's words brought the far-fetched meanings nearer. Gokhle heard the hitherto far-off reverberations inside him. Indian psyche demonstrated a strange looking scenario - "The more you were educated the more you were ignorant." Gokhle felt shallow in his esteem that all his education and all his training did not develop him to understand even one look of an obscure saint and Santa readily clarified the meanings behind his hazy views. Not that India was strange …not that India worked on different principles …not that India exercised unknown dictates - It was almost certain that India had covered itself with wrong masks and wrong filters. The eternal truth was the same all over. Only India had enveloped itself with uncalled for conditionings. "Either it left Indians confused …which they did not allow themselves to believe or it propelled Indians into dilemma …which kept them perturbed."

Santa and Major Gokhle returned all belongings of Dharini. Deshbandhu did not show any surprise on hearing the news that Dharini had stationed herself at Swami Sad' Chidananda's Ashram. Yet there was sadness in his stance - "…Was it the route? …Could an obscure outlet give any comprehensive solution to India's burgeoning problems?"

Deshbandhu, Jai and Gokhle went into meditative mode for a few minutes. Gokhle immediately realized that he had become a family member of Deshbandhu now on; he entered into his trained soldiery …quiet …watching …attentive …and ready. Santa joined Praveen. The two elders had a lot to share and arrange the dinner for the family… Deshbandhu swallowed the news of his daughter with a gulp and went into transitional yoga. Deshbandhu almost knew it coming this way. Only he did not foretell himself - "In matters of personal life, our acumen is restive." He shared his emotions with Jai, 'Within six months my home is reduced to shambles.'

'I understand.' Jai comforted his senior friend, 'We are with you.'

'With Geetanjali gone, my father too has become a lost soul.' Deshbandhu murmured in low tone, 'He keeps remembering and keeps forgetting every now and then. Children come to him … no more… Educating-little-ones seem to be ditching the old man in these trying days.'

'I am sure soon things will turn purposeful for him too.' Jai was soothing in his mannerism, 'Dharini is not wrong in her approach.' Jai seconded and approved her move. 'She had rightly said that we need experts and committed executive cadres. Some crafted evil has hit your family. I have to do some digging. Dharini's this maneuver is very important to all of us'

'In fact, I am relieved of the unseen tension.' Deshbandhu responded quickly, 'But, sure, with Dharini having gone off, Praveen is on the edge …of breaking. Yes! I am confident …the old man will pull himself off. He will come off. He will be of much support to Dharini's project.'

'You are right. We must look into Dharini's project details.' Jai suggested earnestly and he asked genuinely, 'What is this Swami Chidananda?'

Deshbandhu laughed. It never occurred to him to probe this aspect. He laughed at his own ignorance. He knew Chidananda and yet he did not know him. He had met Swami and yet he had not known him. He had talked to Swami and yet he had not heard him. He had asked Swami of favors and he yet had not thanked him. "…What was Swami…?" Swami was the invisible …subtle thread that wove India. Deshbandhu smiled within himself. "…He was turning subtle or what…" He looked at Jai, 'Give me some time. I feel at loss. I have not asked myself this question. I ask you. You must also find answer to this one.' And after considering for a little while he declared - "…There is a Swami in each Indian…"

Deshbandhu considered Gokhle …looked at his firm stance …but decided otherwise. 'In any case, you are already in the scenario now. You cannot escape now. Dharini has pulled you in. Did she ever tell you that she will never leave you?'

Jai waited. He was listening intently. The words were not there but the meanings were available …though far off but clear.

'…The trouble bells are ringing aloud in many parts of India. Our National Party's handling of social problems of linguistic based Indian states is rupturing the social fabric by way of peoples' wide spread discontentment. The foreign consultants handle the reports on internal cracks in the social patterns - Their approach can be termed only clumsy. Developmental Investments in various states are being done based on politicians' personal thrust; national money is being pumped in personally biased towns and cities. The social resistances are open now; the root cause everywhere is the inequity in overall development of the place and people. The National Party handles these emergences by either soft-pedaling or by bribing the sources thereof with resources from the centre. The opposition political parties are gaining momentum…'

'…It is becoming difficult for the administrative and bureaucrat fraternity of India to ensure whether they work for their nation or for the National Party. Up to this time, the Party was the nation. Party's rulings were the national dictates. The emergence of opposition political parties was not congenial to thoughts of many officials. As soon as the opposition is looking up in national political scene, it is indicated that newer eruptions in the social signatures were obvious. Soon the opposition will have a share in the national polity …soon a new political forum will also come up… That is the rule.'

Deshbandhu concluded, 'This cannot go on for long. The internal structure of India is bound to crack owing to our unconcern towards it. It cannot hold for long. Our lives are in an explosive situation. We have to work to come out of it.' He silenced himself ...looking towards Jai.

…Jai was now able to see what went inside his friend. 'There is one more perturbing angle to it.' Jai added the results of his studies, 'presently only a small fraction of our present day politicians constitute the negative elements of polity. Hitherto their presence had been in a conceited manner. However, the

scenario is fast changing. Now the politics is being visualized as an opening into the realms of unimaginable accruals in wealth and arenas of criminal immunity. The next stage …in next one or two decades …is sure to have direct representation of dons and mafia into the main stream. Our public is too alienated to ever understand or participate in any corrective measure thereof. This is highly disturbing…'

Deshbandhu felt the rising pressure in his chest. It was pressure not pain. He kept his calm. 'You are telling me, in times to come, Army will be doing the job of police and police will be doing job of services to the politicians. And the security of the public at large will be left to papers and files in police stations and in courts.'

'Yes.'

'It cannot be so ...so easily.' Deshbandhu was determined now. 'There must be another factor to it. No mind can be so self-destroying. There is an external factor to it. There is a foreign hand to it. The internal security is no more an internal affair. There is some external force working to destabilize the social stand of India.'

Jai expounded, 'the real problem is not only identifying the source which is playing thus in our country. The real problem is how to quash it. The problem creating agencies, external or internal, have made their home in here. Our own people are working for their cause. We have estranged our simpleton masses. We have made our educated class a dumb force.'

Deshbandhu was able to see through now. He spoke out, 'this force will attack by policies, by laws and by deceit.' He paused. "… Deceit was the only word which was associated with degradation mankind's plight from the earliest period... Deceit defined the man in his utmost raw form…" Deshbandhu continued, 'we have to rise above our definitions of individualistic pride; we have to exert specialized concentration into it now. Our efforts have to be fundamentally expert workings into our problems now. The doer might even be termed antinational. On one side, this will amount to the birth of the new generation agitations across India

and on other side this will strangulate India's economy by iron clutches…'

Both Deshbandhu and Jai were quite. Both had extrapolated their understandings of approaching conditions in India. Both had communicated that their helplessness was not in identifying the negative forces but in quashing them …the paper rule had started piercing its clangs now.

Both friends understood that in such cases identifying and elimination of the negative elements is to be carried out simultaneously lest the force turns only more clandestine, more violent, more dangerous and more harmful to the society. Both realized that the solution emerged from zones where Dharini dwelt. Both were clear that they had to start with their part of the job immediately. That was …registering the enemy from now itself.

Deshbandhu was pensive and relieved of pressure on his chest. He looked at Gokhle …decided to take his opinion. 'You have visited the ashram along with Dharini, what is your say on Swami Chidananda?'

Deshbandhu had asked the question to Gokhle, but the answer was meant to be for Colonel Jai Chand. Gokhle understood it. 'Sir…' Gokhle replied in complete formality, 'you have to be in his vicinity to know what Swami is. We, in India, keep hearing stories of gods and seers of great integrity. Swami is the living representation of whatever sacredness we think we know of India. Swami remains silent …to me his silence was stunningly disarming. I turned soft by his one look …his one made me soft outside …and his one smile made me soft inside.'

Jai was impressed. He could not believe the soldier in Major speak thus about a Swami.

Gokhle somehow read Jai's mind and spoke, 'Sir, you have to see Swami to believe what he is. In my life I have not found myself bowing to anybody in as complete reverence as I felt in response to his one welcome smile. I am sure that …that place has answers to all problems that you had been discussing now. I

am confident that Swami has the answers by way of …simple … obvious …practical solutions.'

Jai expressed his surprise by the raising of his eyebrows.

Gokhle felt compelled to respond. 'What you think is the age of Dharini's friend Aastha?'

Now it was the turn of Deshbandhu to be as surprised as Jai. Gokhle was himself surprised by his counter question. To make his answer understood his inside had spoken a question which he himself had never understood. He did not know from where the question arose? "…Some internal glimpse had surged within Gokhle …his soul had had a brush with a witnessed and realized truth. But it all was a confusing stuff for the three…" Gokhle came back …reconciled, 'I am sorry …I got mixed up.'

Deshbandhu was jolted …his inside reverberated to be in that place. Jail should accompany him. 'Jai we should meet Dharini.' He said in finality. 'Friends we must start enlisting our findings and begin tagging them for planned results.'

Jai and Gokhle were too happy by the ordinance.

'Major Gokhle, you must personally visit all important references identified by Colonel. Let us go slow on this for some time …till the time me and Jai make our visit to Swami's place.'

Jai and Gokhle brightened.

'Find more friends who would be useful to this drive. We will need many of them now.'

Santa called upon them, 'Dinner is ready.'

As they walked …Santa claimed the opportunity and informed the two soldiers, 'do not forget to discuss that Dharini asked for power and communication.'

Gokhle was stunned in that moment. "Elders ...seniors …are souls of our thoughts." To Jai this did not come as surprise. Santa had been Dharini's mentor. And there was a lot to be executed.

……..

Late the same night, Jai discussed Dharini with Gokhle at length. Jai did not know Dharini as a subject. The subject of Dharini was always a puzzle to him …a puzzle that kept lingering

…and got solved whenever Dharini appeared on site. He knew her only as a person …he knew only Dharini the child. Jai had to know Dharini the persona. Jai did not have the opportunity. Gokhle had the opportunity to know Dharini - "The Thought". Jai knew about Dharini in the making. Major knew both - Dharini the person and Dharini the subject. It was important for Jai.

Gokhle showed the two photocopied folders to Jai. 'These probably form the making of present Dharini.' Gokhle confessed that he had kept these papers aside when he returned Dharini's belongings. He informed that Dharini was constantly reading pages from these packets. 'Some time she would read a few paragraphs for me too. These formed the literature of beginning of Dharini. These drew certain lines but did not complete the entire sketch called Dharini.' Major was sure that Dharini only wanted to escape this world to start her world. 'She aptly utilized the National Party's connection to peep into the Party's credentials and utilize her time to study the bubbling pockets of our country. She has much up her sleeve. She needs all of us and many like us.'

Jai was pensive. He took possession of the folders from Gokhle. The two soldiers sat tight.

'Why did Dharini ask Ashutosh that who murdered Geetanjali?' Jai uttered in a manner of askance.

Gokhle turned stern …in answer. Something important was on his way.

'Do not treat Geetanjali's death as a family matter of my friends.' Jai added with a note of advice. 'Pondering over it … is whose job? What is Praveen to do in it? What is the role of Deshbandhu? How Santa is to act in this case?'

"Respect - Duty - Knowledge - Authority - Capability, are strangely bound by utter formality too. The lives move alongside values which mostly remain understood and remain mostly unsaid. Only a professional knows how to surpass the unsaid and start with the Life." Gokhle smiled. There was a twinkle in his eyes.

'Our political system - our administrative machinery - our bureaucratic panorama is so developing that even a murder right in our own house can pass out as an accident. We sincerely tend to turn believing these planned executions against our sovereignty as mere accidents'

Many words echoed in Gokhle's mind. "…His sister did not die by accident. He chose to keep quiet…" He had trained himself to quash his personal stress. He was happy that he was considered a close friend by Jai.

'I wished to take up her death for investigation but Deshbandhu felt otherwise. I tried on two occasions …' Jai was emphatic, 'Now Dharini has floated us the clue. She is no simpleton beauty.'

Both soldiers knew that they were seconded by unfathomable energy and that they were supported by insurmountable powers. They were instantly filled with unimaginable happiness. They were excited by the advent of thrust of purposefulness in their lives.

Major Gokhle was now to report to Colonel Jai for the important projects of national security. However, The National Security Analysis Wing (PMO) - New Delhi was now to shift its office to their new building at the RAW. Deshbandhu's personal staff was also cut off by half; he was now left with one single room stuffed with two tables and four chairs to run his unwanted reporting. "National Security Analysis Wing (PMO) - New Delhi was not shifted to its office in the new building at the R&AW without any deep meaning."

Geetanjali had been murdered… The story of Dharini's mother was over. She had been put to death for antinational activities. Dharini could make-out about it almost instantaneously. And there was no way Dharini could even say a word about it. Her mother …her country was executed by the contemptuous people. It was the part of a bigger game. It was Dharini's own way of weaving the net. "Sure, every activity is connected with each element of the universe - only you have to have the eye." To Jai too nothing that happened could be out of context ...ever.

Each phenomenon was related to each other one - Lives ran thus - Societies ran thus - Countries ran thus. He was a theoretician par excellence.

Jai carried the folders to his home. It called for some detailed study. He had to know Dharini the subject.

……..

"Bengal was a large state in early days. It was unlike present day Bengal of India. Bangladesh, Burma and states of Assam, Orissa and most of Bihar …were all one Bengal. It was to become the capital of British India. It was capital for world trade and world literature. The splendor of its wealth often left the British Governors spellbound. Its cultural richness invariably kept the Vice Roys from the British Empire mesmerized. There are long descriptions of Bengal's City Administration by many ministerial delegates from England. The British Empire, true to its style of governance, divided this big Bengal into two. In the year 1905, for the first time in the history of India, any state was divided on basis of religion. The eastern Bengal was given to Hindus and the western Bengal was allocated to Muslims. The outcry against this ruling was so great throughout the whole of India was that The British Raj, which claimed the world across seven seas, had to take back its parting decision.

Documents reveal that …

Jai was quiet. He read on –

…..

"This document surely had the rooting. The mooring was strong and soaked in truth. Can a society live leaving its truthfulness aside?" Jai was silent. His quietness was …serene. His experience and trained soldier did fathom the distant beats of united …dancing …rejoicing India.

Jai was aware of a group of activists which stuck to such stories. They were intellectuals …professionals …academicians …and engineers. There data bank was not elaborate but was seemingly truthful. The polity considered this group as reformists… This group was never considered as revolutionists

or agitators …these were neither anti-nationalists nor naxals. Also they were a toothless lot. They continued in the society as the pundits continued …as the tribal folks continued …and as the backward classes continued. They existed in the society as other simpletons… They were never a bother for the government … and sometimes they did the social-service jobs.

Deshbandhu informed everybody that Dharini had left for intensive travelling into wilderness of *Devbhumi*. She had camped with her maternal folks. Deshbandhu further added that though Dharini had informed that she would be back in some time he doubted it.

Ashutosh noted the information and forgot it at the same moment. "The girl was that type only. In any case, she was a confused child. Deshbandhu had not been able to cope up with the developing Indian psyche. Dharini was not trustworthy."

Yashwanth was pained. The attractive beauty seemed to be gone out of his hands. He did not wish to afford it …it appeared to be his personal loss. He had promised to present the girl to Ashutosh. Yashwanth was pretty sure who had murdered Geetanjali. "Deshbandhu represented a generation of fools - they thought and thought without ever reaching decision. Ashutosh represented the generation of old times - they analyzed and took delayed decisions. He was from the new generation which took instantaneous decisions." The pain and the analysis left Yashwanth brimming with energy. "…He had to find the damsel and the little bastard… There was so much to it …Indian polity needed to modernize…"

- - X - -

Elegantly dressed Vandana entered the newly renovated Officers' Mess. Her body was exquisitely toned and evenly worked-out. She had been hitting the gymnasium last six months

very regularly. Today she had purposely dressed to kill. Hers' was a bright flowing gown in silk that tightened enough to show her body curves. The gown hid her body parts and revealed them at her' own sweet will. She was determined to make her debut. She had delivered the first project in record time. She knew she did not make much money from it but she had seen to it that she got the big orders now on. Jai was such a fool. He did not appreciate her talent. The idiot cop made only the first reference call and then on it was only Major Sarin who carried out the task. Sarin was tremendously capable. Today they planned to celebrate the receipt of their first payment receipt.

Vandana was so well known to the staff here. She had spent days working out the detailing and the executions at the mess. She had spent evenings and nights working out here. She entered her office room and locked her inside. Sarin was waiting for her. Vandana threw herself on the couch.

'What's in our lap?' She asked Sarin.

'I think our bad days are over. The audit team has cleared all formalities. You are registered as grade one contractor now.'

'What does that mean?' Vandana was excited. The victory made her dizzy. It was ecstasy. It was thrill. It was itch. She knew that she was exposing her leg and that captain was avoiding looking at it.

'It means…' Sarin fumbled …looking around …searching for words …, 'it means that you must build up the team now. You must start now. How much you can deliver?'

Vandana moved nearer to him, 'do not worry. I will start unfolding my talent now. I can do wonders. I am full of ideas.'

She bared her one breast and pulled his one hand over it.

The two fell on each other …moving violently …soon Vandana was crying …yelling, 'you are good …you are too good.'

- - X - -

Shalini could never put a finger on why Dharini had avoided her. Their eyes had met and Dharini had looked away as if she had not recognized her. Shalini had not been able to gather the courage to override the onerous guilt that was riding her. She had wanted to convey her condolences so desperately. She had wished to communicate her excuse for not being able to save her mother. Dharini's act of avoidance stabbed her deep …Shalini felt guilty and as if she had been pardoned without even exchange of any dialogue. The burden on her psyche was heavier than what she could afford.

Also, Shalini did never understand where Sonu had gone on that eventful night. She almost smelt foul on Sonu's part in that time. They had moved back to their house in Delhi. And then on …Sonu had become busy. Shalini was never comfortable with Sonu since then. She dared not talk to him about her thoughts …but one day she would. She did not get time to speak to him. He was always out on tours. Whenever Sonu was back, Tyson was with him. The two always kept discussing. Sonu was always travelling.

It was months later, now, that Shalini and Sonu were together and alone. Shalini did not want to ask Sonu so blatantly but she found herself asking openly, 'Please tell me where were you on that night.' She was staring into his eyes …looking for truth.

Sonu looked back at her. What was prompting the little girl to behave in such questioning, 'Which night?' Sonu was determined to keep abeyance.

'Why Tyson never came to us in our home at that place?' Shalini was determined to keep her word.

Sonu did not remove his gaze from her taught face. He was flexed inside …he kept mum.

Shalini was unwinding, 'Look Sonu, the guilt keeps harrowing me each moment. I am not able to come out of that one look of avoidance from Dharini. She, as if, knew that I was somehow involved in the cause of her mother's death.' Shalini was shouting, 'Geetanjali was murdered… Her death was not an accident…' Shalini trembled with rage…

Sonu's gaze hardened…

Shalini was trembling with fear…

In the next second Shalini was trembling with agony...

Sonu's one hand was strangulating her of wind and other hand was clasping her nose and mouth. She collapsed within thirty seconds. Life escaped her...

"These women…" Sonu himself felt the awkward pain …of the un-necessity of it all. He felt morose. "Was it necessary?" Sonu kept quiet. "Was it the second mistake of his career?" Sonu was not exactly pensive …he was frustrated …and irritated. "These women …switch off so easily." The stupidity of it all made Sonu agitated.

Tyson bucked him up, 'Anyways, it is absolutely unreasonable. Just get over it. I understand it was unavoidable.'

They packed Shalini's body in a stolen car and dumped the car in the city nullah. Sonu's parents were informed that Sonu was moving to another city.

The two travelled across India meeting the contact points. The rulers in India, the public servants, at all levels were beginning to the borrowing drive. The trend was being set up throughout the nation that development in infrastructure could be planned with foreign funds the greatest advantage was that a huge personal cut could be availed. Mega plans in water management, housing, transportation and auto sector were in the offing. Mega structures were being planned in power generation and steel industry. The new executive of the country was getting inclined towards taking personal loans. "The flavor of the intent of India was witnessing its commercialization for the first time." - Sonu noted the reports from his personal contacts.

Ashok was doing remarkable job. New patent laws in the field of medicine were being initiated. Now foreign brands could own the product and the process patents. Indian competition was about to be totally wiped out. The offenders whether real or otherwise, could be challenged in international courts. "The fear of the unknown was removing many simple entrepreneurs." - Sonu was aptly notified about the possibilities of some politicians taking interests in here.

Manufacturing industry was now beginning to be strangulated. The very manufacturing base was being obliterated. Indian small time industrialist was turning trader. "There was no money in manufacturing; the business was only problems and pains; skilled craftsmen were fast evaporating from the market. Thousands of spurious models were being launched in the basic component industry; no one understood the utility or purpose of their uniqueness. "Capital infrastructure industry was beginning to see its ouster from India." - Sonu made personal understanding from his friends in this sector.

New education policies were being launched in India; privatization of education was emerging as new sector. Businessmen who earlier longed to upgrade from trading to manufacturing, in light of vanishing manufacturing industry and big traders eating of the smaller ones, now found education as the new avenue. Education was turning business now. It was a huge money spinning arena. Market was enormous. Investments in infrastructure could be manipulated. Current expenses could be curbed. Returns were ensured beforehand. There were no checks on quality of your output. Unquestioned respect in society was ensured. "What it did to psyche of nation was left for the toothless thinkers and writers to gauge and perspire." Soon big houses were to enter the arena … many international names were to figure in India. "Education was to be marketed." - Sonu kept his personal tags on this emerging business. Sandeep had done a commendable job.

Sonu was informed that Yashwanth was looking for him. Yashwanth had certain ideas to accelerate the economizing of the Indian political psyche. And that Deshbandhu and his family were a broken lot. Also that Dharini had joined an ambiguous Ashram of some Swami Sad' Chidananda who was supposed to be a reckoning force of Indian Dharma. Sonu also got the information that this swami was to take Samadhi …or so. Their plans were surely finding slots. Tyson was amused. The word "Indian Dharma" instigated in him a definitive interest. May be this time it would be easy for him to know - "Indian Dharma was associated with a living person"

Tyson and Sonu planned having gala times. They made luxurious living their life style now. Tyson was particularly very happy with the outcome of his plans. While the two spent a cool evening on a penthouse Tyson said, 'your work in industry of cinema and entertainment is paying a unique dividend.'

'Really …' Sonu was high on single malt. "Living without wife was a great experience for Sonu. He was freer now to think and plan and execute."

'Yeah …now India has a host of stars and brand ambassadors. Every commodity in India is marketed now. Every product needs advertisement. Slowly the marketing will be in, advertisement will be in and quality will be out.'

Sonu was amused ...he spoke out his mind to his friend, 'What if some acclaimed politicians were endorsed within our circles?'

Tyson was amazed with Sonu's speed. While at times Tyson reminisced, Sonu always thought ahead in business. Tyson replied quickly, 'that has to come now.' Something moved inside Tyson. "Was he himself turning Indian in some way…?"

'Yashwanth is itching for bigger games.' Sonu informed.

'That's a welcome sign.' Tyson responded. "Sonu was too damn involved."

'These women die off so easily …yet they cause you so much irritation. Finishing off must be a fantastic affair.' Geetanjali had cost Sonu Shalini. It was not a good bargain. 'Now we have this Swami' Sonu was acutely thoughtful. He repeated his insight - 'Finishing off must be a fantastic affair.'

'Let us make a trip to head quarters.' Tyson offered.

'Let us wind up this tour. We have to see Vinay and others. Let us meet Yashwanth. Let us visit Swami Sad' Chidananda. Let us make further plans...'

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'The original path seems to have been changed.' Deshbandhu uttered. He noted that the activity in the area had become alive now. The movements now were of many people who did not appear to be mere villagers or their guests or tourists at the place. There seemed to be many routes to the ashram now. 'There is some activity in this otherwise quiet place.'

Colonel Jai Chand was noticing the effect of purity in his being …he remembered his days on the borders …full of snow. The rumble on the narrow way was hectic …but the peace was of hill top peak. He smiled in direction of Deshbandhu.

'You know colonel …there is a swami in each one of us … only we have to know of him.'

'Swami means the head of a family …the chieftain of a tribe'.

Deshbandhu chuckled, '…one step extrapolation of the same means that swami is the ruler of the man'.

Jai noticed the happiness entering him. "We are born one …just as we take birth we become many. Swami may be the chieftain of our' this personal tribe. Our own ruler…" Jai showed his agreement, 'you are absolutely right. One main purpose of life must be to identify our swami and to recognize him.'

'You are defining life …the Hindu way …colonel.'

…….

Dharini ran into arms of her father. She rushed into him … cuddling like a child. Weeping …tears rolling down her eyes… Deshbandhu held her in a large paternal embrace. "What does family mean…?" His eyes were wet too. "What is this?"

'Papa …we have come off.' Dharini pulled them to her cottage. 'Papa we cannot stop now… Papa I need you all… you cannot imagine what this place is…' Dharini was excited like a very young child.

Deshbandhu kept looking at his daughter's face. Holding her …hugging her …embracing her…

'Good you came along …Colonel' Dharini addressed Jai.

Jai was monitoring father daughter relation. 'I am happy too …to see you.'

'You have to be …you should be…' Dharini bounced back, 'you cannot be lost to your national cause… India needs you… We need you… I need you…'

Dharini huddled with her intimate family …Aastha poured in …Shruti …Shivani …Sonam walked in. Roaming Sadhus came in. Dharini was laughing all over inside today. The jubilant she made the introductions… The place was filled with new energy today …the energy of politics of India and the energy of defense of India. …Security of a new kind engulfed the place. The security …which was to ensure safety to India in times to come …safety that would not be promised but that would be earned by the Indians out of their own sweet sweat…

Swami was at the tree top rest-place… Swami was at the river ghat… Swami was looking in direction of the people at the far end …village folks bowed in his direction, few tourists waved at him …Tyson and Sonu were in the crowds …in the front line …Sonu clipped Swami …he took pictures of whatever he saw… Swami was in the meditation room. Sonu enquired his people to dig some real information on Swami Chidananda, 'What is happening around here?'

Deshbandhu and Jai were shown the ashram compound … the village …the cottages …the fields the lawns …the river …the lake …the forest …the pets …the birds …the Swami's cottage …the tree-top rest-place …the bathing ghat …and the place of meditation. 'Let us visit Swami.' Aastha announced.

Every speck of the place became silent the moment Aastha's words came out. Jai had not seen such soldiery from long times. Not only the people in the place even the birds and animals … even the plants and trees …even the river and lake …leaves … flowers …air and every dust particle around became attentive … silent …longing breathlessly to register the next orientation… It was rare that Swami would be visited by the residents of the place as well as the guests together …this did not happen here …this had never happened here.

Aastha led them into the cottage. Swami sat there …calm …cool …restive …silent …happy …and smiling. Deshbandhu

bowed in reverence. Sonam …Shivani …Shruti folded hands in prayer. Aastha …Dharini positioned themselves on one side … in lotus posture. Jai was left …for a split second …in awkward stance …but the split second splinted instantly …jai found himself sitting opposite swami.

Swami looked at Jai. Jai's soul cried beseeching him to be reborn. The look was so wholesomely understanding - "Jai needed to be understood since ages." The look …so completely comprehending - "None had comprehended Jai in past so much time." The look …so utterly recognizing - "Jai's only wish to swing across recognition in this very life."

"Jai's regards for Deshbandhu was unparalleled …Jai's love for Dharini was unwavering …Jai's reverence for his own integrity was unquestioned." Jai was wandering. "…Why from nowhere Major Gokhle had questioned about Aastha's age…? Aastha was a young buddy to a small Dharini …in eleven years Dharini had turned a young girl. In eleven years Aastha was still a young buddy…"

'Life moves in waves …' did he hear…? Swami was looking at him …smiling …did swami converse with him…? 'Jai, in fact life is only a wave …this movement is only life…' Jai heard his own self loud and clear …it was Swami speaking to him. 'Only sometimes …once …in a way …some ordained ones join together to create life affirmative waves… You cannot come off it …you are destined thus…' Whole panorama around Jai communicated with him, 'you must not procrastinate your ushering now … you have a role to play in future of these lands …you owe it to nationals of this country…'

Swami was simply smiling… He was utterly happy… He needed to rest… His fruition was beginning to crystallize…

……

Family and friends came out… Dharini was immensely glad… 'Papa we have to start now… I need your blessings… It is a long game… For long India has got dozed with the negative… we have to start dozing the positive… we have to simply begin

the process of reversing India's internal pains …for long we have been served with ingredients leading to calamity …we have to simply acclimatize ourselves with the reversing agents. It is a long process. We have been poisoned since …may be one thousand years. We have to go back and go forward… We have to learn from the past …and look into the future …we have to make our present so that our future is secured …safe …happy ...and satisfied. Each soul in these lands must meet its destiny. … We have to discover that ever existing media in which even a simpleton Indian finds his definition of Truth …and we have to single out that exact medium in which the practicality of the subject of Spirit is understandable to the Indian pilgrim...'

Deshbandhu's chest filled with pride. He exchanged glances with Colonel. "The challenge was …no big …no small. It was the need of their times…"

'We have to create contacts …reliable capable references. We have to start collecting data …references. You two have to be a big support.'

Jai reminisced …they had been thinking on similar lines.

'We must not hurry it up. We must simply collect data on whole of India. Once we have sufficient details we have to start examining it in detail. Then alone we will develop our models. Only once our models are fully developed we will start implementing the same. Whatever the results …we will build up the self correction modes …and for the ones which have been successful we will get into the sustenance …maintenance aspects…'

'Yes! Knowledge and data with Swami is complete …but he cannot take up correction for people. The challenge is to dig into psyches of the people …respect their personal understanding and make them work for their own betterment. Our knowledge has not to be our hindrance. The rule is that each one has to tread his own track …no one can walk even one step for anybody else. The task is that each one must walk his path …each one must assist his co-pilgrim's path …and the path of each individual becomes the path of the collective movement of our people…'

Now it was Jai's turn to get impressed. 'Dharini I owe it to you…'

'I propose that grandpa and Santa come and stay with me… I look at it this way that you two start collecting data on India's present scenario and compile it.'

Two of the reporting Sadhus rose up. Dharini heard clear words from Aastha. Dharini spoke as if uninterrupted, 'these two Sadhus will be with you all the time. We have our own system of gathering data and compiling it. They will be strong interface with you to our world of India… You have your connections … we have our records. It will only substantiate the collective effort.'

'You two should keep visiting us often to know what is happening here …to guide us and to put us in corrective mode. Let you two be our connection stationed at New Delhi. Let Major Gokhle be with us here supervising us let him be our connection with the outside world stationed here.'

'You know Jai …Indians never needed politicians to run their affairs. Kings never ran India. India has seen centuries of civilized continuation in absence of any ruler many times. When in the world boundaries of different nations were not rigid, India was a place of many countries, many languages, many cultures and many rites. Our nation ran by common Dharma …common God. However things have changed now. Today boundaries are very rigid. Today money is very important. Today government has a role to play. You know Jai, politics means boundaries and boundaries mean …cut short …divide …this is mine …that is yours. Politics brings in money …currency. Everything, every commodity, every emotion, every feeling, every person carries a price tag. Today India runs by the polity and entrepreneurs and the religion and the socialites. All four must coordinate to weave an effective society. These four cannot have any separate existence anymore.'

……..

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Gokhle had done the initial surveys. The hometowns of the families which served Geetanjali had been contacted. Sonu's reference had been traced. Two persons whom the locality termed Sonu's parents had been contacted. Sonu was not in the Delhi house since last one month.

Jai made a call and Sonu's house was searched by the local police ...at night. House did not show any relevant or useful belongings …however Shalini's passport was availed. There was this entry of her foreign visit. Jai's mind was alerted. "Dharini had returned the same day." Sonu and Shalini were abroad for good three weeks. Airport records were tallied. Both Sonu and Shalini had made only one trip together. Theirs was, in fact, a conducted tour of fifty people. Tyson was the only foreigner in the group. Jai and Gokhle had a lot of homework on the cards. The international airports of India carried tagged details of Sonu, Shalini and Tyson.

'Splendid job,' Deshbandhu commented. 'We are not amongst probable now.'

'The two reporting Sadhus were real help.' Gokhle informed promptly. 'Their information gathering system is unbelievably foolproof. They know it …they have to just ask for it. We only keep groping in the dark …we only keep rampaging through a lot of data.'

Deshbandhu raised the eyebrows in appreciation.

Jai spoke up as if in uncontrolled sarcasm, 'the rule of paper ought to be different than the law of Dharma.' The words had just poured out of him; he had not meant to utter them. He reconciled from his being's travel …he told his mind to Deshbandhu 'I will move to your home, once Praveen and Santa will leave for the Ashram' Jai knew there was lot to be discussed and negotiated.

Jai and Gokhle spent time with the Sadhus.

Jai was amazed with capabilities of the simple looking vagabond like saints.

"They seemed to know India almost effortlessly."

'Where is Shalini?' Jai asked in expectance of magical response. "Dharini had talked with Shalini at the airport. Shalini had worked for Geetanjali. Shalini had been introduced to Deshbandhu. Santa had been in the home when Geetanjali was murdered. Sonu had cleverly avoided meeting anyone from family" Reflections indicated that Shalini could not be involved in Sonu's plans. Finding Shalini was tracing Sonu's whereabouts.

'Give us one day.' The two said simultaneously.

They went into the city …they made some inquiries …and returned the same very late evening. 'In there', they said pointing towards the city nullah.

In next four hours, much before next dawn, car with Shalini's dilated body was recovered. Dozens of more vehicles were also pulled up. Entire news was kept hushed up.

The two Sadhus were also found to be immensely intelligent.

They were aptly efficient in handling computer data. They offered Jai to do the task of data entry on rising political criminality in India. Within one week Jai shared with team the results in colored pictures - the representation of political crime in various parts of India. The colors were dull and scattered. Within next three days the Sadhus presented to the team, in same colored pictures, the intensity of religious strength of Indians. The colors were sharp and many and abundant.

Both Sadhus knew Sanskrit, Hindi, English and French. Jai was amazed. 'All of us learn at least one foreign language apart from Sanskrit, our mother tongue and Hindi.' They wrote Hindi and Sanskrit in a way that it became a coded language. Jai and Gokhle spent hours trying to decode the writing. Simple words lost the meaning …no pattern seemed to bind the passages. 'It is a simple trick' The Sadhus informed, 'the last syllable of each word gives a clue to "how many words before or after" the adjoining word is.'

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The neatly typed letter had details of their flight, details of their onwards journey, details of mode of conveyance, references of the pickup, the original tickets and the welcome note. Harsh was excited! "What life had in store for him?" He was not apprehensive. Unknown never bothered him. He had not taken more than one blink of eye to say yes. He was immensely happy.

Nalini was thrilled today. Her mistake of searching avenue to economic solace from outside of her social boundary was pardoned in this special way. "If she maintained internal discipline, Harsh would surely forgive her. …Not Harsh, it was she herself who put herself on anvil …it was she who was reprimanding herself and it had to be she alone who had to make herself worthy of getting forgiveness for her sinful stupidity ...of disagreeing internally to Harsh's spontaneous expression of his outcry …and not even discussing her inside with him…" Nalini was on the family way. God's grace had been abundant.

The cab was waiting for them. The precision of information flow and its implementation marveled Harsh. The smile on the face of the pickup man reflected strength of his impressive character. Nalini was greeted with immaculate respect.

They shook hands, 'His hands, fingers and palm were different. There was a serene stability in movement of his hand muscles.

'I am Pranab - the painter.'

'I am Harsh - the engineer'

'I know you. Welcome.'

Pranab was a Doctorate on Indian Arts from Calcutta college of Religion and Culture. He was instrumental in reviving painting heritage of most Indian temples in Benares, Brindavan, and Mathura. His had this amazing acumen of relating sounds and fragrances with colors. In his works, Pranab displayed effects of temperaments on shades …on reflections of layers …and on communications of contrasts. Results of his works were magical

…his concepts reverberated in viewers' thoughts. He captured moods deftly as his fingers enlivened images on canvas. Dharini discovered him when he was howling abuses at the National Museum curator who had dumped some archival structures and precious paintings …huddled one over the other …in corner of the hall in order to clear the room for the minister's speech. '… and I do not follow…' Pranab had been shouting, '…why all the Gods are to be born in India only …'

Harsh and Nalini found Pranab open and pleasing. Grape juice was served to them as they occupied their seats in the cab. Harsh could not stop himself being marveled at the clock like precision of all motions around him in last two minutes. His excitement was enhanced at the thought of what furtherance was in store for him in times to come. Harsh tried containing his happiness - feigning traits worthy of worldly greatness. But that was not his style, 'I am sorry. I do not know about you. …But painting must be very heartfelt field to work in, it must be very satisfying putting in efforts therein...'

……..

Dharini greeted Harsh and Nalini at their cottage… "What a difference with respect to their home in labor colony…?" Nalini was astounded… She wished she shed off that memory… She found a great company in Shivani. She readily wished she worked for Shruti…

Harsh …about …met his first realization of bliss… He was introduced to Ramesh - The Architect …to Alka - The Interior Decorator …and to Adarsh - The Carpenter. Dharini walked the little group to the vantage point - The unoccupied ashram buildings …cottages …streets lay in front of them. The raw …fresh …virgin place invited their expertise to expertise to convert into a lively paradise. Dharini declared, 'We need to build up this place'

……..

Ashram soon started getting visited by more acclaimed experts from various fields …literature, arts and handicrafts,

folk and tribal art, visual arts, mass media and theatre …from the world of economics …the financial wizards …many of them with their families. The original work force had been picked up personally by Dharini… Gokhle noted that Dharini's original list was longer. The Ashram began to blurb into a lively place…

……

Lin was happy to find his Guru Huan Chan present at the gathering. Surprise on Lin's face was his real prize. 'I am truly thankful to you Dharini' He announced. Lin brought along with him eight elite foreigners who were internationally reached in heritage studies of India. Lin congratulated Dharini on her brimming venture. 'We are more than sure you will make it to the zenith. Huan Chan promises his full cooperation to this drive. We will extend our fullest support to your project.'

……..

Harare was excited to be in lands of her god-icon Osho. She remained surrounded by her twelve students who had vowed their lives to the project - "Save India". These students from Japan and Europe were too devoted to know about the roots of India. They had studied Swami Sad' Chidananda more than most Indians in the world. Harare and her students planned to stay in here for rest of her life.

……..

Around fifty Indian contact points of Dharini as per Lin's submissions were grateful that their scattered efforts had been recognized by Swami's Ashram. Till this juncture these nationalist well-wishers had not realized that Polity and Society had to be joined with literary circles and spiritual truth mongers for any substantial results to accrue in India's social fabric. They were only doing their job steadily till date …they found themselves to be very small force against the evil of present rulers of India. They had presence northern and western parts of India. In their hearts they knew that theirs was a very arduous and long journey.

They were also aware that their compilations till date were mere hidden truths. They feared …not for their own lives …but for their findings getting lost without any fruition…

……..

Santa had reached the Ashram two months ago. "It was living in heaven on earth." Santa took charge of managing facilities for all official jobs of Dharini. Praveen had stationed himself here since last one month. He did not wish to live away from his darling child. "Education in India had to mean its real meaning. Like Ad'dhyaatm, education has to take the onus of societies well being." Dharini was only too happy to be with her family.

……

Roaming Sadhus from all over India, many of them with their families, had arrived in hundreds. Some of them automatically joined with Shruti for managing the kitchen and home affairs. Some joined Shivani for all social needs. Recording and reporting Sadhus started their joint sessions of informing about their personal experiences; they started planning regarding their work content in days to come. Festivity was in their looks …in their psyches.

…….

Dinesh Aggarwal reached the previous evening. Deshbandhu had been declared a passing phenomenon in bureaucratic circles. Earlier his physical health was a concern and now, after demise of Geetanjali, his psychological health was also not stable. It was reported that Swami Sad' Chidananda was planning to take 'Maha-Samadhi'. Dinesh represented the Indian National Party. Nobody was to know about the connection between Deshbandhu and Dinesh. Dinesh was accompanied with thirty of his young personal followers. These volunteers were high ranks in Indian polity. They belonged to various states and various local and national political parties. Only thing that bound them was that they did not agree to the ways of the present government…

Dinesh was their unquestioned political guru. They had been invited to the Dharini's project along with their families. They were to stay back at the Ashram for future developments. Dinesh congratulated Dharini and announced, 'India is ready to support you in every way. Funds will never be a problem for you. My little work force is well connected throughout the polity in India.'

The assemblage kept on turning august every next day.

…….

Deshbandhu and Jai had been frequent visitors to the Ashram. "Jai the beginning is formal …. You agree?" Dharini had teased him the previous afternoon. Jai remembered his words. "You are cunning too…You know it… You can do it" He had laughed. "Jai I need you desperately" Dharini had been earnest. "India is socially over-matured. India is culturally over-civilized. India is politically over-amateur. India is over-rich only religiously and in individuality. We have the religious base. We are gathering the cultural frontage. I need your support in arenas of social norms and political world." Jai had chuckled, "As you say boss… We are with you... Deshbandhu and I are working on this now." It was decided that they abstained from proceedings of the Ashram for the time being.

Gokhle was in the project incognito - He was to be here and everywhere. All invitees joined the daily chorus of Ashram routine… All invitees started getting settled to the Ashram way of life… They were beginning to be a family now; each member living the routine life in almost his own perfect understanding; each one taking pride in perfecting his own pursuit; each one going over board to assist fellow members. All invitees started enjoying the advent of stability and happiness in their personal lives… Minds began to cognize the power of organic life …of positive life …and of collective development's importance with respect to individual growth.

……..

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"Up to certain stage in life, man is ever working for material …and for food …and for sex; always wanting …always planning. Being in it …is his power. Continuing in it …is his intellect… Slowly …very slowly his wanting grows-out. Sex that had been the apex of his power, starts mellowing... How much of all this wanting? It does not excite him in the same fashion anymore… This demanding …planning ...achieving ...enjoying …winning ...and re-planning …all seem fleeting …and sometimes even meaningless. There ought to be that love …that real love … in which you consider other as an equal… And what is life…? Is it not a fact that up to a level you merely want desperately …though all this wanting is only towards deterioration …like desperately desiring to add negatives to whatever positives you have in you? …And once you start experiencing the power of love in you ...you start desiring to add positive to whatever positive you are? Is it not a fact that most life negative bacteria breeds and grows in absence of light …and in absence of sun? Light is life affirmation …and lack of light is life negation… East means the direction from where your sun rises …the moment from whence your enlightenment begins... Now you grow …you become enriched…"

This definition of living permeated in individually in each being. Each member was up …done with morning ablutions. Each one sat calm …praying …trying meditating… The power of pre-dawn silence infused each one with sublime strength… And the sun rose… It came-up illuminating the whole zone … illuminating the inside of all individuals. The first rays of sun enlightened each being …the glitter brightened each one. Never, for anyone, the morning light had been thus ever… Never the darkness was removed ever thus… Never the life negative was replaced by life affirmative thus…

Harare was mystified by the power of praying. Her inside spoke to her. "*There is only one project possible for her - The project*

which could take her through the world of 'Gross' to the world of 'Across'. All she could is that the project is undertaken with utmost care. If, for any reason, in the ongoing life, she did not achieve sufficient success in the project and did not see even the glimpses of the world of 'Across' - she would have to start afresh in next life. The potential is given to her, achieving it is her own work. Her project is her own godly software: The window to her God."

"Important terms from the world of 'Gross': Need, Project, Love, God, Knowledge, Regards and Prayer were placed accurately in her psyche. Important terms from the world of "Across": God, Love, Prayer, Meditation, Spiritualism, Cosmic, Turiya and Nirvana were seen aligned."

"Experiential knowledge acquired during the first Project makes us tread the second Project with ease. Importance of Guru is understood thus. Guru leads us through the first project like a child and will also shows us glimpses of the across."

"We cannot reach our God without Knowledge. Knowledge gained bereft of Love towards our God - is simply dry, meaningless and lifeless. Such dry Knowledge is not only useless but also may be harmful - it does not come of any use in the time of need."

"God alone is Pure. God alone is devoid of any fault. Nothing and nobody is without fault …because the faultless cannot exist in the Gross. If such a soul were ever to exist, it will immediately merge with the God. God leaves one or two faults in the Guru. These faults make the Guru live …make him deliver the God to the ordained."

……..

"Each mind has questions …each mind has answers. Certain assemblages, though rare, do de-question minds by way of further questioning… Scattered all over the wooded beauty they sat and continued to chatting …discussing."

Pranab was the lucky one. Harsh and Nalini were sitting along. 'Why All Gods are born in India alone?' The painter asked.

'What do you think India represents?' Shruti came up in immediate response …the twinkle in her eyes was emphatic. … Nalini was overtaken with women pride.

Pranab hushed to make his question complete. 'Why cannot any other place on the earth have presence of God in lives of people the way it is in India?'

'In what way God has the presence in lives of people in India?'

Pranab opened up. 'God is just there ...everywhere …just present …doing nothing. "God alone knows" God in India appears to support all the non-doing... People here only wish …they only desire ...they do not want to work... People here just want everything in life... God is not kind to the people here.'

'Can it be so?'

'No.'

'Why?'

'God is not defined thus.'

'Then what is wrong?'

'We just don't work… We just wish…'

'What is working?'

'Being in action of thought, speech and Action.'

'In what way the God has the presence in these workings?'

'By way of righteousness.'

'Do we act in righteousness?'

'No! Only sometimes …Even in case of learned ones …the righteousness has evaporated.'

'Why?'

'The emphasis is only on managing.'

'What is managing?'

'Achieving …achieving at all costs …achieving come what may ...achieving by hook or crook. Managing has now grown to be the little devil to be won …only to face the next one…'

'Does managing your task now amount to subjecting yourself to some operation on you ….and thus transforming yourself into a new product?'

'Yes …in a way.'

'Does converting yourself each moment, by this so called compulsive managing, make you understand the presence of God?'

'No ...how?'

'Then how do you look for presence of God in lives of people of India like it may be understood elsewhere?'

'Something is awfully wrong ...needs to be corrected.'

'Who should do it?'

'We...'

'No …not we... Be more specific …'

'The learned…'

'What if the learned does not do his part? You mean that the job can be accomplished without making one trained to execute it justifiably?'

Pranab was silent… The trick slithered near him… 'But why all these gods must present themselves in India alone.'

'What do you think India represents?'

'What is present India?' Shruti was once again emphatic.

Spiritual history of the world was discussed… Cultural history of the world was discussed. The world epics were referred. Basic human needs …basic human traits were deciphered… World pantheons were understood… Ritualism and religions were discussed… Nature gods were discussed… Continuation was explored… Kings and hermits were scored...

The process of unlocking of knots is always confusing for the beginners."

Pranab requested Dharini to allow him to invite his friends. These were authentic historians as per his new understanding.

……..

'What is wrong with Indian definitions of Shakti gods?' Nalini had the equerry.

'Energy is only one yet its various forms exist from the beginning of creation. Their existence is not to be challenged; it is to be simply believed …and if ordained, it is to be studied.' Shruti had the answer.

…….

Harsh had his own set of pains - *Markets are being flooded with abundance of produces ...and then the demand is being created.*

This has changed the focus of executive cadre. Now selling is more important… Consumptions are being created. Need is being created - The industry is poised to produce havoc in lives of people.

In case of huge markets the cost of product is near to the cost of the raw material - Yet hurricane costs of products of daily use …

Average Indian companies are not investing in technology creation. Designing has become a job of draftsman. The experienced are not expanding their learning to beginners. Regionalism in manufacturing industry is growing rampantly. The plight of industry is pitiable…

…….

Shruti read her figures correct. There were 1545 invitees in the Ashram - 1370 adults and 175 children. 165 of them cooked their own meals. 580 of them were on full day fast on alternate days. 195 lived on fruits Salads. Her kitchen served three meals to only 60 children and 245 adults. 40 Sadhus assisted her in the kitchen. Soon the strength at Ashram was expected to reach to about 8000. Their life would be more meaningful then. In next six months it was expected the Ashram would behold around 35000 persons …and on the day of Swami's Maha Samadhi may be there will be more than a hundred thousand residents in here. She was excited.

……..

Shivani started settling her plans. She needed a hospital with a maternity ward, a Yoga Centre, a secondary school, an Ad'dhyaatm centre, a dance and drama theatre, a language learning facility, a fully equipped hobby centre and a library with a records room.

…….

Dharini sat alone at a distance watching her people … her friends …her gang mates. "There is something unique in collective praying that makes each one supersede his life …" Dharini heard the distant echoes … *'We have to find that ever*

existing media in which even a simpleton pilgrim discovers his definition of Truth. We must single out that exact medium in which the practicality of the subject of Spirit is understandable to the ardent pilgrim....' She tried to listen through…

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PARTRIDGE
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CHAPTER 12

Buds are Sprouting …

Words hung all over the space …the words just filled the place. These words were not sounds …to be heard. These words were not written …to be read. They just hung there all over …filling the space …soundlessly. This silence was not absence of words …it was absence of sounds …and of the visual. The words encountered thus were not merely understood …they were realized. These words made their mark directly on the feelings … they simply etched their print on the heart. Dharini at last …at length …moved …slowly …from silence of her lost introspection to Swami's silence of festive celebration.

Dharini folded her legs …and her being …in surrender in front of Swami. She sat in complete reverence …her bearings thanking him infinitely. 'The moment is on' Dharini said in manner of taking his blessings.

Swami did not look at her …he was seeing her in his meditative stance. She somehow knew it. She concentrated to understand. "Was Swami passing on some kind of regards to her being?" Dharini was puzzled. "Did he smile in absolute happiness?" Dharini was surprised.

"You should see a man in complete happiness. You should happen to visit a man in absolute love. You should be placed in vicinity of a man in process of loving his Chidiya. Love fast transcending into Prayer - Prayer transcending into Meditation - Meditation slowly transcending into Nirvana. The past always referred this phenomenon as a sudden happening but to Dharini

it was slow …moving …and obvious." She was overwhelmed …she surrendered to the piety of the time thence. 'I need your blessings. I need teachings from Huan Chan, Harare, Dinesh, Deshbandhu and many like them. I need to go on and carry our task.'

Swami was restive …peaceful …happy …satisfied …and blissful. Dharini felt mesmerized …she was mystified. Swami, to her, appeared to have transformed into the ethical codes. Swami was a tribute of course …but today he was at the tribute …the very attribute.

Dharini did not know when Aastha had joined her. She knew only that the two were leaving the cottage and Aastha informing her that Huan Chan had sought her time. He was to leave now. And then Dinesh too had asked her permission to take leave for now …now.

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Huan Chan addressed Dharini. 'India is a vast country … vast by means of religiosity. Out of eleven major religions in the world only three have been born elsewhere. Over 300 years of structured savagery on India will need at least 50 years of planned dozing to reverse the effect. Be planned …be slow …be exact … and be in no hurry. Slow is the way of evolution. Slow is the way of authentic dozing. Slow is our eastern way to life.'

'Look into diverse faces of the concerned challenge… Make teams of experts …and experienced …and dedicated persons. Let experts make plans and satisfy themselves first...The world is full of patriotic people… of honest and acclaimed people… The farmer …the poor is astutely honest …the bureaucrat is cunningly honest. But in our eastern world, these charismatic people have chosen to remain hidden …they avoid publicity. Find them …club them …group them. Nothing can go wrong with your doings… Just be slow. Consider the counter-effects … counter-attacks …and counter-emergencies.'

'Let the oppositions overgrow …let them become overripe… It is our own project …they are our own people. And this all

represents our own thought …our own culture …and our own Dharma.'

Dharini and Aastha were quiet. Dharini did not know what to say. She only wanted Huan to bless her. She only wanted to thank him for having visited on her invitation.

Huan, as if, heard her wish. 'I have to prorogate the proceedings of this place to the entire eastern world. I am not being on leave.' He chuckled, 'I am not on rest …I am not old.' He went on …on the face of smiling Dharini. 'I will make my own studies from outside and keep you informed. I will carry out the research on your movement of cultural re-establishment for dynamism in continuing civilizations.'

Dharini gathered words to utter her concern, 'Huan we are sorry for all the inconvenience caused to you during you stay here. We know we are short of resources …'

'Don't waste time on un-necessities' Huan interrupted her short. 'Presently you are representing the living god on earth. Chidananda is our spirit. You must respect our bond. Being in his vicinity …sharing same airs and same light with him is being in heaven with gods… Your courtesy soaked formality is so unimportant.'

'You listen to me …Lin will stay here …I have told him. His intent is to understand the basics of the developments which are going to mushroom at this place. He wants to contribute to this cause in order to make his own transcendence certain. He wishes to compile this study. You know …it is first time in the history of entire world that the politician, the bureaucrat, the religionist and the sociologist, the artist and the scientist has joined to find solutions for the human civilization. Let Lin work on it.'

'Harare does not want to go back. Let her work as she pleases. She wishes to be a teacher. Her heart is in teaching young ones. Let her enjoy …her being here …and her learning.'

'I will return for the auspicious festivity. Then alone our work will start. Lin and Harare will be my lieutenants. Mind you … you take care of Project - Save India, but you cannot not-care for its eminent out growth.'

Aastha and Dharini bowed to the grand-sire in absolute silence …in deep regards. Huan Chan looked at them approving of their reverence. Slowly he got up. Slowly …smiling …he walked into the cottage of Swami.

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Santa offered Dharini lemon juice. Dharini now, since weeks, lived on air and water and lemon juice. Dharini felt surging notions of joyousness …Dinesh was to join her now. Aastha informed Dharini about the marathon lectures of Lin's contacts. The ambiguous group had collected immense data on India's travel in last 200 years. Their details were mostly from various archives and national libraries around the world. This set of representatives had delivered their thought process pouring their understanding for about 120 hours. They spoke for twelve days informing the assemblage how India had lost its grandeur. Their research on the issues of how India had travelled from stage of being "The Golden Bird" to its present plight could be termed momentous. Their methods and means were authentic. 'They have some presence in at least half of India with a membership of around 18500 members. However their data has many hiccups in continuation. The group is more emotionally charged than substantially equipped. Though, theirs was a group led by professionals, they did errors in their mathematical extrapolations to bring out only heightened effects in their presentations. Also, they do not know how to fill up the gaps in their collections. The group also does not know how to carry out their work further.' Aastha also informed Dharini that the working group in this aspect had been formulated. Dinesh had volunteered leading its initial proceeding now on…

All met at Dharini's guest hall. Dinesh, Lin, Recording Sadhus and Lin's contacts joined the meeting. Dharini congratulated the team for their stupendous work and characteristic effort. 'Your efforts have been genuine. I respect your stand. I want to bring to your records that your work has been the main source of my own starting. You are needed to make India …Bharat.'

There were little claps and hushed up settling of the energetic patriots. Dharini continued, 'you all know …I am younger in age compared to you all …and I have lesser experience of life …and also of India. Never the less, we are privileged to have guidance of Dinesh Aggarwal …and Swami Sad' Chidananda's blessings are with us. I am sure nothing can stop us now.'

Dinesh chaired the proceedings. 'It is indeed a great blessing to have nationals like you in our country. Societies, in which buoyant souls like you live, do not see their dusk. I am not only relieved but more than excited to know that thinkers and reformists like your exist and work in India. Where on one side I salute your internal quest, on other side I understand the odds and risks which you all confront each moment. I promise you all my fullest support and comradeship.'

The gathering was relieved. There were loud claps and shouting of slogans - *"Bharat Mata ki Jai"* and *"Vande Matram"*.

'We are honored and strengthened by your joining us. Truly, the cunningness has engulfed us so wholly. Even our history is deviated …keeping our children from knowing the truth about our own civilization. We will fight out all this. But I ask you to have patience and I request you to add brain-affiliated-intelligence and cunningness to your work.'

Lin and Dharini added jointly …in soft voice, 'we are with you sir' …and the team clapped in conformance.

Dinesh got the lead… 'Know that the group here …' twenty recording Sadhus stood up with folded hands …'will lead you to the facts of the panorama of works that you have undertaken. This group has access to records of complete details of life of India of last one thousand years. You have some scattered details of around 250 years of foreign rule on us… You will be furnished with detailed data on "of-all-of-it". You will travel the history of India of past one thousand years. You will know, in depth, what crippled India and the factual causes of it. You will learn, in all diversity, how enriched was Indian fabric in those years. You will know, in detail, who took away the color and fragrance out of India.'

'My request is that you stay here with these Sadhus for about two months. Some historians will also join your group. Your thus formulated team must study the details of Indian passage at length. You will be shared access to social, cultural, political, entrepreneurial and administrative aspects of this travel of India. Places …their geographic locations …their topography, seasons, climatic conditions will be shared with you in order to understand what India visited all these years. People … families …tribes … clans, their traits and characteristics will be shared with you in order to visualize what hit India and the Indians.'

'We recognize your stand and your effort. We approve your perspective on truth of India. However, you should note that the elite group here has recordings of India's dynamic past in minutest details. You will be able to trace the families and people of our revolutionaries till date. You will be able to know about India's sufferings and sacrifices at length. The recordings are in written scripts, in poetries, in stories, in paintings and in pictures. There are records of commentaries and discussions of the gurus of Ad'dhyaatm and peoples' leaders of our glorious past.'

'You know India from Indian sentiment but from words of foreigners and politicians. The story of India has to be known to you from various Indian references and different Indian perspectives. Then your knowing will be authentic and your words will be golden. Then alone you will plan your answers to India's problems and the methods of exerting your solutions. Once your team has understood India's past you will be able to write India's history …and from such history alone you will make India's new chapters. We will form practical methodologies to inject your ideations into our world.'

The contact points and the recording Sadhus formed up the team …their spirits were jubilant. The individually driven professional met the security of likeminded and reached gang now. The modern religionist had the support of the classical religionist and the politician now. Their ecstasy was buoyant. Experienced historian would join them soon …their initial research was to go on for at least one full year.

Dharini and Aastha conveyed their appreciation to Dinesh. While Aastha's eyes were wet …shining …and Dinesh noted them in deep sincerity, Dharini spoke up, 'Dinesh, we don't have words to thank you. Sincerely, we did not know how to handle all this. We just set off …sure we lacked the experience.'

'Never mind', Dinesh responded utmost humbly, 'It is our job. You are giving us the opportunity. You do not know what Deshbandhu means to me.' His eyes were also smiling and wet. He did not wipe them out. He let them come up …he let them swell …he let them sprout. He was thanking Aastha silently for her communication.

'Dinesh, you must speak out, what is in your mind. How must we approach this chapter?' Dharini asked earnestly.

Dinesh replied in confidence, 'Dharini, in the first place, you should know who these Lin's contact points are... What is the basis of their origin…?'

Dharini's interest surged …her eyes became bright … childlike.

'After India achieved independence on 15th August 1947, this small group of professionals which hitherto worked with Mahatma Gandhi asked him what they were to do then on. Gandhi had had a list of pending questions which he had not been able to answer to the British, to his own satisfaction, during his interactions with them. Like how Indian education system was much superior to the British one, like how Indian social system was better than anyone practiced in the world, like how India had been the birth place for the world class technologies and business practices and so on… And Gandhi was also aware about the plight of Indian people in the coming years. For these two specific reasons he asked this little team to spread all over the world to find answers to those questions. This lot is fully devoted… However in the mean time …the times changed in India with uncontrolled rapidity …most of the thinking hearts lost the track and the sensibility. They have reached you now. Now you have to guide their work.'

'And what is that Dinesh?' Dharini asked upfront.

'The studies are not to be compiled to only enlist the foreign excesses and expressions of their deceit in our country; the studies are not to be compiled only to elucidate the loot carried out on our people by the Polish, the French, the Dutch and the British traders - The studies are to be carried out to trace the sentiment of Indian psyche during these periods. "India has to grow international …based on these studies." The cheating and the treachery that Indian masses suffered during these times at the hands of our own people are also to be tracked down. Studies are to be completed on what it means by - India lost daring and capable youngsters …skilled craftsmen, experienced workmen, devoted educationists, involved business persons …and such …that we lost. Not only our material wealth was taken away by force …even our basic system that hereditarily enriched our nation's psyche was uprooted enforce - Our sustenance systems were devastated.'

'Studies are to be completed to wash out the wrongs which have been cruelly fabricated in our nation …that Indian caste systems were rigid and stringent not allowing any tolerance for the other thoughts, that Mohammedans and Hindus belonged to such divergent religions …that they had never been one and were eternal enemies …that the cow slaughter was affiliated to Mohammedans alone …that nationalistic feelings emerged in Hindus alone. Studies are to be comprehensively compiled for the reason of Project Save India. Truth has to be known.'

'Let these people be opened up to truth from India's context. It is one thing to see the pictures or to read the words of a story - it is another thing to visit the story site. It is one thing to read about Khajuraho or Ajanta and Ellora or temples of India - it is another thing to visit these places of our glorious past. Let them meet the families of the unsung heroes. Let them merge into the panorama of their own emotional world. Let them see for themselves how our society has evolved …how it has responded to the nationalists and to the mongers. They will emerge more stable and more energetic. They will not only become better communicators of their truth but will also be full of practical plans to execute the

solutions to the core problems of India. They will turn out more complete human beings.'

'The chapters revealed in this process are to be delivered to Gokhle for onwards working by Deshbandhu and Jai. These chapters are to be the given to the group of newly trained historians to write India's true history. These chapters are to be delivered to the qualified sociologists and culturists to formulate the true Indian patterns. These chapters are to be shared with the artists and the craftsmen for writing India's new story. The children and adults throughout India have to know about these chapters. The chapters are to be converted into print media and audio visual media for the purpose of further distribution to Indian masses. You have to take up the challenge of taking these chapters to electronic media, entertainment media and social media. I propose that Ashram ventures into starting three or even four Television channels.'

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Huan Chan had had a day long communion with Swami. He came out of the cottage and embraced Dinesh. Dinesh touched feet of Huan Chan communicating his reverence in true Indian way. The two souls thanked the sacred moment. Lin and Harare watched the elite personalities' each movement. There were muffled rumblings as Huan Chan took leave of the august assemblage.

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"Low pitched distant chants". About 500 Sadhus cleared the fields of weeds and wild bush …of stones and rocks. They sang songs of holy times. There work was to prepare the ground for the master ceremony. New plants were to be sown …new beds were to be prepared.

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Swami Tarachand arrived along with his thirty six followers. His arrival was unknown to Dharini, she was amazed. She did not

hide her emotions. She was stable in physical form but jubilant in internal form. Tarachand blessed her, 'you have already reached to your acclaimed potential stance …hereon you must work for further journey. You are on the track. You will tread with ease.' Swami Tarachand walked into Swami Sad' Chidananda's cottage. His followers disappeared into the Ashram woods.

Dharini looked at Aastha, 'What does this mean?'

'Soon Swami Chinmayananda will also be here.' Aastha replied adding to Dharini's surprise.

Dharini's jubilant inside started dancing.

'There is going to be host of other sages here. The exchange of ideas has to happen. "It is important." The living dictates of India are to be placed. The communing of the saints of India will start soon.'

Aastha's eyes were smiling …questioningly. Dharini felt the urgency. She had little time. She had to run through. Activities of Ashram were going on at their own planned pace.

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Political associates of Dinesh were seated in classroom mode …attentive …noting. Dharini, Aastha, Shivani, Dinesh, Lin, Harsh and 60 reporting Sadhus concentrated on freezing their plans. Harare came-in as a special invitee. Gokhle and Sonu shared the proceedings from adjoining room …unseen and unknown to many in the main hall. Sonam had adapted herself to be Gokhle's subordinate. 'What is the age of Swami?' Gokhle asked of Sonam… 'Hundreds of years,' she replied … then she looked at him, 'you cannot believe…?' Gokhle was lost …unthinking. 'There are hundreds like him in India …only difference is that they all love Swami Sad' Chidananda …and Swami empathizes with them all…' Sonam tried to explain … and told herself, '…some other time…' She would better record the gist of the proceedings. Gokhle overheard the continuations while going through the documentations from Jai… Gokhle made the mental noting that Harsh would be of much use in Jai's team…

The beginnings had been thus - "No doubt India has grown. Compare India with our past. The water comes to your home now - The electricity comes to your home - The school is in your vicinity - The college education is available in each town - The markets are flooded with items of utility… The poor are gifted with important necessities of living - Free food, free education for children with books, stationary, dress and meals - Free residential plots, even free flats… What else is the definition of growth? Roads, transport facilities, loans, mobiles and internet… Shopping arcades, metros, cars ... fashion ….health …advanced education …infrastructure facilities …medical… The government has achieved that for India… who else…?" The roots were explained thus.

Then started the opening up - "To what fraction of our population and to what fraction of land these developments are availed…? What is the foreign debt on India today…? What this development has caused to our nation and its people…? What is our health index…? How many diseased which were unheard of in India are prevalent now…? What is the condition of masses which are left over…? What is the plight of our poor masses …our farmers …our workmen …our women…? What was the condition of life of poor men in whole of India even ten years from now…?"

The associates' understanding formed - "We are taught and trained from our own point of view alone. Each political party fed its workers with framed-up information to condition the individual minds with only what they did. Their work was right for society and what others did was wrong. This was sheer brainwashing."

Long discussions and detailed exposure with other professionals opened up the minds - "The truth cannot be reached by working in one direction alone. Other's point of view has to be considered …and even appreciated - If your point of view does not accommodate the other's opinion then your opinion is a mere subset of the whole phenomenon. It is important that opposition is respected and answered. The strength of your point of view always exists in your openness to criticism."

Dharini made the welcome address. 'Only thread that weaves us across is that we are not satisfied with what is going on around …and we want to add value to it. Rarely in history have such initiations taken place. We have here with us the business professionals, the socialists, the religionists, the educationists, the creator artists and the politicians.' Dharini paused for the group's confirmation. Their eyes affirmed her words… She continued, 'our being allowed to do our best …is our internal cry. None can stop us from this… None should do that. If that is happening …and if because of this our world is deteriorating …and if we are seeing that the suffering of our people around us is on the increase unabated - We need to cry aloud. We need to be heard. We cannot be deaf to our own self - Can we?'

'No…' There were strong sounds. 'How's that possible …?' The team was from personal choices of Dinesh.

'Most important thing that we must always remember is that we belong to a nation in which the present day polity is a new born baby …and a spoilt one at that. Never India has been ruled by this kind of political systems. India was a land of kings. People respected the king. And that was all. Kings did not run people. People did not care for the king in the sense that they did not worry about any kingship. The mutual respect was only the officialdom. Only after 1857, after the well known mutiny, the British started ruling Indians in the present way. This system of ruling nationals is new to Indian masses. They do not know of it …they do not mind it. In any case, the king is not important for Indians. But the polity remains. It is for the king to understand his roles …the public need not know of it. It is kings' duty to make public aware of their role and responsibilities. India had heretically lived by the rule of Dharma. Today it is law of paper.'

The group was silent …listening more than what was being said.

'We intend to know together what Indian politicians need to stand for.' Dharini announced. 'And we are happy that a matured authority like Dinesh Aggarwal is with us here.' Dharini concluded.

Dinesh addressed his own friends. Dinesh talked about the geographical boundaries of India. 'Heretically, we cannot think of a national level politician who has not travelled the whole of India. We have to know our boundaries. We have to know our people, our lands, our climates, our produce …and our local trivialities. We must feel India moving in our veins …in our nerves.' Dinesh talked about the diversity of Indian cultures … and its unison. 'India's colors and fragrances are as diverse as the very universe.'

'We all need to be trained. We all need to know the political history of our civilizations …zone wise. If we intend to shape the politics of India, we must be able to feel the voices of our people. People are ever truthful souls. Their unsaid sounds are never wrong. We must develop internal ears...'

'What could be the basic needs of country men from the rulers? It is merely their security and basic infrastructural facilities enabling them to perform. It is their right. Public contributes by paying taxes. Rulers ought to utilize these accumulations to provide the country its rightful place in the world... The people have to be secured in their minds …that they are in a safe nation… that their savings are safe …that their old age is safe …that their future is safe. People being able to perform means that the people should be freely stretching in their zones of operation… that stretching to enhance one's limit is established as a way of life. This stretching to outperform one own self should be both in physical state of living and in soft state of living. The right genre of politicians should be able to establish that the religion of the nation is overseeing the nation building up…'

'India has been the fore-runner of the dictates of exemplary kingship. In India education and medication was never charged. In India land, food, water and air were free commodities …never charged. Each Indian citizen had full and equal right on these basic needs. Apart from these, Justice was not to be paid for. Justice in India was unique - 'Dharma Nyaya'.

'Indian industry, technology, civil administration, rituals and rites were later discovered to be scientific marvels and acclaimed

all over the globe. Whatever was followed throughout India in arenas of medicine, industry, social sciences has formed the basis of world's dictates in the fields of man management and social sciences.'

'You all need to be exposed to these treasures. You all need to become qualified in politics of a society. Note - what is the role of the nation's polity if the religionist and politician both start turning blind to nationals' sufferings…? Remember - You are not bound to be future politicians - Not that you will rule any political positions in the country. Know that you will know the passage of Indian way to polity and you will be acclimatized with the roots of our past. You will know what suits India the best and why. You will be the essence of Indian politics - you will be its fragrance - you will radiate its luster to many who will hold the posts of public service. You will fulfill that hollow space in making of our country around which thousands diverse work-forces will work simultaneously - that lively space has to be knowledgeable and auspicious.'

'It is an arduous journey with total servitude towards the mankind as its only objective…' Dinesh professed …and in charged voice asked his soldiers, 'Do I have the right team with me?'

There was silence in the hall …followed by momentous uproar of affirmation …of approval …of commitment …of agreement …of vows …of devotion…

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Harare, Praveen and a grouping of twenty educationists detailed their working on the purpose of being educated.

"As a child we are wild. We turn sober as we grow. As a society the early man has been nomadic …as mankind grew the wildness became sober. If a particular wing of society continues to be in state of wild living it is said that education has not touched them. So one outcome of being educated is that one turns more sober - Sobriety is becoming more conscious about the finer aspects of life."

"An educated person is capable of catching the good and averting the bad… An educated person is consistently engrossed in search of the next… An educated person knows to believe in diverse opinions and even in divergent faiths… An educated person always has a strong desire to add value …always has an opinion ...and is capable of communicating his opinion… An educated person believes in adding value to beautification of the existence… An educated person leaves his work place cleaned than what he started with after finishing his planned work …"

"Education must teach the student the power of waiting… Each University must be run by one man …one name …one head. Education primarily must make a person know his status."

Harare stressed that when educating masses in out-of-class-room format, we must create small lectures …small pointers. 'In India people are not accustomed to reading …they are not copy-book in their personal lives… Indians feel that they know everything and that puts a stop to their furtherance. Our teaching material should be short stories, pictures, poetries, skits, dance and drama - message must be succinct. The people of India are intelligent in carrying the meaning.'

'Education and Gyaan must be jointly brought into limelight. Principles of Ad'dhyaatm must be brought to students' knowing at early stages of their schooling.' Dharini added. 'Education is to be linked with skill. And the available Gyaan with Indian individuals is to be brought to their consciousness.'

'We have to work on habits. If our habits are ethical, our skills will be automatically good. One's attitude is only the sum total of his skill and his habits. We cannot be parent to everyone but we can be the guardian; we can be the locale; we can be the teacher; we can be the ambience. If we work on habits of our children we can hope for people with character.'

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Gokhle immediately recognized the list as Dharini passed it to him. 'Please get them aboard.' Gokhle looked at the list, he knew the people …Dharini had discovered them. They were from the world of cinema, radio and television from the world of entertainment …they were Bhajan composers …Bhajan singers …mathematicians …historians …and educationists… Dharini disappeared into her meditation room.

Gokhle had been noticing subtle changes in Dharini. She was much somber now. She was even a more stationed person now. She talked less and communicated more. In very little motion she made much movement. Her look was much communicative now. She was a much subtler personality now. Her skin was turning sublime …transparent …saintly now. She was sort of translucent now. Gokhle could see the fluid flowing down her veins when she drank lemon juice. She was transforming much as the acclaimed saints who visited the Ashram. Her mannerism and even looks were changing. Gokhle made the mental noting to study this radical change in Dharini.

Jai and Deshbandhu had made much progress in their data collection drive. Jai had set up a nation-wide intelligence network. Gokhle was amazed with Jai's connections and Deshbandhu's contacts. The old methodology-to-trust was mesmerizing to Gokhle. The two were more than an institution within themselves. With support of the reporting Sadhus their small team had become a reckoning force. "The chapters on India were not understandable in simple logics. India was a big country …a very big nation; not only because of its geographical dimensions but because of the diversity at each step. Diversity of its people …cultures …mannerisms …wants and intents made India much larger a nation than the world was ever to know."

India's mega industrial sector which was set by its initial political team of devoted leaders was now giving dividends in terms of produce thereof; plus its profits were of much use to nation-building in rural sectors and for meeting the national crisis. These public sectors were now emerging as national giants adding to national wealth. India now could look up in terms of

basic industry - heavy manufacturing, banking, insurance … even telecommunication, transportation, and service industry. But as this team of devoted leaders had passed off and as the new generation politicians had taken over the reins …the socio economic scenario had become much polluted. Service Industry in India did not mean 'service to people'. Now service meant business …it meant profits. Service industry was valued based on margins that it accrued. And foreigners were beginning to collaborate in this mega sector...

Jai and Deshbandhu cleverly collated details …and extrapolated information. This information was shared with Ashram and experts and Sadhus. The findings with noting and suggestions were transmitted back to Jai by Sadhus.

Clear observation was that the Indian masses were kept in dark for the purpose of cheating. The people of India were never to know regarding the truth of workmen of these mega industries. The individual organizations were left to oblige the government and if at times they were to get disturbed even in national cause, they were to be declared antinational. The educated class was left busy educating itself and continuing with their jobs. They were never to have any time for any nationalist thinking. Apart from their personal career compulsions, they were totally consumed in television and in cricket. Booze and gaming and money formed their entire intent body now. In real sense the educated people of the country, the professionals and the executives were never to play any role in nation building. They were never to wake up to the truth of understanding their cause or their role in nation's progress.

The working forum was clear that the findings of the Lin's contact points - the Gandhians, of Dinesh's team and those of Deshbandhu's were to be compiled into practicable information. The assimilated data was to be converted into simple understandable information on national scenario. These printed, audio, and audio-visual materials were to be brought into knowledge bank of all Indians. The distribution and spreading of the details therein were to be planned in the meantime - Dharini

was working on this. The new batches of the entertainment professionals, of *Kathaa Waachaks*, of Bhajan composers, of Bhajan singers …people from the world of cinema and Television, dance and theatre started arriving.

Jai's intelligence network reached Ashok, the underworld don of medical world in India. The team also had discovered the activities of Vinay, the centre of criminality in judicial world of India. Jai also got detailed informed about Sandeep, the one who put Indians in lamentable poverty and was the backbone of commercialization of professional education in India. Jai's team had collated 64 compilations prevailing to all service sectors and 84 folders in all Industrial sectors of India. Jai had traced the links to Sonu ...Sonu was tagged. Deshbandhu was very intense these days …but his happiness was at the peak always …his health was at the best …he looked younger…

The work of detoxifying India was to start in next three to four years. The work of dozing India was to begin in next five years. Gokhle noted with grave sincerity. Now he was a team of 150 working Sadhus with him. And there was hectic activity that went on with regards to preparations for the grand ceremony. Now about 1500 Sadhus were engaged in creating the facility for the grand Pooja. Sonam and Shruti and Shivani made a great company. Nalini gave birth to a baby girl in Ashram hospital. There were twelve new born babies. The hustle of the Ashram danced around Gokhle. Gokhle enjoyed every bit of it. Every day was a pleasure …every evening was a game… These simpleton looking Sadhus were no ordinary people …they were a super-intelligent lot.

"Hope and expectation are devastated in case of a person who insults a saintly guest. Hope means a wish for something unknown, such as heaven etc. Expectation means looking forward to the obtaining of a known object such as material wealth, relation etc."

"Man has five stages to live through - birth, childhood, youth, old age and death. In heaven only first three stages exist - gods live thus. Not only they don't have pains of old age and death but they have neither the agonies of hunger and thirst under which ordinary

mortals suffer throughout their span of existence here. Compared with the daily deaths in life, the longer periods of existence for each ego-centre in the higher planes of heavenly regions, is Immortality."

"The agonizing existence of the men of the world struggling to earn, striving to possess and hurrying to spend - a suicidal mischief of mankind against them - after having in contact with the un-decaying and the immortal, none entertains any attachment or fascination for the destructible and the dying."

"Though all religions unanimously claim that man must learn to detach himself from his body-mind-intellect combination and its relationships, it is very rarely understood by the generality of people that this act of detachment can be a success only to a degree equal to the degree of attachment the seeker has developed towards the inner Truth Principle which guides and vitalizes not only the inner equipment as the 'Knower', but also the outer world consciously cognized as the 'Known'. To attach ourselves with the divine is to detach ourselves from the un-divine. To walk into light is to walk out of darkness. To wake up is to escape the dream. Thus all religions can be called as the Religion of Attachment or as the Religion of Detachment."

"India has been a witness to two world famous religions in the same place, Lumbini - Buddhism and Jainism. The world has witnessed the emergence of three established religions from the same place, Jerusalem - Yahudism, Christianity and Mohammedanism."

Any product is beautiful if all its constituents are also beautiful. The involved constituents are products in their own sense. They existed as individual products only to be the constituent of this product and this product is merely the resultant of the process and those products which are now its constituents. Thus the product is always in process. If the constituent products of this product did not culminate into evolution of this product then they were wasted. They missed the goal; they were wasted. As per eastern mind they were not ordained and as per were western mind the planning was not good. The beginning of your product as per the western mind is that the baby you is born where as per the eastern mind your birth is that the soul has started the new pilgrimage."

Gokhle felt he was beginning to get enriched each passing moment. There was a quality to his life now… Life was serious and yet fun. Living was stable yet moving. The feedbacks from the Gandhians and Dinesh's team were stupendous… The educationists, the historians, the creative sources in dance and drama, in music, in art and sociology were bursting with activity. India was being planned to be cleansed. India on the surface moved cunningly in hurricane …devilish revelry …but on the inner plane it was being watched …noted …studied …compiled …for correction to be initiated. Gokhle's new friends would continue almost eternally…

"Did India possess so much of indiscipline that civilization became a major chapter of study for its literates only?"

"We do not want even one paisa goes to any foreign country."

"We have to have a society not of God fearing people but of God Loving People."

"This is the media in which positivity is recognized ...known to be mushrooming …and all are welcome to it. People are happy in their little pleasures; they are satisfied with their lives engrossed in their chorus. Both man and woman are happy in their small worlds of work and play, of job and festivals, of home and prayer. A workman is happy operating his machine and…"

……

India has the wealth of scriptural knowledge which reverberates very close to Indian hearts - Launch the *Bhaagwat Kathaa Waachaks.* Right orators, right contents, right places, right timings, right people, right assemblages, right periods, and right supports …right repetitions were to be planned. Whole of India was to be engrossed in the stories of gods ...and of godliness. Relevance of these scriptural narrations to the modern world was to be brought up. Each willing Indian was to have the easiest approach to the sublime and divine material as per his individual wish.

……

The singers of God's glory …the Bhajan singers, the original composers, the genuine creators were gathered …requested … pampered …paid up for India to go singing once again. The finds were from all religions. The purpose was clear - The godly Indian Soul was to be kindled with godly light and godly music.

……

Gokhle noted to his utter surprise that it was all the religionists who knew the real India …who knew the whole of India …who envisaged India's problems and had the answers to the same…

…….

There were hundreds of acclaimed hermits who wanted to bring the science of Indian Yoga to its people. The Ayurveda Gurus of India had had numerous sessions with Dharini and team. Indian methods of Praanaayaam and Swa'dhyaaya' were promised to be made an internal affair of all Indians by its proponents. India had its own ways to healthy living. Hundreds of NGOs showed their earnestness to carry on their tasks in collaboration with the Ashram.

PARTRIDGE
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- - X - -

Dharini concentrated hard… She was in Swami's cottage… Swami Tarachand sat in meditative stance. 'When you know it all …why don't you solve the problems of India…?' She asked. …Dharini's eyes were closed …so were those of Tarachand and Sad' Chidananda's… 'You have the resources …you have the means …you have the team …why India needs to suffer…?' Dharini's meditative travel was immensely glittering …bright … and enlightening. The glimpses from the internal universe were not mere sights of the godly phenomena but were the resultants of the magnificent forays that her' self undertook. These were

the acknowledgements of her flights into space and time in the past and present…

"…Less than a thousand years from this day - Blessings were absolute materials. Curses were emphatically truthful. Not only the common men, even the kings beseeched blessings and were afraid of being cursed…"

"…In last few years the fulcrum of truth changed. The non-living, the substances became more important. The life churned around the materialistic entities. With introduction of money as a common commodity for exchange, life centre slipped to a new place. And in last three hundred years the world saw so much commercial scientific development that the whole earth could be annihilated more than one thousand times…"

"…Dharini reminisced the Naga's getting so angry on examining the telescopic instrument that he started beating the very craftsman. The revered Naga had seen the future item of mass destruction hidden in the novice item of utility…"

"…There were times when even the most acclaimed Rishi would not share his invention even with the king if he was not convinced with the latter's ethnicity…"

"…And these are the times of strange literacy, Dharini convulsed, today anybody can fabricate his ideation into a working model …and market it …and subject it to mass production without his own self or the system looking into any after effects... Much scrap was being generated and dumped all over the earth… Even the sky …and the space were littered with scrap…"

"…Dharini's self was reminded of Chinna's interaction with Fruz - The people of these lands are untouched by corruption. These people fight internally even any suggestive induction of unethical thought. Your ascetic class and these people will try acclimatizing the values into the newly emerging India. However, the sole responsibility of the future India will lie on you. These mingled generations will admit you as their true rulers. You know the other part of the world. You know the other kind of living.

Your ruling ethics will decide the future of these lands. The onus lies on you..."

"…In today's world …communication and information moved fast …even physically the man moved very fast… As politics was all about boundaries and borders …about limits and stretching thereof …every aspect of living was turning political now… What if the religionist and the politician wavered being classicists…?"

……

The traverse was full of bounces …and hiccups …but Dharini was not to give way… 'Why India should ail…? Why lives of Indian masses should continue to deteriorate…? Why … when you have all the resources …when you have all the means …when you have all the team …India should suffer…?' The answers existed adjacent to her… Dharini looked around … internally modulating her concentration.

"…Why sage Vishvamitra' asked Lord Rama to accompany him to the forest… to relinquish the Rakshasaas who fouled the austerities of the Rishies…? Vishvamitra' could do it all by himself… But then that is not the rule. …Why Krishna did not fight the war in Mahabharata…? The Lord could do it all himself… That is not the rule. …Chaanak'ya' raised the king '… The Chandragupta'. That's the rule…"

"…In recent history the religionists of India forgot the rule once …they fought the oppressors… All the three hundred thousand foreigners living in India were hacked in one go… The action was a spontaneous spurt …without any remorse. That's not the rule… It does not pay …it did not pay… The life does not move that way… must not move that way…"

"Each class of society should be engaged in doing its job… If the equation is not established and we start doing your job then we will not be doing our job and you will not be doing your job …and society will not be doing any job. A society in which nobody is doing any job is sure to reach calamity…"

"…And know that …Truth unfolds in numerous ways… Speaking in a way that helps the humanity is also a form of Truth… The king follows this dictum …invariably he has to do so …he is permitted thus… The San'nyaasin cannot… The Swami in you has to tread these both paths…"

Dharini's gaze was somewhat clearer now …getting focused - "…That compulsive media in which a pilgrim discovered Truth has been lost… The world of India has travelled farther losing its sublime texture. …Varunacharya's pain was genuine - India had lost its *'Dhrit'* giving way to carelessness… The re-settling will take its own time… it will be a newer form of stability… Nature has its own ways of responding. Dharini had to keep patience… She had to be silent… She had to be waiting…

……..

Entire assemblage was attentive… Deshbandhu, Jai, Dinesh, Lin, Harare, Praveen, Santa …and Gokhle …and Aastha …and Shruti …and Shivani …and Sonam …and Harsh …and Pranab and all of educationists …historians …and all of professionals …and all sadhus sat concentrating on Dharini …as she spoke… 'Swami Sad' Chidananda was just 14 years …when he observed that some students of the Gurukul did not take their teacher Varunacharya's teachings seriously… He noted that young children, in their playfulness, did not carry the dictate of ethical studentship in a copy book manner… He cried "We have to find that ever-existing media in which even a simple pilgrim discovers his definition of Truth..." That was his desire …that formed his internal cluster of desires… the wishes of his soul… These wishes made him live in the human form …otherwise he was free to leave… He could have…'

'…Six hundred years down the ages …Mahatma Gandhi said - His desire is to go on fighting… His war would go on… It would end only when the last person in India is happy…'

'…Are these two statements not just the same? Are these two definitions of life not just the same…?'

'During the fourteenth century Indians were a privileged lot. Being poor or wealthy was not known... Ill health was not known… Each person in India was recipient of his liberation… Each person lived for as much life he desired …lives of one hundred years or one hundred and fifty years or two hundred years or more were commonly known …and only on having satisfactorily achieved what the person wanted to acquire in his life's pilgrimage …he left for his heavenly abode. Society was woven for self sustenance… Rites and rituals were religiously in place… Charity was not known… Kings were not known… Taxes were not known… Courts were not known… Kings' soldiers were not known… Police was not known… Only Dharma was known … Only Dharma prevailed… Either people were *Dharmis* or they were *Adharmis*… *Adharma* was prevalently abhorred and Dharma was prevalently adored. Societies took care of Temples and Temples took care of the Kings. And The Kings took care of The Temples and The Temples took care of the Societies. Social systems asked people to learn, to study, to grow, to enjoy, to play, to sow and to reap... Till you have grown …till you have known …till you have earned …till you have out-done …till you have questioned …till you have answered …till you have achieved … till you have delivered - there was nothing letting you go off. And the systems allowed you to be so… Systems drove you to be so… You had to be a student… There was no question of literacy or illiteracy… You had to be a household and a saint or a seer… You had to be a developer… You had to be a grower… You had to be a sculptor, or a painter, or a composer, or a craftsman of any kind… You had to have a specialized caliber… You could stay in a village or in a town …or you could be a traveler… You could decide to stay in jungles or in mountains… You could be a servant or an Achaarya… You could be a worker or a manager… 'You' was important… You had to be growing… The system and the society took care of 'You' and 'You' took care of the society… That was the basic dictate… That was Dharma… When Adharma was on steep rise …God re-incarnated to slay the Adharmis… It was all so simple… Rama did it ...and Krishna did it…'

'…And on just …just the young children being playful untimely ...the Young Swami Sad' Chidananda saw the entire fabric crack… His soul's cry was - We have to find that ever existing media in which even a simpleton pilgrim discovers his definition of Truth. We must single out that exact medium in which the practicality of the subject of Spirit is understandable to the ardent pilgrim...'

'Please note that even on having witnessed the oncoming rupture of the society, Swami was considering the common man …the simpleton pilgrim and the learned man …the ardent pilgrim. Swami knew it was a long journey and he waited…'

'Mahatma Gandhi's soul's cry was just the same …till last man in India …simpleton pilgrim or the ardent pilgrim is happy. Happiness in India is defined as being healthy …and being healthy means being stationed in the self. Only that person can be happy who has learnt the art of being stationed in his own self. It takes all the courage and ordainment to achieve this stature. Only on being stationed in your own self you can be happy…'

'…And another Indian saint OSHO rightly said …people in Ajna Chakra have same dreams… Their dreams are not similar …they are same. What Swami Sad' Chidananda dreamt and pursued …what Gandhi Dreamt and laid down in his dictates of 'Swaraj' ….is just the same…'

'…What one dreamt centuries ago or what one dreamt decades ago …are the same ...only time was not ripe then and time is ripe now… The transition has begun. We …only a fraction of us have begun the travel…'

'…Where will the living being move? Of course, to the place where life is most throbbing. In which direction the life moves? In utmost naturalness the life moves in direction of most life affirmative place. It is most obvious phenomenon …there is no hidden science to it. The ruling is simple - Your intent is always towards the zone of happiness. There is no other direction for it to move towards …there is no other place for it to go into…'

The silence was complete… Though Dharini had delivered her thoughts, her mind was on the definitive roles of various

sections of society …and why they were not to change their roles… "What was she looking for…?"

- - X - -

Jai's compilation had grown to about one million documents. He watched and waited… His list of documentation was enlarging every minute. Deshbandhu's friends and Sadhus along with his own contacts formed up a ferocious team collecting details of India's working on micro level. He would scan hundreds of details presented to him by his team from thousands they studied each day. They would classify the data for future action.

This paper from an unknown activist was funny… Jai spared time to read it. "Vandana wife of an army officer from AHQ has amassed more than 20 crores rupees. She started with renovation of an 'Officers' Mess' at Delhi. Within six months of completion of her first job, she grabbed contacts for about a dozen defense clubs. Initially she worked within officer circles from Army … and always walked with a price tag on her depicting she was available FOC. Soon she was discovered by the construction mafia. She worked on shopping arcades, hotels and residential projects. She was contacted by Yashwanth and then she went into the world of big dark money; Vandana, these days, liaisons for drain channels of money out of India." Jai finished reading the document …almost nonchalantly he marked it - "Dark Money - Action Phase I". Jai smiled within …India lived by accumulated wealth, preserved wealth, saved wealth slowly wealth was unavailable, it was only money. Initially it was MOC - 'Money out of Circulation', then Blocked Money, now it was being termed Dark Money… It should be called Black Money… Jai watched and waited…

Deshbandhu and team had grown to more than ten thousand professionals. Their recordings were now in more than

500 major categories and thousands sub-classifications… The national enthusiasm of friends was the sole thread that kept them strongly tied up…

Deshbandhu contemplated seriously …quietly. "In India each person in a Government job was a tiny ruler and every next ruler, in whatever capacity he worked, was in mad rush for money. And money came to him unquestioningly. Accumulations from taxations …and spending of this huge sum were rampantly siphoned by the ruling machinery. The list of money swindlers was above ten thousand now…" As per Deshbandhu this was unorganized looting done in organized manner.

What made Deshbandhu think harshly was Harsh's study papers… The cost of products of utility in India was not enormously high because of high taxations alone. It was purely because of the very steep margins allowed to manufacturers. This hand-in-glove policy was organized looting being practiced done in unorganized manner. Costing was a techno-commercial expertise. Commercial experts ran Indian industry as if they were the bosses and technical experts ran Indian industry as if they were the owners. It all ended up only in public's paying-up heavily for the products and the business person and top cadre of Government simply minting money… Experts of sociology were never to reach this calculation… It was unorganized.

Jai had forwarded list of tens of acclaimed saints who vouched to take up manufacturing and marketing of all items of Indian kitchen and of personal utility and Ayurveda medicines in order to quash the unnecessary exorbitant pricing policies being followed by the present business persons. Tens of saints wanted to open up Ashrams for the old and the destitute …where they were given the opportunity to work on their skills. There were tens of saints who wished to start Gurukulas. Deshbandhu was surprised that all such intents showed one thing in common - The name of the entrepreneur saint reflected in each venture - "The name was to be there as a reminder of your commitment to people …and not as a boaster to your ego." The religionist believed in answering …not in negotiating.

……..

Aastha updated Dharini regarding the confirmations for the Maha Samadhi. 'The sacred 200 Sadhus will arrive next month for two months to preside over the religious part of the festivity. All 1620 sects of Nagas were coming for the ceremony. All 4500 Jan Jaaties across India were participating with their chieftains. All *Mathaas* and *Akhaaraas* of India were buoyant and eager to participate in the activities here. Chiefs of Pundit and *Purohit Samaaj*, Chiefs of Mohammedan *Samaaj*, Chiefs of Sikhs, Jainas, Buddhists and Parsees planned their stay here for two weeks. Heads of 2500 tribes from hills and of 1750 from jungles of India were planning to perform their local dances in 400 villages around Debaria during the Pooja ceremony. 1050 Kulpaties and 3500 Aachaaryas have deputed 10000 students for carrying out various activities here. Priests and religious gurus, religious clerics, from 108 countries had confirmed their presence for the occasion. About 80 countries had already confirmed the representation by either the head of states or their family members on the auspicious day. Business community has already started their support functions throughout India.'

Aastha glanced over the papers in her hand, 'there are so many others …however today, and for the purpose of your attention …they are of lesser relevance.'

'Are we prepared…?' Dharini asked her friends.

'Yes we are…' smiled Aastha, Shruti and Shivani.

'And …our own strength of more than three hundred thousand team-mates, our recording activists, our creative professionals, historians and educationists and sociologists and political students have been planned to be deputed for online recording-purpose in eight batches for eight weeks in continuation.'

Aastha continued to inform, 'the ceremony has turned into a world affair. Huan Chan has given it international color. Indian and foreign media has asked our permission to cover the Maha Samadhi proceedings. Most *Dharamshalas*, hotels, lodges, travel agents are already booked.'

'What is representation from our government? Dharini asked in utmost sincerity.

'Indian government has planned to send a strong delegation of 250 senior politicians.' Aastha answered …and after a short gap continued to inform, 'probably the world is listening …only our government is not able to hear any sounds…'

How many people are expected to visit…?' Dharini was actually concerned. She knew about the government …she was not seriously concerned.

'As per our initial estimates the figures may be well above one hundred million visitors.' Aastha was clear regarding the magnanimity of the affair. 'This count is spread over sixty days… On the eventful day and otherwise …the peak assemblage on three or four days is going to be just above ten million people.'

Dharini scavenged her mind… "What was amiss…?"

Swami Chinmayananda and Swami Tara Chand called upon Dharini. The blessed duo entered her cottage without any pre-intimation. Dharini was taken aback. She did not know when Swami Chinmayananda had arrived here. She welcomed the august guests. She did not know how she recognized swami Chinmayananda …she just knew him from ever. She grounded herself …she lay on floor …prostrating in complete surrender … in absolute reverence… She would not just get up …she felt as if she was worshipping the god… She was crying like a child… tears would not stop… She was extensively …tremendously happy…

'Get up ...O! Godly child,' Swami Tarachand's words resonated. 'Swami Chinmayananda showed an overwhelming desire to meet you …before he started with his jobs here…'

'I wished to see how the goddess looks like…' The words were from Swami Chinmayananda. 'Please accept my salutations …O! Divine child…'

Dharini rose …thunderstruck …she was stunned …stoned …she just sat awestruck …dumb …even awkward …words just would not come out of her… Aastha, Shivani and Shruti were in the hall …almost smiling… Dharini was speechless …soundless …blank eyes …looking at simple gleam…

Swami Chinmayananda touched Dharini's forehead… The effect of blessing was physical… The transmittance of truth was conductive… Dharini knew she was ordained hereon… Dharini knew she was blessed hereon… Dharini knew she was absorbed hereon.

'Know that what you have achieved is unique in the entire modern religious history of India… Your intent is well recorded… Man is just what his intent is…' Swami Chinmayananda spoke in clear words. 'You had to be the link. You were destined to be the seed. You were awaited. You arrival was known …bound by time …in time …and by time… I welcome you to the san'nyaasin world. I take the privilege to pray you …O! Chidiya the original …and to bless you …O! Goddess in human form…'

Dharini sat tight her hands folded in prayer…

'Know that what you have achieved is only a beginning … and it will continue to be a series of beginnings… The present day world is to be ruled by present day norms alone… Indian needs of being healthy and stationed in self need to be re-established. In your endeavor, you shall meet hundreds of co-travelers. Hundreds new openings and passages will emerge …hundreds doors will open… You will know India the living …and India the eternal… We will be with you …in finding India its health …its vigor … its piety …its religiosity …and its self-respect… In the process you will meet many follies …many a pseudo …'

'When planning into the development of your project, give utmost consideration to all the living beings, not just the humans alone. Also, keep strict vigil that no wastages are incurred and sustained maintenance is ensured. We are very much with you with pride and gratitude. But then it is your work …you must do it. See that carelessness is eradicated from the Indian psyche…'

'Know that it is not one Maha Samadhi at Debaria which is at the base of this activity… In India there are thousands of unsaid Swamis …residing as unknown entities …spread all over in different villages… These sublime souls lived along with Swami Sad' Chidananda… They all are blessed and will enter the ultimate refuge… The vacuum created thus will be seen

by our fraternity…' Swami Chinmayananda looked at Swami Tarachand for approval …and indicating him that they left for their pending jobs…

Dharini sat unmoving …her whole being thanking the entirety.

When the two left the hall …Dharini clung herself to Aastha and Shivani and Shruti …shivering. She was not crying now… Far off her mind was still amiss… "Roles …What was her role…?"

……

While Ashram settled in the new ambience …while each soul in-here began to learn regarding the true demand of its persona …while the personal knots of each being started getting unlocked …while each professional began to receive the light from his individual sky …while each being started experiencing the thrill of witnessing his beyond …and while the ashram itself geared up for Swami's Maha Samadhi, Colonel Jai Chand received one 'One Line Message' from New Delhi Airport - "The person named Sonu bearing the recorded Passport Number has made travel bookings by a European airliner …confirmation awaited."

Four separate reservations were done …two Sadhus, Sonam and Gokhle…

Dharini called upon Jai. She visited Colonel's mini office in the cottage along with Aastha.

'You could have called me', Jai rose up in welcoming here. He was still extra courteous…

'No …the requirement is mine.' Dharini had solved the riddle of roles… 'Jai, you know I need you… I have told you so …so many times… You can take my words as my request …or my dictate …or in whatever manner you want to take it …but just tie a knot in your being …Come what may, Jai will not be angry …Jai will not lose his temper …Jai will never be physically reacting…'

Jai looked at Dharini. Today, she was a different being all together. He had not observed her for long. She was more childlike than ever. She was brighter than ever. She was more

saintly than ever. Dharini had changed a lot… She represented a sort of feminine bliss… He did not ask her why…

Dharini replied his non-question. 'Jai all I have learnt till now is that we …each one of us is bound by our role …we must not overstep our boundaries …while we must continue treading our tracks …we must assist our co travelers to be on their individual journey… I realized it just today. Who else to share with? I know I can count on you…'

- - X - -

"If there is any traverse it is directional …though the truth is eternal. All sense affirmations are barricades in journey to knowing our own truth …though the passage is through senses alone. The traverse ought to be universal." Dharini moved … in askance …she moved her being in search …she stationed herself in Swami's cottage. In forgetting she was remembering. "Forget the formation of our planet… The human civilizations did come-up." Was she reading her own self? In silence Dharini heard Swami …he was smiling …prayerfully …meditatively.

"If we attempt understanding our beginning, we will observe that we started with sound. Sound was the first manifestation of life. Earlier to sound what existed was only subtlety and post sound what exists is gross. Very earliest life might not have known. How long the life could have remained in the state of not knowing? No-Mind could not have existed for ever. The life might not have felt the misnomer of it all… Man lacked the language for expression… The experience was not shared …not passed. Slowly …in thousands of years the evolved mind had some language for communication."

"Look at the physical map of the earth …the hills …and the mountains and high lands …observe various oceans and seas. Just try having a tertiary idea on the inclination of earth's axis …on earth's rotation about its axis …and on earth's revolution around sun. You

will have a feel about the existence of green lands …about deserts … about tropical regions …and so on."

"Forget the beginning of man's existence on this earth. Forget why these earliest civilizations, which are known to have flourished all over the globe, have been called 'Common Pottery Civilization'? Forget why these have been termed 'Common Painted Pottery Civilization'? Forget why the world does not know about the civilization features of African continent? Forget why Greek Civilization faded? Forget what happened to Roman Civilization? Forget where the grandeur and sciences Chinese Civilization have disappeared? Forget what have been the great inputs of Japanese civilization to the world? Forget what India holds in its heritage to deliver to the modern world?"

"The very onset is war. The irony of evolution of our lands will be as pertaining to birds and animals …or even plants and trees … or even stones and rivers. In these cases the evolution is automatic …and unstoppable …and irreversible …and collective. We cannot be sitting. If we allowed ourselves to evolve as our surroundings … we start to evolve in a negative direction. From human beings we start turning into animals …even plants …and stones. We must not allow it."

"Life in many parts of earth was merciless …ruthless. It just killed. Geographical placement of these places was such that climatically these were very rough zones for living. But man was man …he was ordained to survive and live on. Nature in these places was truly wild. In some parts there existed only snow …and ice …and cold winds …and ice hurricanes. There was no possibility of any vegetation in these lands …not even grass. How can anything grow if the lands remain covered with snow all the time? These places did not see sun for months. In the absence of sun, viruses and bacteria of different kinds bred in such places. And in some other parts there existed only heat …humid heat and yet in some other parts existed only dry heat. Nature-wise these zones were truly ruthless towards any life. But man was man …he was destined to wade through and live on. Civilizations are known to have flourished in these zones too. What you think should be the definition of truth for people n such

zones? What could these millions of people, existing all over the earth in treacherous conditions, do but live?"

"Since the living existed …there were defined means and designated rulings. Man won the battle against the nature …the beast. However, the man was not secured. This modern man was intelligent and forward thinking. He moved forward …in search of a secured place …in search of a fertile place… Earth was very big …there was no problem …man could wander as much as he desired and settle wherever he wished. He had learnt the art of fighting … killing …surviving …and living on. And after many years of such wandering …living in those times' cunningness in intelligent manner …man began to settle."

"The newly born in these civilizations always feared its extinction. All its surrounding, living and non-living communicated to it that any moment it may become a thing of past. Which existence must not revolt against its extinction? The very purpose of having taken birth was to live - If the root cause of existence was challenged by its very own surrounding all it could develop was fighting against it."

"What character of life you expect from a person who saw his death right at the moment of his birth? What was such a grown up being expected to be like? What is supposed to be the psyche of a person who lived all his life fearing that he would die any moment? You were just born and you thought you would die. 'You would not survive' …was your first brush with your world …your first impression … the first lesson that you learnt. You came to the world a few minutes back …and disaster of uncertainty of your life engulfed you. Your folks did not imply upon you this but their hug meant that to you … their caring taught you that. Their eyes wanted you to read that … and you read it in their eyes - 'Know my child that life is merciless and treacherous' …your family communicated with you thus …in all its actions. When they smiled …they wished to express the concern; when they lifted you in their arms …they wanted to teach you the truth as they knew it. What was to become of you? The adults survived up to this age, because they did not die. They did not die because they were spared death. They were spared from onslaught of their surroundings by mere luck …even their elders were spared thus. Yes!

They were protected by their family …their families were protected by their families too. And they fought it out once they grew …their elders have been doing that. That in a way defined the substrate of their life. One could only be cunning. Relation to him could only be an aspect from which he could have security and food …and once grown up, relation to could only be security, food and sex. Sex could be his last wealth. The single unit of such a civilization could only be a being ever driven to acquire more security …more food …and more sex. Each individual element of such society could ever be one desiring to accumulate more. The fear of death to this unit was so prevalent that it could not be otherwise."

"What could be education in such a society? Logically, the education of this society was such that you must acquire more. The more you could accumulate the more you were educated in the real sense. Your' being educated and thus being respected was solely dependent on you being a possessor of more than others. Not what you need, not what you require but what you have. And, only that education was factual which could make you the owner of more. Other studies were false; other subjects were all pseudo education. Education was successful only if you could acquire more, only if you could possess more, only if you could gulp more. You were happy only if you could have more desires; you were acclaimed more if you could have more sex."

"No doubt, the opposite of this swing was termed religion. Religion had to teach to be engrossed in acts which were impossible for the common man. Religion had to be a tryst with the impossible. The religion had to be something that the common man saw from distance and always tried to come nearer to. It was important that he tried ever …but reached never. The pinnacle of religion, God, was never to be reached. This was the religious dictate for the masses. However the core religion had to be pro-base requirement. The true religion had to be towards the basic need of the society. Of course only a few were entitled to know the true religious dictate."

"Those who settled in vast lands developed cultures and civilizations which could not travel out of their vast zones. Also, such civilizations did not evolve drastically as these remained encapsulated

in their own cultures …these did not have the opportunity to mingle with other evolved ways of living elsewhere. These cultures grew … became stable …and settled totally. However there were men in these civilizations who did not agree to the developed dictates of their lands."

"And those who settled in comparatively smaller arenas did not have this opportunity to settle in totality. Owing to smallness of the lands, their outwardly ventures continued to grow. Their own lands were not able to give them enough means of wholesome living. In these civilizations, the more enthusiasts had to venture out in search of more. And there were men in these civilizations who did not agree to the developed dictates of their lands."

"These both kinds of settlers were true venturing souls. Their intelligence was proven …they had bygone the initial survival tests. Their cunning was established …they had won over their surroundings' mercilessness, ruthlessness and treachery. These outwardly souls were in desperate demand for more …more not only in material acquisitions but also in other soft mannerisms. They had no clear understanding of their' these emotions …but surely they were driven by them …madly …passionately …solemnly. They wandered the earth …and roamed the skies …and learnt … and made newer norms to life …and began to know that world was very big. They etched their psyches with - Life could not be only material acquisitions. Also that there had to be something like ultimate stability to life …that there had to be something to life that was more than just wandering. They did have compelling attraction towards roaming …they had, though fleeting, yet firm faith in the feeling that that ultimate stability to life existed beyond roaming."

"While in their internal living these set of people continued to remain hungry …they starved because their' surrounding had nothing to offer them to satiate their requirements. These people could not adjust to certain ironies of their times …which were slowly making roots of their civilizations …which were then decisively forming the basics of their cultures - One thing, for example, was why the woman had to be treated so belittlingly. Men in their civilizations did not understand women as human beings. Women were as 'other

being' as animals …or plants …or even objects. Woman was used and thrown. Woman was played-with and killed. Woman was not a company but an article for pleasure. To these set of roaming souls, this tradition was not at all acceptable …they were helpless to core. Another thing, for example, was why children and old people were considered as if they were nobodies …as if they did not represent humanity …as if they were worse than unwanted animals. To these set of people children represented future and old men represented past …both exuded hope and experience. But that was not to have any consideration whatsoever. It was also the rampant butchering of birds and animals. These set of people could not make any understanding to why the routine of their life was only spoiling and spilling all the time …and no life pertaining to any finer aspects… These set of voyagers were did not accept the life that was not answering any reason but only hunger and pleasure… Their satiation was getting farther and farther. This continued for centuries."

"While the lives in these climatically wild parts of earth moved based on their cunning and intelligence …civilizations grew …kings grew …cultures grew …temples grew ...and priests grew. Means of voyaging grew …man could move on land much faster …man could voyage through rivers and oceans. Kings needed to expand …wars and winning was the life. Kings wanted to control land wanderers …and sea voyagers …and sky roamers. Ruthlessness, mercilessness and treachery were the only means. The arenas grew …the nations grew ...countries were vaguely formed. There were no boundaries. The man who once knew only pottery and painting was now civilized …was now cultured."

"These adventurous men based on their own civilizations …their kings …their individual drives, now moved far and wide …in search of newer worlds …newer civilizations …newer cultures …newer pleasures and wealth. These voyagers were often accompanied with slaves. These slaves had to be the offenders of the kings' and priests' principles …the original sky roamers. Sometimes these sky roamers made their individual trips into the hitherto unknown worlds."

"These wanderers exhibited unknown savagery and unparalleled cruelty where ever they landed. The world is full of their horrific tales

…in fact, more than half the world is made up of their stories. When these wanderers reached our lands they could not understand the hidden wealth in-here, however the sky roamers were mesmerized … they were spellbound. They could not believe their luck …they could not trust their destiny. Their starving souls were instantaneously over filled. The new born soul in these zones was not worried about life."

"That was the first flow of so called Aryans into these lands. They adopted these lands as their motherland. They adopted these cultures as their spirit and soul. They mingled with these soils as their own home. They had found their home. They mingled with people here as their own …they accepted the systems here as their own. They knew of nature gods …the true nature was here - loving …caring …not extreme …seasonal …on time …exact … fulfilling …enriching …helping … Language of these lands was …astonishing …'Brahmi'... These Aryans soon adopted the local language and enriched themselves …Brahmi was too exact, it placed the communication pithily. It was too direct. In years …Sanskrit was evolved. Patterns of living in these lands were exuberating. Aryans were all praise for the locals and prayed them for adopting them. Life here was what life could be. Aryans promised themselves to make life here as what life should be. Aryans promised themselves the best of education, the best of business, the best of administration and best of cultures. These sky roamers had infinite hidden dreams of the life as it should be …they knew with their undaunted labor …life could be as it should be. No doubt India became what it was destined to be - 'The Bird of Gold' …'The Ocean of Gold'. The first modern cultures of the world based on humanity and humility were thus born here. The soft world was thence explored here. The purpose of life was thence expounded here. The systems that the world was to follow for its sustenance were laid down here."

"Irony of the world could not have been so simple for the man to find eternal peace so easily. Even lands as ours which had been blessed by the very nature and which were enriched by the most pure souls in the world were yet to see a few upturns before meeting its solace. These stabilizing processes take thousands of years. Truth alone sustains."

"After thousands of years, Indian people were struck by the root virus of the soft world …'The Carelessness'. The carelessness affected the Indian masses in a big way. The Aryans had lost their quotient. Coincidently, during those times, another class of foreign people, the Mohammedans, started reaching these lands in order to stay here. After the influx of Aryans, who eventually became Indians, Mohammedans reached here. This time the foreigners wanted to be here not as Indians but as Mohammedans. Whether they believed in Indian values was not important …important for them was that they stayed here as Indians but they maintained their cultural values. The boundaries were more clearly drawn now. Politics was more established now. The Mohammedans were surely offshoots of the original civilization that was left by the original sky roamers … they were surely those who had continued fighting with their fellows against the deceitful ruthless and merciless."

"Know that the Mohammedans turned true Indians. They adopted India in the true sense. They took this soil as their motherland and India progressed with much bigger thrust. Their song of God, Sufism, was incomparable …their maritime instrumentation was unique …their methods of medication were unparalleled… India adapted to their poetry …and mannerism …and cuisine. They adopted Indian relational society, farming, festivals and gods. Best of crafts were developed …best of skills …best of arts …best of linen …best of steels …best architecture …best of palaces …best of kings …best of trade practices …best of India was formed. India reaped the best of fruits of its unified cultural heritage. However the original cunning and treacherous from the merciless and ruthless parts of the land came here …and looted here …and raped our divinity ...and butchered our skilled people …and savaged our harmonious roots … and ruled here …and sowed the seeds of only thing that they knew 'The Deceit'. They called it the rule of law. We were trapped … our carelessness fruited. The cycle is tending to get over ripe… The turnaround is a few decades away."

"Know that while our lands represent the ripening classical eastern mind, there is a ripening classical western mind too. Like, the eastern thought prides in that it is not possible to know the

infinite depth and diversity of the soft existence, the western thought prides in that it is not possible to know the infinite expansion of the materialistic existence. Know that having lived the one …having experienced the one …having felt the one …having known the one …the other is automatically known. There is a society, par western, which ripped itself away from the treacherous and purposelessly deceitful thought. If classical eastern thought exists there exists a classical western thought, one which has over-lived the materialism …the treachery …and the deceit. While we have to learn not to be careless …they have to learn not to be deceitful. That alone defines the universal truth. We cannot be deceitful …we are not formed thus …we will, in time, learn not to be careless …it is destined thus. They cannot be careless …they are not evolved thus …they will, in time, learn not to be deceitful …it is destined thus. Then the classical eastern mind will embrace the classical western mind. The truly international human being will be evolved then …and know that there will be a true international anti human too."

Dharini was smiling. "It is merely two sides of the same coin – you see the one and you know the other." Her eyes were closed …there was sensuousness in them …her facial muscles and her whole body was smiling. 'Can we have our social systems back? Can we rebuild our public - temple - king relations back? Can we have our Gurukul education system again? Can we have our organic farming back? Can we rebuild our Jan Jaaties - village - Ashram bonding system again? Can we have distant dwellings like in your times? Can we have free movement of our people in far places …in forests again? Can we rebuild the society wherein every single soul can meet its emancipation?" In questioning she was being de-questioned …she was being answered. "The new man will be the truly evolved one …not resultant of the accidental…" She gauged through. "The power to the youth … to the woman will be gifted …as in ancient India. ...Not that power has to be given away… The power in home …in politics …in social structure …in entrepreneurship will be gifted to the young and the deserving …the capable…"

Swami was smiling …in his silence. He was so happy. There were no endings attached with his happiness …it was total…

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'Our tagged Mr. Sonu has confirmed the travel dates.' The curt voice informed Jai.

Jai and Dharini exchanged a silent glance …initiation … commune… Aastha approved …a slight brightness in her eyes. The young women flock … so many young girls …of Shruti, Shivani, Nalini and a host of others sang sacred chants. Sonam and Gokhle left Ashram for Delhi by road. Sonam looked attractive as ever …inciting …inviting …her eyes and lips were special …communicating womanhood… Hours later she informed Gokhle, 'I belong to this place Revari in state of Haryana. You've heard of Nawaab of Pataudi…? He is known to the whole world. You know why he is so famous? He was faithful to Dharma. He was god loving … sincere …and truthful … people from over a hundred surrounding villages, simply abided by his word.' The long drive of six hours appeared short… Sonam asked the driver to stop the car. She walked into a little cottage. Gokhle followed. Sonam was met with her mother and sister with shrieks of joy …of pain… of tight hugs …of questions… She quieted her family… She was oriented now …her life was purposeful. Her sister informed that the next door neighbor girl had eloped with her so called husband. When Sonam informed she was leaving …she was met with louder cries. Sonam stopped the car at the village far end. The barren temple looked empty. 'Where is *Chacha*?' She asked a passerby. 'Don't know …he is not seen since last week or so …he has left', was the reply. Sonu looked at Gokhle, 'this, our *Chacha* continued to live here since

time unknown …we all only know he lives here since ever. Now he has gone…' She was silent. Gokhle was quiet…

'Tagged Mr. Sonu and one Mr. Tyson have requested for adjacent seats.' Soft curt voice of the ticketing girl informed her supervisor… A few calls away …immediately …Jai's team was searching details on Tyson.

Old passengers and ladies with small children were requested to board-in first... One Sadhu, next to Sonu's seat, placed a bug and went to sleep... The old man was tired… Another Sadhu sat behind Sonu and Tyson... Sonam and Gokhle were far apart…

'Yashwanth has reached yesterday itself' Sonu informed Tyson. 'Suspicious guy …he has booked the private yacht all by himself. He has invited us to join him'

…Yashwanth was traced …tagged. A single call from Dinesh and the yacht was located… Arrangements were frozen for Jai's team.

Gokhle inspected …spied the floating mansion from distance… Theirs was a partying luxury boat…

Yashwanth was amazed with the hospitality of Scarlet. "Sure India is stinking rich." Yashwanth was abundantly convinced.

The lean beauty was with Yashwanth all the day …and after the most fulfilling night …and after partying with Sonu, Tyson and John along with smart lady escorts …and after the sexiest night in his life …the trim beauty was with him again and again…

Sonu was upgraded in the office hierarchy at India. He was to lead the affairs all by himself. Tyson was to handle a different responsibility… Sonu had done magically fine job. The unofficial reports hinted that India's corruption rating was below 30 now … and its social strength index was also showing fissures…

Tyson was to lead the money drain channels from India … and Yashwanth was to be handled delicately… "If their institution could have entry into Indian governments, it would be great…"

The scheme to attack the very seat of Indian Dharma by way of eliminating Swami Chidananda right in front of his own devotees was Okayed by Head Quarters. Sonu and Tyson

were shown the newly developed micro-atomic gun... It was a small instrument like weapon which could fire a guided micro-missile ...that traced its target from maximum two kilometers distance and hit the target within two millimeters accuracy … and instantaneously extinguished 200 kg of animal flesh and bones to nothing.

Sonu and Tyson were given training on use of the instrument. One pig was tagged red. The demonstrator took the picture from a special camera. He took out the chip from camera and inserted it in the weapon. 'It is all ready.' Sonu and Tyson saw in the lens. The demonstrator drove away and the pig was moved into the yard with hundreds more in there. When the fire was made Sonu saw that the tagged pig just vanished… It was amazing.

John informed Tyson and Sonu that it was the last activity at the mansion. 'Tonight it will be blasted off and sunk down. 'The new place will be the private Island.' Tyson was offered 5% share in the business from the new office.

Yashwanth, Sonu and Tyson sailed in private speeding boats back to Yashwanth's yacht …and back to India.

The two Sadhus followed them…

John Mark and Scarlet spent a few hours at the hotel next to her Vila. The two left for their homes late in the night. Their companionship was not satisfying these days …not even in bed. Scarlet had managed to snatch full charge of Indian affairs. She was to head the operations from the new office.

John Mark drove to his home. He was not high tonight …not satiated… Scarlet was a cold-leg bed-partner. He spotted the little girl on the bus stand. The girl was an Indian beauty… "Her dress …Sari …unstitched cloth draped around …she was Indian…" A slim beauty ...her lips were very inviting …pink …and her eyes were very inciting… 'Lady, no bus till 5.00 AM,' John slowed down his car, 'Can I drop you to your hotel room?' He offered. "Such attractive woman …the large John thought …small … vibrant …energetic doll…" The inviting Sonam came forward as the car stopped. John was ecstatic …itched up …excited …

the little girl was …leaning over … "John did not live to think the next moment." Sonam had put the slug right in his forehead.

Scarlet was tired. Not happy with herself. "She had to stop John taking advantage on her anymore." She parked her car and walked to her home in long steps. When she was inserting the keys into the door …she saw a faint movement next to her … what …the fidgeting … "without sound …without motion …she was no more …collapsed." The bullet had pierced her temples…

Within next one and half hour …in the cold of freezing night …both Sonam and Gokhle were flying back to India. This time they travelled together …hands in hands. Yashwanth, Tyson and Sonu were advanced by four hours… They all had to go to Debaria… They all had important jobs to be undertaken.

Local paper carried the news that the luxurious floating mansion drowned after blast late night - John Mark and Scarlet found dead in the morning.

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Festivities were seen all over the passage. Sonu and Tyson enjoyed the passing moments …they were the happy lot … but Yashwanth was not… What has happened to India? Each village was colorful …each subway was alive …each road was illuminated with earthen lamps and candles …thousands of merry travelers …all public were out …dancing …brimming …it was a mega festival or what? Localities after localities of decorated gates …flowered, painted houses …road side feasts … eateries …games …plays …skit players …magicians …jugglers …artisans …musicians …Bhajan singers …Kathaa orators. Even the sun was cool …even the winds were smooth …even the birds were singing …even the trees were dancing.

India is funny …thought Sonu. 'What if some saint is going off?' India is un-natural …thought Tyson. 'These people

live in their own short-sided truth. India is naughty …though Yashwanth. 'After Samadhi of Swami he would kidnap Dharini and keep her enslaved for at least six months before handing her over to Ashutosh.'

Temples …mosques …churches …gurudwaras …peers … places of worship …places of prayers …places of meditation … were full of devotees. Each pathway leading towards the Ashram was crowded with singing people. Each road moved Ashram-wards …full of cars and carts …as if the entirety moved towards the sacred '*Sthal*'.

Yashwanth thanked Sonu and Tyson …and moved-on on foot. He told them that he was joining Dinesh …representing the government for the ceremony. Sonu and Tyson did not reveal their plans to Yashwanth …they were only visiting their friends. They made promises to meet in Delhi in next two weeks.

Sonu's contact would not find time for them…he was not free …tens of relatives had come to his home …the activities in his home were surging every moment. However Sonu and Tyson were given a separate cottage. The friends rested …and waited … and enjoyed hospitality of Indian folks. Next morning Sonu's contact came over. Sonu asked Tyson to take photos Swami. The poor villager kept pouring the gathered information on Swami… Now it was of no use to Sonu. 'Good that you decided to visit the Samadhi procession... God will bless you with thousand years' life...' He kept on detailing Sonu on massiveness of the assemblage… Sonu wished to be alone …he wanted to gauge the effect of evaporating of Swami right from amidst his own clan leaders… but the friend had a lot to inform…

"The proceedings at the site were many times more elaborate than the *Kumbh Mela*" Tyson made the internal calculation "… at least 25 times more magnificent than the Aarti at Hardwar." Tyson felt impressed "Surely it seemed to be a bigger panorama than coronation of a king." Hundreds of seers …thousands of saints …many many of so many …the place seemed to be filled with piety from all over the world. All motions were in defined authority …all movements were in proclaimed definitions. Swami

was …probably at tree-top cottage. Some two hundred Sadhus chanted mantras and Swami rose up in prayer he stood still for a few moments and then climbed down… Tyson clicked in his direction. So many children laughed looking at him… Tyson retraced his steps …back to Sonu. Tyson smiled within himself …Tyson rushed back …Tyson felt strange …happy. Sonu was waiting for him …thoroughly bored with exhaustive narrations of his contact. Tyson took out the chip and loaded the instrument. They were ready. They left their belongings at the cottage. They needed to be free. Within two minutes of their departure an eleven years old boy entered the cottage and took away the special camera… In next twenty minutes it was with Gokhle. Gokhle rushed to Jai Chand …he knew this device …it was a warfare accessory …the digitized recording was used for loading the missile guiding data. "This was totally unexpected." Jai was not traceable … Gokhle called for him… Tension …mounted … surmounted… Jai arrived …composed…

Dharini was stationed at the face of her group. She was accompanied with Aastha. She was seated facing Chidananda at a small distance. Shruti and Shivani had done majestic jobs by way of infrastructure installation …their deliverance responsibilities were taken-over by the Sadhu Samaaj …they joined Dharini and Aastha. Santa, Praveen, Deshbandhu, Harsh, Pranab, Nalini, Harare and others sat in the vantage gallery. Huan Chan, Lin, Tarachand and others sat in the foreigners' gallery. Dinesh and host of world polity leaders basked in open sun in the front corridors…

Deshbandhu ran …to the media vans… More than 300 twenty-feet-screens projected the gaiety of the ceremony to the wide band of spectators. Ten different international media covered the festivities. "Every nuance was to be recorded". Sonam and Gokhle were in charge of facilitating the news-persons. "Countries from developed part of the world had special sanctions to record each moment and were entrusted with academic experts to draw socio-cultural information from here. Countries from developing and underdeveloped part of the world attended in awe and show

of trust. India played its part by sending the representation of its most out-of-government party men." Sonam was amply trained that only relevant scenarios got recorded in the tapes. Gokhle and Sonam had their own vision and recording cameras. Sonam excused herself. Gokhle took the command.

Thousands of types of Bells twanged …Hundreds of sizes of conches were being blown …innumerable shapes of drums beat the airs …unbelievable variety of strings instruments spread their rhythms …unimaginable kinds of wind pipes floated the melodies …divine instruments reverberated filling mystic sounds in the air. Swami took the holy dip and emerged out of sacred waters for his final steps. Vedic mantras filled the air in soul filling chanting sounds. Sonu and Tyson walked with the crowds… Jai was stunned. The two appeared to be mischievously ready and loaded...

Sonu took out the small instrument …looked-up in solemn beseeching and pressed the button… "…The programmed micro missile shot up in air …the loaded digitized-heat-wave-pattern was compared and the banyan tree top was registered as confirmed target …the shot whizzed down …so accurate … so precise …it went into the hollow of the banyan tree …deep into the river bed and deeper into the soft sand and exploded with a diffused thud…" Sonu looked up …looked down ….waiting… Surprised…? Colonel Jai Chand tensed …his jaws bones clenching his eyes widening… A hand from Santa and his movement stopped Jai's physical flow. Santa, in lightening speed ran into Sonu. He wrapped Sonu …into a bamboo-leaf net …within a few seconds Sonu was tied into the basket … soft from out and razor-sharp-edged inside. Tyson watched … remembered the Hardwar incident of the kidnapped child … Sonu just disappeared …Tyson did not register any danger to his own self… "A heavy thump on his spine top… It almost broke his neck…" Before he could recover …Tyson was in the bamboo basket. The two moved frantically ...caged… They began to bleed as they fidgeted. Sonam left the site carrying the special instrument with her. The catch of two was carried miles away

…in next thirty minutes the bleeding …and agitated …and tumultuous duo was dumped in the side yard …ditch. Santa and his Sadhu friends returned along with Deshbandhu. Stray dogs …waiting …lurching …ever hungry with lolloping tongues and dripping teeth feasted… Yelling Sonu and cursing and shouting Tyson vanished into the wild beasts' bellies… Sonam was already back. She handed over the instrument to Gokhle.

Jai and Gokhle exchanged a blank look. "What is God?" They both knew about their helplessness and the power of the accidental. 'We must do better next time.' Gokhle said in serious note. 'It was heat-pattern logic. When Swami took the holy bath his pattern changed temporarily …however his tree top residence carried his heat patterns since long…' Jai re-understood now. He reminded himself to make his team techno savvy. 'I could not have left the recording room lest the foreigners got the wrong footage. Sonam is still a kid.' Gokhle added after a pause, 'though she did a wonderful job.'

Jai had recovered by now. He smiled. 'Sure she is decent kid …and a smart one at that. We can depend on her now on…' Jai added to punctuate his words, 'depend …not merely trust … Sonam is highly dependable…'

Yashwanth was thoroughly frustrated with himself. "…Was he a buffoon? …Was Dharini a car parked on the roadside …or a butterfly in the garden…? And this rush…" He scolded himself for everything. He was not able to locate Dharini. Everyone knew her but would not divulge her whereabouts. He was not able to move up to the Ashram. He spent the previous evening in a Dharamshala along with hundreds of saints …or fakirs … or beggars …whatever they were. Last evening he had called for his friends. 'Come fully prepared,' he had shouted at them, 'this was emergency.' This morning Yashwanth got to know that their wagon-car had been stopped by security personnel 10 miles away. All but one of his gang, had been rounded up by police for carrying unlicensed weapons. The one who escaped …gave Yashwanth this information. Frustrated …Yashwanth walked to his destination frantically.

The one who escaped the security personnel and informed Yashwanth …was surrounded by a bunch of Sadhus …he ran off into the woods. He was caught …stripped of all clothes …and tied to a tree by vines …his mouth pressed against the trunk. He remained stuck to the tree all night …he shouted …begged … and cried …and wept …and prayed. Early in the morning he was freed by some village girls …he was offered unstitched clothes … robes of a saint…

Swami Sad' Chidananda walked to his '*Aasan*'… His satiation was automated… He smiled at his co-travelers …the saints raised the pitch of their holy chanting. He smiled towards his co-pilgrims …the Aachaaryas waved to him raising their both hands heaven-wards in the name of God. He smiled in the direction of seers … peers …Tarachand …Huan Chan …saints at large …public in sea of prayers. Chinmayananda had made specific arrangements for the Nagas …for the tribe chiefs …for the Jan-Jaaties' heads …for the pundits and Purohits …for the world polity …and for the team-mates of the newly formed Project - Save India. Swami Sad' Chidananda looked at Dharini and smiled at her …smiled for her …with her. His smile was deep …satisfying and blissful. Dharini wept and wept. Aastha and Shruti and Shivani were all in tears. Dharini smiled through her tears. "I told you I will return." She said. And there were applauding sounds …sounds of thousand steps… The world watched with awe… The walking Nagas were coming …in hundreds …world had not seen them since ages. All eyes stilled in awe …all hearts stopped beating … all sounds became silent… Walking Nagas were believed to be lost in oblivion …even the religionists' world believed so… they were a myth …they never existed… The lenses …the cameras … the psyches …all wished only to record the India.

Yashwanth walked uncontrollably … foolishly "…Dharini was to be trapped …the bright beauty belonged to him…" Gokhle concentrated in gaze on him… He considered "…Gokhle lost the track of thoughts." His animal heaved … each muscle of his body flinched …he was not in his control ... he strode towards Yashwanth …not knowing what to do …he could not consider …

he landed a full knee blow in Yashwanth's groin …in true Indian spirit …in true rural way. Yashwanth reeled in pain …he fell on the path-way of walking Nagas. The tornado walked over him …one of them pierced him with his '*Trishul*' …another one with his Spear … another one stamped on his ankle… Yashwanth was crushed …crumbled …mutilated… Gokhle kept gazing him … Yashwanth kept on looking in direction of Gokhle… Their eyes remained locked… till slowly Yashwanth's light dimmed …left him… "The only knot in Gokhle's hollow opened up …the tiny scar would heal up now."

The walking Nagas had gone over …Gokhle gathered the body of Yashwanth …put it in a helicopter-ambulance for Delhi. A first-aid intern accompanied …carrying one bag … personal belonging of Yashwanth. There was a camera and a small instrument in it and a few photographs of Yashwanth with Sonu and Tyson on a luxury yacht.

The walking naked saints came in …in hundreds …these were the most earthly human souls which utterly represented the dawn of humanity on our planet. The world of humanity present here watched them awestruck …completely mesmerized. They walked past jubilant …roaring …between Dharini and Swami Sad' Chidananda. Swami looked at them …smiling …bowing …in reverence. They were his iconic gurus …they had led him to enlightenment …they had shown him the way. Swami was like a child to them …like a colleague …like a friend …like a guru. They respected him for what he had achieved. "You have travelled …O! Master" The most feared human clan declared. "You have reached" Swami bowed to them smiling ...on one side …and on other side Dharini lay prostrate in uncontrollable regards to these awed souls. They blessed and prayed Dharini as they walked past …as they prayed Swami. Dharini was in tears …tears on her cheeks …on her lips …on her throat …on her chest… She lay down in deep companionship …in swelling comradeship… The world of saints wept …the sea of religionists was in tears - The sight of Swami smiling on one side …and Dharini prostrating on other side …and Walking Nagas roaring was unique. The

religionist assemblage cried in tears… Each one, in a strange way, gauged his own purification by way of his rolling tears. Each one, in that strange way, set his personal goals to austerity in time to come… Each one was witness to his pilgrimage and his traverse…

As the august trembling went past …as the walking Nagas disappeared …the festivities came back to its grandeur …it started bubbling with life. The hymns …the chants …the bells …the conches …the gaiety …the colors …the fragrances … started reverberating in the airs. Swami was seated now …in lotus posture …erect …straight …calm …serene …wholesomely happy. The saintly world and the scientific lenses watched him become free… *"Anand* was gone first …then the *Chit'ta'* … and then *Sat'* also vanished - Only the essence of the essence remained." Swami travelled into the soundless sounds ...into the skies of 'The Absolute'... The revered 200 performed last rites on his remains ...he had travelled his journey from his intent on sacred pyre to the sacred pyre. Dharini was wholesomely composed. "What is public… not the people …' It is the sacred unseen thread that binds…' What is God …not the icon …' He is the unseen godliness that binds…' If your Dharini befriends Aastha and keeps company to Shruti and Shivani …you become Aanandi…"

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Prologue

six months later ...

"Indian operations have to start anew all-over" The hawk eye declared. No work could start in the new island office. Both Scarlett and John Mark were dead. Floating mansion had drowned. Indian authorities were themselves looking for Sonu and Tyson.

.....

Ashutosh was disturbed. "What was Yashwanth doing at a foreign locale on a luxury yacht...? Who were his companions? What was his purpose to acquire such a weapon?" In all sincerity Ashutosh was relieved. "A person who wanted to eliminate a noble man as Dinesh, just for political rivalry was dangerous."

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Gokhle and Sonam were married. Gokhle continues to be the official escort to Dharini. Sonam was on the family way.

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Harsh, Nalini and their daughter were travelling to all Asian Countries. Harsh was to study the manufacturing methodologies in practice for products of human utility in these nations for creating the eastern world technology catalogue.

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Lin was with Huan Chan at Singapore. While Lin worked on a tremendous amount of data to create the redemption of the human socio-deterioration in passing times, Huan actively worked with world religionists in pursuit to evolve the true world religion.

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Harare and Praveen were joined with children's teachers from across Asia to create the live packages for developing the soft human psyches that understood 'never be careless'.

.....

Pranab and family friends was busy collating the hidden treasures of India. This time he worked on human beings and their passions. "Enriching and stretching in the world of your passions was a sure way to your liberation" Pranab believed and propagated now.

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Lin's contacts were a vibrant force now. Their mingling with the families of the freedom fighters and their physical presence at the sights of Indian human history was converting them into super communicators with public at large.

.....

Dinesh's team was getting drenched unimaginably into Indian flavours now - Learned ...learning ...open to criticism ...unwavering ...uncompromising ...humane ...civilized ...cultured man-force. "People's voice had to be free ...people's movements had to be free... Lives had to be searching the meaning of personal individual truths …to be fully deserving and contributing... The stability was to be found in motion ...through movement... 'The Positive interface of Deceit' was to be India's newest elemental addition,"

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Deshbandhu and Jai represented the hidden power of Indian strength. All the religionist ...business ...social ...literary community of India trusted in them and entrusted in their forum.

"Is this the working outcome of a rightly society?"

"Elders had to prepare vigorously to these changing times... They were failing in comprehension to give direction or even leads to their people..."

Mahatma Gandhi always took sufficient time to grow and develop his techniques. He would explain to Deshbandhu, 'It is important to ensure that your decisions made an indelible impact and the need is to work on our people.'

.....

Dharini rose from her meditation ... "That ever existing media in which a simpleton pilgrim discovers his definition of Truth was being established by people. That exact medium in which the practicality of the subject of Spirit is understandable to the ardent pilgrim was a simpler game then on…" Aastha smiled with her. Shivani and Shruti were playfully busy. Five hundred Sadhus were coming tonight for …

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